

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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## THE FRONT PAGE

It is said that the Hon. J. J. Foy, Attorney-General for the Province of Ontario, has, after mature consideration, concluded that his Department will make no effort to capture P. H. Patriarche, who, since early in April, has been a fugitive from justice. For months Patriarche was a resident of London, England, but has since, we are credibly informed, returned to this continent, and is now residing at Buffalo, N.Y., from which point he is conducting his business.

Doubtless this will be pleasing news to "Pat" as he was generally known when he confined his activities to this restricted centre. It is one thing to attempt to give full rein to one's undoubted genius for financial prestidigitation in London or Buffalo, hampered, however, by the thought that there is such a thing as a Fugitive Offenders Act, and quite another matter to know that so far as the authorities of Ontario are concerned, the way is clear and open, with the Fugitive Offenders Act a fine legal document from which nothing is to be feared.

In just what light the former patrons of the swagger suite of offices in the Ontario Bank Building, Toronto, will view the legal termination of the inquiry by the Provincial authorities is a difficult matter to decide. It would seem, however, that if it were possible to assemble Pat's former customers for an expression of opinion, the great majority would, by standing vote, put on record a preference to be brought face to face with their former banker and broker. Doubtless they would put a number of questions to the man with whom they had so confidently dealt. I believe quite a few of them would be eager for information as to where certain and sundry monies and stocks had gone. One would ungrudgingly give them the opportunity to probe for this information, even if they did not get either the funds or the securities. Seemingly, however, on the theory apparently that "Pat" is simply an undesirable citizen, it has been decided that Patriarche may very well stay where he is, and that those people who have lost their money because of his activities here, will have to curb their indignation and pocket their net deficit without asking questions.

P. H. Patriarche operated what purported to be a brokerage office in the financial centre of Toronto. It was, however, charged that instead of buying and selling shares on the market, in a legitimate manner, he simply "bucketted" orders. In addition to the allegation that he ran a "bucket shop" in his offices, a number of charges of theft were laid against this smooth young man, after he had got clear of this city. The effect of the decision to which the Attorney-General has come, as reported, is superficially that Pat won't, with these warrants out against him, ever dare to show his nose in these parts again, and that the people of Ontario and of Canada are therefore safe from any future schemes he might project to rake in easy money.

Such an attitude, however, would appear to run directly counter to sound legal principles. The question of revenge does not enter into the problem of hanging a man, nor is it done to inflict on him physical suffering. The death penalty is meted out as a warning that whoever destroys human life may expect short shrift and a death by violence himself. The effect of most forms of legal punishment is to keep other people from straying away from the paths of virtue. The criminal knows that the hand of the law is ordinarily long and that sooner or later legal punishment will fit the crime.

However, if this theory is to be accepted, how is it that an individual occupying more or less a position of trust, as did Patriarche, may totally disregard the rights of property, may commit theft, and so long as he makes a clean getaway is thereafter safe, so far as Ontario is concerned?

What does that mean? The result must be that any criminal-minded personage deciding to operate a crooked game in Ontario will go right ahead. His plan of campaign will be to get in the largest amount of money he can gather within a certain time, knowing that the day is not far off when he must seek pastures new. Apparently all he has to do is to take a sumptuous liner to some other part of the British Empire, and there draw a breath of relief, feeling perfectly secure, or to later come back as far as Buffalo, and there sit tight.

It would cost \$500, perhaps \$1,000, to bring P. H. Patriarche back to Toronto, and it would seem to be the opinion of the Attorney-General that "Pat" is not worth the price. However, we may be doing the Hon. Mr. Foy an injustice in this respect, for after scrutinizing the evidence it may have appeared that the half dozen or so charges against the man were not deemed sufficient to warrant his going after our fellow-townsmen.

If this be the case, then it may be pardonable to ask why the facts set before the authorities in Queen's Park are not supplemented and strengthened by the securing of other evidence at first hand from the victims of Patriarche's operations.

A number of people personally unknown to TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT have written in to this paper making direct accusations against the honesty and integrity of the man with whom they supposed they were safe to do business. I have here before me a communication from a gentleman living not many miles from Toronto who states in his letter that the firm of Patriarche & Co. owes him three thousand shares of stock, and a small cash balance. On July 25 another gentleman wrote in from an Ontario town stating that P. H. Patriarche got away with some \$1,400 of his money. This gentleman also states that he is determined that Patriarche shall be punished for causing him this loss. These are only two cases of the many that have come to the attention of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. If the Attorney-General's Department wishes to strengthen its hand, SATURDAY NIGHT will be pleased to add the particulars of the above two cases to the many which it has already given to the proper authorities.

The \$500 or \$1,000 necessary to get Patriarche and try him, is a mere nothing in comparison with the losses to which people have been subjected through association with this fugitive, and one would very properly imagine that these expenses should not for an instant weigh in the balance when as the result of not spending it all the wily crooks of crookedness are thereby encouraged to come here, make the biggest possible haul in the shortest possible time, and then go their way to another part of the Empire.

While nothing absolutely authentic has yet been published, there is a well grounded impression that the forthcoming report on the Canadian Militia by General Sir John French will carry with it a severe criticism of the military system prevailing in Canada. If Sir John is half the soldier his record indicates, I cannot see how he could well escape censuring Sir Frederick Borden's Department. And it might be further stated that if Sir John was half as well acquainted with the political



FIELDS COMING IN.

The winner of the Toronto Swimming Club's race is here seen nearing the finish, using a strong trudgeon stroke. His time was 44 and 1/2 minutes. The race was slow owing to cold water and a strong head-wind.



THE START.

Four of the twelve who started. From left to right they are: T. B. Hunt, J. W. Anderson, C. Hodgson, last year's winner, and J. E. Dodd.



WINNER OF SECOND PLACE.

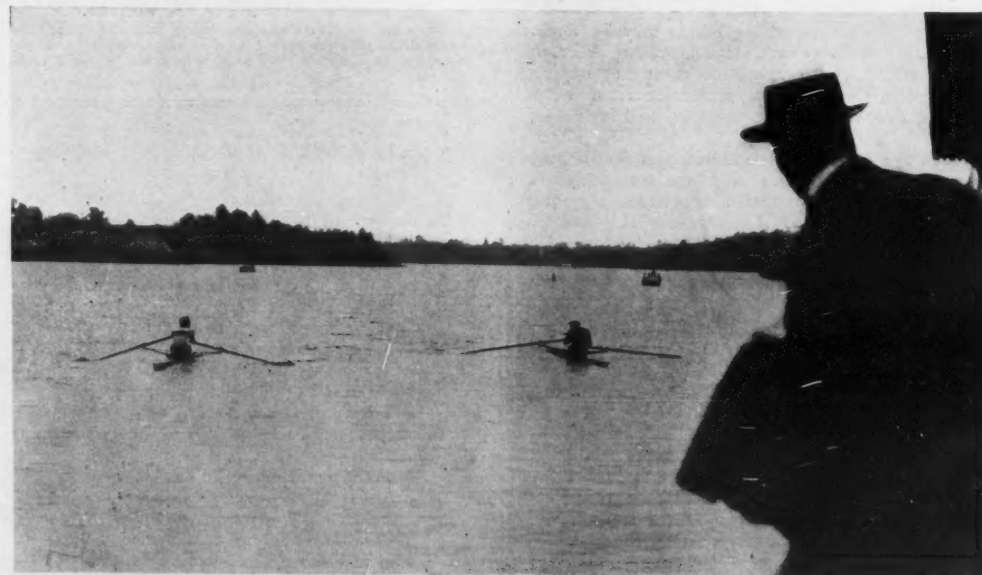
Eugene Lockhart, who was beaten by A. H. Fields after a hard battle, being helped from the water by his friends.

## THE ANNUAL SWIM ACROSS THE BAY



THE WINNERS OF THE SENIOR EIGHTS.

The crew of the Ottawa Rowing Club, responding to the cheers of the crowd after winning the senior eights from Argonauts and Detroit.



THE INTERMEDIATE SINGLES.

The picture shows Fred Lepper of the Don Rowing Club, winning this race from N. D. Jacks, of the Argonauts. Lepper is to the left.

## THE CANADIAN HENLEY AT ST. CATHARINES

features of this department as is, for instance, the average military officer in Canada, his indictment would be even more severe than it is likely to be.

There is no question but that the material, both raw and trained, in other words the rank and file of the Canadian militia, is as good as can be found in any country; and moreover the regimental officers are for the most part competent, earnest men who have sacrificed much of their time and a deal of their money in the interest of the Canadian militia.

No small part of Canada's military inefficiency can be attributed to the Ottawa Department, where political pulls and political graft are of a deal more moment than is hard, earnest work, and clean cut business dealings. I will venture to state that if we ever have the good luck to have Sir Frederick Borden's Department thoroughly investigated, that it will indicate a larger proposition of

corruption and petty graft than any like department has shown in Canada in a generation.

I SINCERELY hope that the members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, at least that portion of them who object to any form of reciprocal trade between Canada and the United States have their ears to the ground.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's trip through the West has shown both the Premier and the members of his party pretty clearly what the West want, and, moreover, what the West will have. To almost a man, irrespective of party, the Westerner is a low tariff man, and he is moreover telling the Premier in no uncertain language what he expects the country to do for him in this regard. Give the Westerner full fling and he would cut Canada's tariff schedule close to the stump, and now it remains

for Sir Wilfrid Laurier to keep an equitable balance, and endeavor to placate and conciliate both the East and West, so as to save the absolutely necessary portions of the tariff in the interests of the Canadian manufacturer, and at the same time give the Westerner cheaper products.

The problem before Sir Wilfrid looms large in as much as its difficulties grow with the growth of the West. The time was when the Westerner could not be insistent; for the very good reason that he was not sufficiently well grown and important to cut much of a figure in Canadian public life. But times have changed, and moreover they keep on changing and will continue so to do for many years to come.

That the Canadian tariff will bear remodelling there is no question, and that this will be the next big work of any party in power in Ottawa there is little room for doubt; and when this comes it is more than likely that reciprocal trade between Canada and the United States with a general shake-up and revision of present schedules will dominate and overshadow all other questions before the country.

It would be well if some of our merging corporations, specializing in "water" as they have, and whose securities are still lying undigested for the most part in banks and trust companies, would also have an ear to the ground. In the high tide of prosperity, with the tariff greatly in their favor, these corporations may make ends meet and leave a trifle over for those who have invested their capital. But will these conditions continue for any great length of time? With a fair, equitable and conservative capitalization they would probably manage very nicely under a tariff which would meet the demands of the average Westerner; but with the dominating element of water, to be distributed in the course of time to those who are under the impression that they are buying cream, when as a matter of fact it is only skimmed milk, how will they fare under a tariff that scales their protection down to the last notch.

It is fair to presume that the Hon. Mr. Fielding in taking account of stock in that tariff store of his will be led to inquire what proportion of real money was put into these plants, and if the Hon. W. S. Fielding asks himself the question: "Is it fair to tax the consumer for the water that has made poor men millionaires almost in a day?" I would not be surprised.

THAT trading is one of the chief characteristics of the German, and that he is, moreover, one of the most successful of the world's business men, is met with corroborative evidence in all quarters of the globe. As an example of German acuteness a United States journal publishes the story how some of the trade of India and Africa fell into the hands of German manufacturers, and while neither items are important in themselves, they go to show that where the British manufacturer is content to furnish the goods as his grandfather did before him, the active German, with an eye to the main chance, is more than willing to fill the requirements as he sees them.

The story runs that the egg-cups imported into India at one time all came from Great Britain. The Indian eggs are, however, very small, and the egg-cups did not fit. A German traveller noticed this small item and got his firm to make smaller egg-cups and export them there. All the trade is now in German hands.

In Africa the scissors imported from Sheffield were found to be rather dangerous weapons to place in the hands of natives, owing to their sharp points. The Solingen steel works sent a lot of round-pointed scissors out, which found favor, and now Germany has captured the whole market.

In many of the South American countries the import trade is almost entirely in the hands of German manufacturers, and the methods by which it was obtained is not unlike the cases of the egg-cups and scissors. The Anglo-Saxon has been slow to learn this lesson, and in consequence much of the trade which was originally his has passed on to his great rival.

COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY, a plain unvarnished tale of whose career during the American Civil War has more romance about it than Gilbert Parker and Winston Churchill could invent with a year's thinking, has lost his job. This interesting old Confederate veteran has for years past been connected with the Department of Justice in Washington, but now he has been Oslerized from office and the Capital City will know him no more.

Commanding only a few hundred men, Col. Mosby was during the years of the Civil War able to do more damage to the North than any brigade in the Southern army. As a guerrilla fighter the continent never saw his like, and it is to be doubted if his career and that of his hard riding, hard fighting hundreds has ever been duplicated.

When Lee surrendered Mosby was still in the field. He did not surrender, and neither did his men. He drew them up on a Virginian hillside, told them the sad news, and cautioned them to disperse, accept the new conditions, go to their homes and become good citizens.

Colonel Mosby's services to the Confederacy were those of a partisan ranger, commanding a few hundred men, whose business was to annoy the Federal commanders in Northern Virginia by attacking wagon trains, outposts, and lines of communication. So rapid and bold were his operations, especially in breaking railroads, that it came to require forty thousand Northern troops to guard points which Mosby threatened, thus reducing by that number the offensive strength of the Union armies. Efforts were made to capture the "guerrilla," as he was

On page 4 of this issue of Saturday Night will be found "How to Make a Million Dollars," the first of a series of six articles by Professor Stephen Leacock. It will be followed next week by "Nation or Empire," a brilliant presentment of the great Imperial problem, by Dr. Andrew Macphail.



called, but neither he nor his command suffered any serious reverses.

That General Grant should think well of Mosby, in spite of the fact that they fought against each other, was but natural. One was as hard headed as the other; indeed, they had much in common.

Finding President Andrew Johnson intent on doing him such mischief as he could, despite the fact that he had taken the oath, Colonel Mosby obtained a safe-conduct from General Grant, and re-entered the practice of the law in his native State, Virginia. But he had become, meanwhile, a Republican, while his neighbors were all Democrats. He believed that the South would be better off acting with the party in control than with the party in opposition, but the Southern men, in their hatred of the North and of the politics of their conquerors, would have none of it or of him. After reconstruction he stumped his native State for Grant, and more than once was mobbed. Soon he had to leave Virginia, and it was not long before Grant, appreciating his sacrifices, made him consul-general at Shanghai.

The Republican party looked after Colonel Mosby as it did after General Longstreet, who had also been politically reconstructed, until the 'eighties, when he fell out of employment. But General Grant was still his friend, and at Mount McGregor, where he died, Grant asked the late Collis P. Huntington to provide a suitable place in his railroad offices for the ex-Confederate. In connection with this work Col. Mosby remained in California several years, but on the death of Huntington he returned East and engaged in literary pursuits until he was given a special government mission to settle the troubles with cattlemen in Wyoming. The old soldier did his work so well that President Roosevelt kept him in the government service by putting him in the Department of Justice. Now he is out of employment. The statesmen of the war period are dead; Roosevelt is no longer President; Virginia is as implacable as ever, and a new generation has come to Washington to whom the name of Mosby is hardly known.

THE most recent and authentic reports from the Canadian West indicate that the crop damage estimates have been largely overrated, and that as a matter of fact the West, taken as a whole, will have well nigh a normal crop, while in Ontario and the Eastern Provinces there is every indication of a bumper crop. So, after all, Canada should keep up to its average of last year.

That there has been damage from drought in the West, there is no denying, but at the same time the territory which the drought covered is not by any means so large as first reported, nor does the failure of crops even in this dry territory appear to be so great as was indicated by the earlier despatches. In any event it takes more than a drought to curb the enthusiasm of the Westerner, and he's right, for droughts, like lightning, don't make a practice in Canada of striking twice in the same place.

IF an earnest and thorough campaign against the tussock moth or caterpillar is not soon inaugurated in Toronto this city will lose its crowning glory, the shade trees. In Rosedale, in the north end and in the western portions of the city this pest is to be seen on all sides, while the disastrous results, trees stripped of their leaves, blighted and blasted as with fire, are on every hand.

If it is necessary to spend tens of thousands of dollars to rid the city of these pests, it will be money well expended. If men have to be employed to climb every tree within the limits of the city in order that these insects may be done away with for good and all, let's get at it.

In different sections of the city individuals are now fighting the tussock moth, but such efforts avail little when the trees bordering these properties are loaded down with these all devouring insects.

IF the average man ever considers peat as having any value at all, it is probably as furnishing interesting local color to pictures of Irish peasant life. He is apt to regard it as a fuel strictly limited to fiction and the poor counties of Ireland. It would therefore come as something of a surprise to this man to learn that not only is peat an extremely valuable fuel, to which attention is being directed more and more every day, but that it is of special interest to Canadians in view of the magnificent peat-deposits in this country. And he would probably be still more astonished to learn that already the Canadian Government has in operation at Alfred, Ontario, a peat-plant which will turn out about two thousand tons of peat this season. The cost of producing this fuel is about \$1.40 a ton, and its heating value is about three-fifths that of anthracite coal. When it is considered that peat makes excellent fuel for many purposes, being easy to handle, clean, and leaving a very small percentage of ash; and when account is also taken of the fact that Canada possesses deposits of peat so great as to be almost inexhaustible, the importance of the subject becomes manifest. In fact, it is not too much to say that peat-fuel may some day solve the problem of heating in this country, and make us independent of the anthracite fields of the United States.

Public attention has been called recently to the peat-supply by the Convention at Ottawa of the American



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WILLIAM J. GAYNOR.

A recent picture of the famous Mayor of New York, who was shot on Tuesday last by a discharged municipal employee. Mayor Gaynor was at the time of the shooting standing on the deck of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, and was just starting on a month's vacation in Europe. Universal sympathy has been aroused, on account of Mayor Gaynor's high character and excellent work as chief magistrate of New York.

Peat Society, whose president is Mr. Eugene Haanel, Dominion Director of Mines. In his address, which has been published in pamphlet form, he gives a very interesting review of the peat situation in this country. After pointing out the failure of the artificial systems of drying peat, on account of the expense of manufacture, and the tendency of the product to crumble into dust, he goes on to explain that the only course for Canada is to follow the slower but more certain methods which have already proved their commercial value in Europe. He says:

"We may safely leave experimentation and the development of new ideas to the future, when our peat industry is on a secure basis and peat-fuel in abundance on the market. We will then have gained in the manufacture of peat fuel, along lines which are at present commercial, the necessary experience to warrant the hope that proposals for modifications and improvements of present processes will be based upon a thorough and practical understanding of the nature of peat and the principles upon which future economy may reasonably be expected. This is a safe proceeding for our country, and above criticism. It will give us the required fuel and prevent waste of capital in experimentation. Departure from this principle has led to failure and the creation of a pronounced distrust in everything connected with peat and the utilization of our peat bogs."

One of the most important features of peat is its usefulness in the production of gas, for which it seems to be particularly well fitted. It makes an almost ideal fuel for this purpose, as it is free from clinking ash, thus making it easy to thoroughly clean the fire, and also has no tendency to cake or fuse. This assures regular operation. A further advantage in making gas from peat, is that the great amount of water in the peat does away with any necessity for the introduction of water-vapor in the process of manufacture. The value of peat as a gas producer has been demonstrated by the German peat-gas power-plant, which has been erected by the Dominion Government at Ottawa. This plant, which was erected to show the importance of peat for the production of power for industrial purposes, has proved to be a great success, and should be only the forerunner of a great chain of such plants all over the peat-areas. Mr. Haanel advises that these plants should, wherever possible, be erected on the bog, and the energy generated in the form of electricity to be transmitted to neighboring towns and cities for power and lighting purposes, as in the case of water-power.

Mr. Haanel concludes as follows:

"Whatever other valuable products may be obtained, such as moss litter, peat mull, alcohol, packing paper, millboards, ammonia and nitrates, the great and important need for us in Canada is the production from the peat deposits of a constant reliable supply of fuel for domestic and industrial purposes.

"When this has been attained and peat fuel is put on the market in abundance and sold at a reasonable price, we shall not alone have rendered ourselves to a great extent independent of outside sources for this necessity, thus enabling us to retain in our own country a large part of the capital now spent annually for the purchase of fuel from abroad, but a new era of industrial development will dawn upon our nation, and we shall here see repeated what has been accomplished in Europe—the establishment of large industrial concerns on the waste areas of our country underlaid by peat, and the wide stretches of these solitudes will become resonant with the welcome sounds of industrial activity."

THE more closely one looks into the compromise effected between the Grand Trunk Railway and its striking employees, the more clearly it appears that it was no compromise at all, but a surrender, a graceful surrender to be sure, but none the less a surrender on the part of the men.

The labor leaders tell us that the question of pensions was not discussed at the meetings with Mr. Hays which led to the adjustment of the difficulty. This is no doubt true, but did the labor leaders go forth from that last conference with the idea that the Grand Trunk Railway was going to reinstate the strikers on the pension list? I doubt it; and had they asked Mr. Hays regarding the question, they would unquestionably have received an answer in the negative. At the same time these labor leaders, after the adjustment, gave their following to understand that the pensions had not been forfeited.

It would have been well with these strikers had they carefully considered the full significance of their actions before going on strike. That they would lose their pensions was a foregone conclusion, as this money is placed in the fund by the Grand Trunk Railway for the specific purpose of rewarding those who render continued and faithful service. If the men had themselves contributed toward the fund the circumstances would have been different, but as they did not, the railway can be under no possible obligation to so reward them.

It also develops that a goodly proportion of the strikers will not be reinstated, their places having been filled by men who are evidently satisfactory to the company; and

there being a stipulation in the agreement whereby new men are not to be discharged to take on striking old hands, the natural consequence is that many an old hand will be obliged to seek pastures new in order to find work, or else take a position less remunerative than that held by him previous to the strike.

These are some of the disagreeable things that come in the wake of a general strike order, but from which the labor leaders themselves are immune.

Had these striking employees realized to the full the consequences of their acts, I very much doubt if Mr. Hays' first arbitration proposals would not have been accepted by ninety-nine out of every hundred.

THE contract for the substructure of a bridge over the Saskatchewan River at The Pass, said contract having been awarded to Mackenzie & Mann, is of itself of no special interest, but as this is probably the beginning of the projected railway line to Hudson Bay, the transaction broadens out into one of national import. As to the utility of this railway when completed there is much diversion of opinion, and whether as a grain carrying artery it is going to be worth the price is a disputed point.

The best authorities state that the Hudson Strait cannot be counted on as safe for the passage of ships over three and a half or at the outside four months in each year. In other words, that before June 15 and after October 15 the blocking of the Strait by ice can be pretty well counted on. That in this open season an immense amount of money can be saved by shipping grain via the Bay there can be no question, for it is, as all know, the shortest through route to Europe, for not only our own Northwest, but a deal of United States territory as well.

On the shores of James Bay the Government will, of course, erect elevators where such grain as cannot be gotten out in the season will remain until the next season opens. This, it has been argued, is the same condition as now exists at such terminal points as Fort William. There is, however, this notable difference that while grain may be shipped in the winter when need be from Fort William and other terminal points to tide water without prohibitive freight charges; it would be well nigh impossible to bring back from the elevators bordering on James Bay grain that had been stored there. In other words, the charges which would necessarily accrue for giving grain a round trip ride on the Hudson Bay Railway would more than eat up all the profits which might accrue from shipping it to European points.

However, there is every indication that the railway will be constructed in the not distant future, and time and practical demonstration are the only arbiters, proving or disproving, as the case may be, the feasibility of the Hudson Bay route.

## The Colonel



HEADS UNITED STATES FORCES.

The above picture shows General Leonard Wood, the new Chief of Staff of the United States Army, shaking hands with his aide. He made his name in the Philippines.

## A Bachelor Benedict's Plaint.

THE good wife I sent away  
Just two weeks ago to-day,  
On the ground that she did need a change of air;  
Said the kids were looking ill,  
And 't would save a doctor's bill  
To feed them up on wholesome country fare.

But the simple truth to tell,  
It was I who wasn't well,  
I was sick and tired of noise and wanted rest;  
I had heard those children shout  
Till my patience was worn out,  
And I looked to bachelor days again with zest.

Many pipes of peace I'd smoke,  
Freed from matrimony's yoke,  
And the dear old boys would gather as of yore;  
There'd be sounds of rattling chips,  
And of glasses raised to lips,  
And a man might throw burnt matches on the floor.

These are dreams that I did dream,  
Figuring out how things would seem  
When the missus and the kids were well away,  
But the facts are different quite,  
And my bachelor delight  
Has vanished like a ghost at break of day.

For the house is deadly dull,  
Just the clocks to break the lull,  
I almost hate to go up there to sleep;  
And the restaurant meals are punk,  
Taste like so much ancient junk,  
Every time I try to eat I almost weep.

The old boys I thought to see  
Passing merry nights with me  
All have married, gone away, or changed their ways;  
And I cannot find a soul  
Who will join me o'er the bowl,  
Or help to turn a few nights into days.

And the kids—I never thought

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(Ivoroide will not crack or discolor with use in hot water.)

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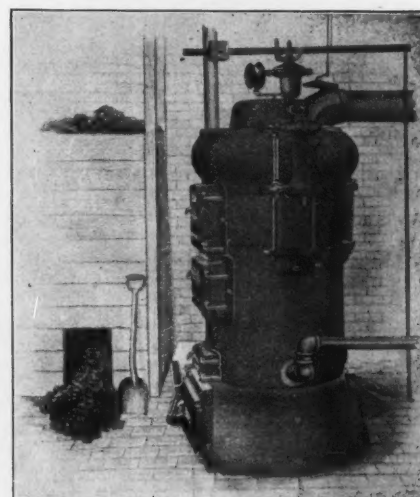
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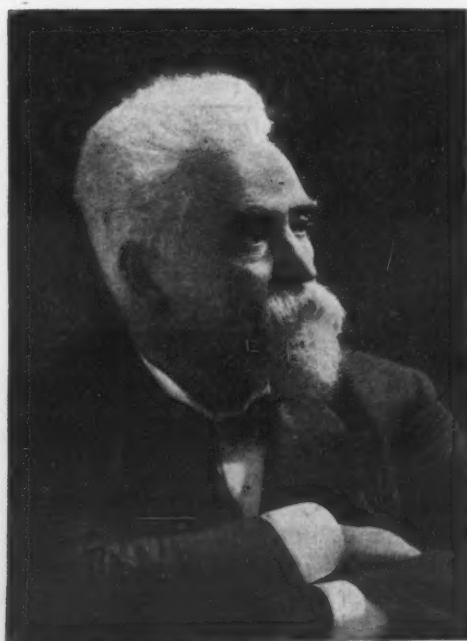
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It would matter such a lot  
Not to watch the little beggars in their mirth;  
Lord, I'd love to hear them yell,  
And they might raise merry hell,  
For I wouldn't care if they tore up the earth.

Of this single married life,  
Without kids and without wife,  
I have had about enough—don't you agree?  
So my holidays I'll take,  
Next week me for Sparrow Lake!  
And I'll bring the family back to town with me.

—"Fawther."

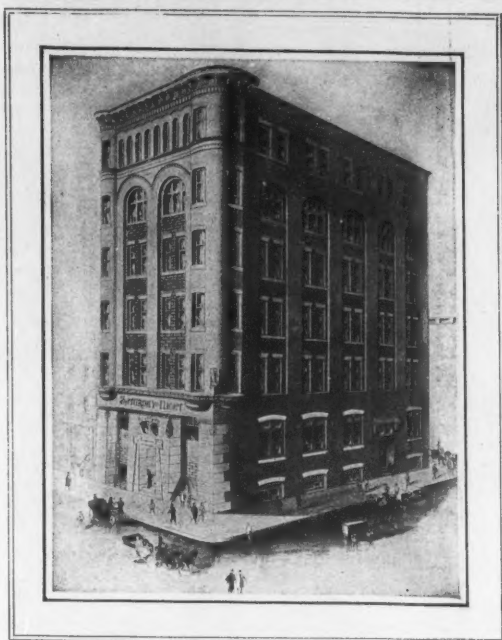
A thorough study of the higher-cost-of-living problem shows it to be largely due to the general fondness for food, shelter, clothes, children, and recreation.—New York Evening Post.



SIR HIRAM MAXIM.

The famous inventor of death-dealing munitions of war has of late turned to more peaceful devices, and has devised an inhaler for bronchial troubles which he calls the "pipe of peace." Hitherto his specialty has been quick-firing guns.





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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## !?. DOINGS ABOUT PEOPLE ?!

### Making a Murderer Laugh.

IN that long, gruesome history of the London cellar murder, now become famous to Canada because Dr. Hawley H. Crippen and his companion, Miss Le Neve, were taken prisoners on Canadian shores, there is one little joke which twinkles forth like a bright star from a bank of ominous clouds.

Captain Kendall of the Montrose, it will be remembered, tallied up two of his passenger, Philo Robinson, a merchant of Detroit, and his son, a student, as being the much wanted doctor and his typist. He had read the descriptions of the pair published in the London papers with the greatest assiduity, and came to the conclusion that, to make absolutely certain of the identity of his passengers, he must have a look at Robinson's teeth. Crippen was described as having an excellent set of false grinders. Robinson was in the habit of talking with his mouth well closed, almost numbing his words, and grunting instead of smiling.

To make Robinson open his mouth and give himself away without arousing his suspicions was the captain's task. He bethought himself of a joke to make him laugh. Here is the joke, a rather gruesome joke to tell a suspected murderer:

"I had a friend in London once," commenced the sailorman, "a merchant, who had a choice lot of very strong Lymburger cheese which he was desirous of shipping to a firm in Glasgow. The stuff was so high and smelled so rank that all the railway companies refused to carry it as freight. Finally he hit upon a bright idea. He made a coffin and shipped the cheese, a shilling a mile, mind you, as a stiff. He himself dressed in black, put on a very mournful air, and accompanied the 'body' as all sorrowing relatives should.

"When the train arrived at Glasgow, the merchant went forward to the express car to await delivery. He



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THE PRESIDENT OF CHILI.

The Hon. Pedro Monti, who was a recent visitor to the United States, being the first actual President of a South American republic to do so. This picture of himself and his wife was taken shortly before he sailed on the Kaiser Wilhelm, where he was talking to Mayor Gaynor, when the latter was shot.

was standing on the platform with his handkerchief tucked becomingly into his eye, when a guard stepped up and asked sympathetically:

"Relative, sir?"

"Yes."

"Near relative?"

"Yes."

"Well, he sure is dead, aint he?"

"Haw, haw, haw," laughed Crippen, as he leaned back in his deck chair in high good humor.

Kendall's eyes nearly popped out of his ruddy weather-beaten face as he pierced the cavern of Crippen's gorge. He got a good look, as did the chief engineer, Mr. Vine, who was in on the secret, and each winked complacently, highly satisfied that their ruse had fathomed the secret.

### Used Rum and Money Too.

THE charges and counter charges of political corruption which were recently voiced in connection with the Manitoba provincial elections have led certain observers in the Maritime Provinces to recall a political incident in Prince Edward Island several years ago.

An ardent supporter of one of the Island's well known public men came to him during a campaign, in great distress of mind. "Mr. —," he said "them Tories are using rum and money in this fight. Yes sir, rum and money."

The candidate was appropriately shocked. "I can hardly believe that such practices are being pursued," he said, "are you quite sure?"

"Am I sure? Why, look here, Mr. —, I was asking John Smith last night to vote for you, but I couldn't get much satisfaction from him. I offered him \$2 and still he wouldn't promise. Then (in a whisper), I slipped a little bottle into his pocket and he said he would come back and see me later. And I watched him going across the street to the Tory rooms and he never came back. Yes, sir, the Tories are using rum and money, and it ought to be stopped."

### An Immigration Expert.

IN view of the bitter censure which Canadian immigration laws have been receiving lately in England, on account of the deportation of a number of English immigrants, it is interesting to read what Mr. Scott, the Dominion Superintendent of Immigration, has to say for his Department in a recent issue of the Canadian Gazette.



W. D. Scott.

Dominion Superintendent of Immigration.

When asked about the restrictions which have aroused so much opposition, not only in England but in certain quarters in this country as well, Mr. Scott did not seek to mince matters at all, but faced the issue bluntly. He said:

"I hold that the restrictions are absolutely necessary. Until they came into force we were flooded with immigrants who were no good. After all is said and done, is it too much to ask that every emigrant shall arrive with \$25 in his pocket? You would not think it too much to possess in a strange country. You have got to exist somehow until you find work, and it may be a fortnight or more before you receive your first pay. Then, again, we find ourselves obliged to insist that assisted emigrants shall go on to the land. Both regulations have been criticized. For instance, when exception from the \$25 rule is made in the case of agricultural laborers and domestic servants, it is said to be unfair to give a preference to one class."

"But is it so? We expressly say, 'Farmers, farm laborers, and female domestic servants are the only people the Canadian Immigration Department advises to come to Canada.' We know what we want, and we do our best to get it. As regards the regulation as to assisted emigrants, much fuss was made the other day about a man who, after contracting to work on the land, broke his agreement, and went to work in a town. The man was compelled by the authorities to keep his word or be deported. It is all very well to say that the man was earning \$4 a day in the town, and at farm work he would get only \$1 a day and his keep. The man broke his contract, and the Department was obliged, for the sake of example, to make him keep it. Besides, what guarantee was there that the work in the town would last?"

With regard to the special case of British immigrants, Mr. Scott stated that of the total number of deportations last year, which amounted to 3,883 cases, England contributed 2,309. Scotland came next with 323; while the United States was third with 264. When asked how he accounted for this surprising number of English cases, he replied:

"It is difficult to say. Perhaps it is that the men we want in Canada are the very men you do not want to lose, and the men you do not want are no good to us. Let me explain what I mean. If you have a factory employing 500 men, and you are compelled to reduce the number by 100, which men will you get rid of? Why, the 100 who are the worst workmen. That is what occurs very often in assisted emigration. The right sort of British emigrant is the salt of the earth. He will do well anywhere, and is a good asset to any country; but the wrong sort is often very wrong."

Mr. Scott declared in conclusion that the present year promised to break all records for immigration in Canada. It bade fair to greatly surpass even the year 1907-8, during which Canada received 262,469 immigrants.

### "Lives" that Will Not be Written.

"WHO among Englishmen of our time could have written the most interesting autobiography? There is," says the Book Monthly, "only one answer to that—it would have been King Edward VII. King Edward's never written autobiography is the chief instance of the fact that it is the most interesting books of reminiscence which remain unwritten. At the moment there are two cases of this—that of Mr. Henry Labouchere and that of his old friend, Sir George Lewis, the well-known London solicitor. Since he left the shades of Westminster to live in sunny Italy, Mr. Labouchere has been asked again and again to write a book of memories. He said no each time. And Sir George Lewis? Just think what a book he could write if he only cared to do it! Is there a romance of English society of the past thirty or forty years whose pages have not been open to him? He has seen English inner social life with a depth and an intimacy far greater than any other Englishman. Sir George Lewis's unwritten volume would fitly stand beside that of Mr. Labouchere. Nobody has ever tried to compile a list of the hundred best books that had not been written. What dozen Englishmen could give us the

most interesting autobiographies? Here, at hazard, is one which certainly contains names that would be included in every list: Lord Rosebery, Lord Morley, Mr. Balfour, Viscount Esher, Lord Knollys, Lord Rothschild, Lord Fisher, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Birrell, Mr. James Bryce, Sir W. R. Nicoll, and Mr. John Burns. It is pretty safe to say that perhaps no single man in that list will write his autobiography. It is very tantalizing to lovers of good biography, but it cannot be helped.

### A Distinguished Visitor.

THE Canadian Gazette contains an interesting biographical note on Mr. Hartmann Wolfgang Just, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, who has come on an official visit to Canada. He is a son of the late Mr. Heinrich Just, of Bristol, where he was born in 1854. Educated at Bristol Grammar School, he proceeded to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, as an open scholar on the foundation. After taking his first-class in Classical Mods. and winning the Taylorian Exhibition for



H. W. Just, C.B.

Assistant Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies.

German, he graduated B.A. in 1877, with second-class in the final Classical School. In the following year he was appointed a clerk in the Colonial Office, after a competitive examination, and his official career has been a distinguished one. In succession he held the position of assistant private secretary to the late Earl of Dudley, Colonel F. A. Stanley (now Earl of Derby), and Mr. Stanhope, private secretary to Mr. Osborne Morgan, and assistant private secretary to Sir H. Holland (now Viscount Knutsford), and the Marquis of Ripon. He acted as assistant secretary to the Colonial Conference of 1887, and was appointed a first-class clerk in 1895, principal clerk in 1897, and Assistant Under-Secretary of State in 1907. In 1902 Mr. Just accompanied Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary, on his visit to South Africa. He acted as joint secretary to the Imperial Conference of 1907, and secretary to that on naval and military defence, held last year, and he now holds the post of permanent secretary to the Imperial Conference, and represents the Colonial Office on the Advisory Committee of Commercial Intelligence of the Board of Trade. Mr. Just received his C.M.G. in 1900 and his C.B. in 1902. He is stated to have no special mission in Canada, his object being to study the general conditions of the Dominion. Though he has no definite programme, Mr. Just hopes to cross from the Atlantic



A MUNICIPAL VISITOR.

W. Sanford Evans, Mayor of Winnipeg, and President of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, which will hold its annual convention this year in Toronto, beginning August 31st.

to the Pacific, visiting the larger centres. His visit will extend over two months, pressure of official work in London necessitating his return before the autumn.

### Sir Wilfrid Not a Verse Writer.

IT is not often that the New York Evening Post makes a flagrant error, but it is overstepping the mark when it proclaims Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a writer of occasional verse. In reviewing the life of Sir Randall Cremer, the famous English advocate of international peace, it speaks of one of the conferences held to further his aims which was held at Rome in the early nineties, and adds: "On this occasion Sir Wilfrid Laurier sent a cheque, together with his regrets at being unable to attend:

My dear Mr. Cremer,  
You excellent schemer,  
Your note says you are shortish of tin;  
As I don't go to Rome,  
But am staying at home,  
It's but right I should pay for my sin.

Next year if we live  
Should an impetus give  
To the cause of true peace with each nation.  
So good luck to your notion,  
In spite of old Goschen  
In favor of sound arbitration."

It is obvious that not Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the brilliant advocate of temperance, peace, and many good causes, is meant.

### Captain Pittendrigh's Reminiscences.

CAPTAIN PITTENDRIGH, who is now stipendiary magistrate at New Westminster, B.C., who served in the 18th Manchester Regiment in the Crimean War, tells many interesting stories of his experiences in the Near East. Among these is one dealing with the late Sir William Russell, then plain William Howard Russell, the famous war correspondent.

Mr. Russell was with the army before Sebastopol at the time in question and had his headquarters in that part of the lines held by the 88th Connaught Rangers, a regiment which has the reputation of being one of the toughest in the British Army—in fact it is regarded as being the prototype of Kipling's "Black Tyrone."

It happened one night that the Russians made a night attack on this part of the British lines. The sentinels had been on duty for many hours and were weary, and



"SWEET WILLIAM" AFLOAT.

Hon. William Pugsley, Minister of Public Works, as seen in Toronto Bay recently on the deck of the Government boat "Speedy."

the consequence was that they were surprised and the Russians were in the lines before the regiment was prepared. There was desperate work in the dark, and before reinforcements appeared the Irishmen had given back.

Mr. Russell saw fit to send a full account of the incident to his paper, and knowing the reputation of the regiment, he knew that it was no false alarm when some time later his body servant came and told him that he had better move his quarters, as, if he did not, he stood an excellent chance of getting a bullet in his back some day.

Mr. Russell, however, did not leave the lines. Instead he went to the colonel. The upshot was that a few hours later the colonel ordered the regiment to assemble. When the men had paraded the colonel brought forward the war correspondent and told the men that henceforward he was under the protection of the colors. The regiment was then sent back to quarters and Mr. Russell resumed his old place in the lines.

For the remainder of the campaign he was with the 88th and never suffered the slightest molestation.

### London's Famous Oil Fake.

THERE is still surviving in London, Ont., a gentleman who recalls a great oil fake that carried the western city by storm many years ago. He is Mr. James Egan, a prominent citizen, who is eighty-two years old.

"It was one of the most curious experiences that London ever had," says Mr. Egan. "The report went out that oil had been discovered nearly opposite Woodland cemetery. It seemed as if the whole of London was down there the first Sunday afternoon after the story got out. In holes in the ground there seemed to be no doubt that there was oil. People soaked their handkerchiefs in it and took them home that way as souvenirs. Champagne suppers and other celebrations helped the enthusiasm, and then the whole thing was shown up as a straight fake. It was a swindle, though it didn't get far enough for anybody to be seriously bitten. Some Yankees had come over, bored holes, loaded them with petroleum and waited for results. Happily for London, the results didn't materialize as they had hoped for. One result, however, was extensive boring for oil, the outcome of which was to strike some sulphur wells, including the wells at the foot of Dundas street, and others on Adelaide street and in Petersville, now West London. The big swindle, however, was most elaborate in its plans. Geologists were brought here to lecture who declared that London was situated over a regular basin of oil and that boring almost anywhere would reach it. Fakes were not so common then, as nowadays, and that will explain the degree to which the thing was carried before exposure came. I remember well the first time I ever saw petroleum used for lighting. It had been candle exclusively before that. At first people were afraid of the new kind of illuminating and, of course, it was not as safe as at present. One good result of the oil fever, however, was the opening up of the refineries here, an industry which developed rapidly and for a good many years meant much to London. It is a great pity that those oil refineries ever left here."



A MUNICIPAL VISITOR.

J. A. Chisholm, K.C., Mayor of Halifax, and Vice-President of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, which will hold a convention in Toronto on August 31st.



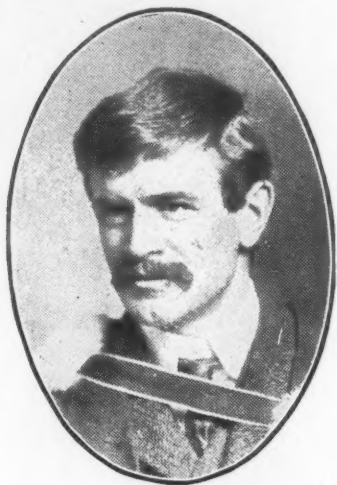
# HOW TO MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS

BY  
STEPHEN LEACOCK

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MIX a good deal with the Millionaires. I like them. I like their faces. I like the way they live. I like the things they eat. The more we mix together the better I like the things we mix.

Especially I like the way they dress, their grey check



Prof. Stephen Leacock.

trousers, their white check waistcoats, their heavy gold chains and signet rings that they sign their checks with. My! they look nice. Get six or seven of them sitting together at the club and it's a treat to see them. And if they get the least dust on them, men come and brush it off. Yes, and are glad to. I'd like to take some of the dust off them myself.

Even more than what they eat, I like their intellectual grasp. It is wonderful. Just watch them read. They simply read all the time. Go into the club at any hour and you'll see three or four of them at it. And the things they can read! You'd think that a man who had been driving hard in the office from eleven o'clock until three with only an hour and a half for lunch, would be too fagged. Not a bit. These men can sit down after office hours and read The Sketch, and The Police Gazette and The Pink Un, and understand the jokes just as well as I can.

What I love to do is to walk up and down among them and catch the little scraps of conversation. The other day I heard one lean forward and say, "Well, I offered him a million and a half and I said I wouldn't give a cent more—I could either take it or leave it—". I just longed to break in and say, "What! what! a million and a half! oh! say that again! Offer it to me, to either take it or leave it. Do try me once; I know I can; or here, make it a plain million and let's call it done."

Not that these men are careless over money. No, sir. Don't think it. Of course, they don't take much account of big money, a hundred thousand dollars at a shot or anything of that sort. But little money. You've no idea till you know them how anxious they get about a cent, or half a cent or less.

Why, two of them came into the club the other night, just frantic with delight; they said wheat had risen, and they'd cleaned up four cents each in less than half an hour. They bought a dinner for sixteen on the strength of it. I don't understand it. I've often made twice as much as that writing for the papers and never felt like boasting about it.

One night I heard one man say: "Well, let's call up New York and offer them a quarter of a cent." Great Heavens! Imagine paying the cost of calling up New York, nearly 5 million people, late at night, and offering them a quarter of a cent! And yet—did New York get mad? No, they took it. Of course, it's high finance. I don't pretend to understand it. I tried after that to call up Chicago and offer it a cent and a half, and to call up

Hamilton, Ontario, and offer it half a dollar, and the operator only thought I was crazy.

All this shows of course, that I've been studying how the millionaires do it. I have. For years. I thought it might be helpful to young men just beginning to work and anxious to stop.

You know, many a man realizes late in life that if when he was a boy he had known what he knows now instead of being what he is he might be what he won't, but how few boys stop to think that if they knew what they don't know instead of being what they will be, they wouldn't be? These are awful thoughts.

At any rate, I've been gathering hints on how it is they do it.

One thing I'm sure about. If a young man wants to make a million dollars he's got to be mighty careful about his diet and his living. This may seem hard, but success is only achieved with pains.

There is no use in a young man who hopes to make a million dollars thinking he's entitled to get up at 7.30, eat Force and poached eggs, drink cold water at lunch and go to bed at 10 p.m. You can't do it. I've seen too many millionaires for that. If you want to be a millionaire, you mustn't get up until ten in the morning. They never do. They daren't. It would be as much as their business is worth if they were seen on the street at half past nine.

And the old idea of abstemiousness is all wrong. To be a millionaire, you need champagne, lots of it, and all the time. That and Scotch whisky and soda; you have to sit up nearly all night and drink buckets of it. This is what clears the brain for business next day. I've seen some of these men with their brains so clear in the morning that their faces looked positively boiled.

To live like this, requires, of course, resolution. But you can buy that by the pint.

Therefore, my dear young man, if you want to get moved on from your present status in business, change your life. When your landlady brings your bacon and eggs for breakfast, throw them out of the window to the dog and tell her to bring you some chilled asparagus and a pint of Moselle. Then telephone to your employer that you'll be down about eleven o'clock. You will get moved on. Yes, very quickly.



I like their faces; I like the way they dress.

Just how the millionaires make the money is a difficult question. But one way is this. Strike the town with five cents in your pocket. They nearly all do this; they've told me again and again (men with millions and millions) that the first time they struck town they had only five cents. That seems to have given them their start. Of course, it's not easy to do. I've tried it several times. I nearly did it once. I borrowed five cents, carried it away out of town and then turned and came back at the town with an awful rush. If I hadn't struck a beer saloon in the suburbs and spent the five cents, I might have been rich to-day.

Another good plan is to start something. Something in a huge scale; something nobody ever thought of. For instance, one man I know, told me that once he was down in Mexico without a cent (he'd lost his five in striking Central America) and he noticed that they had no power plants. So he started some and made a mint of money.

Another man I know was once stranded in New York, absolutely without a nickel. Well, it occurred to him that what was needed were buildings ten stories higher than any that had been put up. So he built two and sold them right away. Ever so many millionaires begin in some such simple way as that.

There is, of course, a much easier way than any of these. I almost hate to tell this, because I want to do it myself.

I learned of it just by chance one night at the club. There is one old man there, extremely rich, with one of the best faces of the lot. Just like a hyena. I never used to know how he had got so rich. So one evening I asked one of the millionaires how old Bloggs had made all his money.

"How he made it?" he answered with a sneer. "Why, he made it by taking it out of widows and orphans."

Widows and orphans! I thought, what an excellent idea. But who would have suspected that they had it.

"And how," I asked pretty cautiously, "did he go at it to get it out of them?"

"Why," the man answered, "he just ground them under his heels, that was how."

Now isn't that simple? I've

thought of that conversation often since and I mean to try it. If I can get hold of them, I'll grind them quick enough. But how to get them. Most of the widows I know look pretty solid for that sort of thing, and as for orphans, it must take an awful lot of them. Meantime, I am waiting, and if I ever get a large bunch of orphans all together, I'll stamp on them and see.

I find, too, on enquiry, that you can also grind it out of clergymen. They say they grind nicely. But perhaps orphans are easier.

## Laughing at the Volunteer Movement.

THE volunteer militia movement which under the stimulus of the German war scare of eighteen months ago, has taken definite hold of the English people, is satirized in "The Reminiscences of a Nobody," published by M.A.P. The following is an extract:

I will set down what happened to Smith one day when he had the toothache. He sought an eminent firm of dentists—Messrs. Pillington, Horton & Judd. He was in great pain; and, even if he had not been, he would not have let the fact that all three partners were eminent Territorials deprive them of his custom.

Smith is a broad minded fellow. "Mr. Judd at home?" he asked. "Captain Judd," said the footman, with conscious importance, "is undergoing a course of musketry at Hythe—"

"Mr. Horton?"

"Major Horton is at Aldershot, and has not yet—"

"Can I see Mr. Billington, then?"

"Colonel Billington is on battalion parade, and cannot possibly be disturbed."

Then it was that Smith spoke wildly.

"Look here, my man: Have you got a General on the premises who can take my tooth out?"

Smith has been most things, and he was for some years a real, live soldier himself. But he tells me he never really understood military dignity, and that his wife did not, either. That was how she once came to make a dreadful mistake.

Army doctors had just blossomed into captains, majors and colonels when Mrs. Smith's infant fell ill.

DEAR DOCTOR JONES (she wrote).—Will you kindly come over and see my little one? She seems very queer.

Yours sincerely, CLARA SMITH.

She got a reply in the third person:

Colonel Jones will duly attend to his official duties when correctly addressed by his official title.

Mrs. Smith did her best to put things right, but Smith tells me that there was no pleasing Jones. Anyhow, it seemed that there was excess of purely military appreciation in the next letter the lady wrote:

DEAR COLONEL JONES.—Would 2.30 be convenient? And please bring your sword, as I think baby's gums want lancing.

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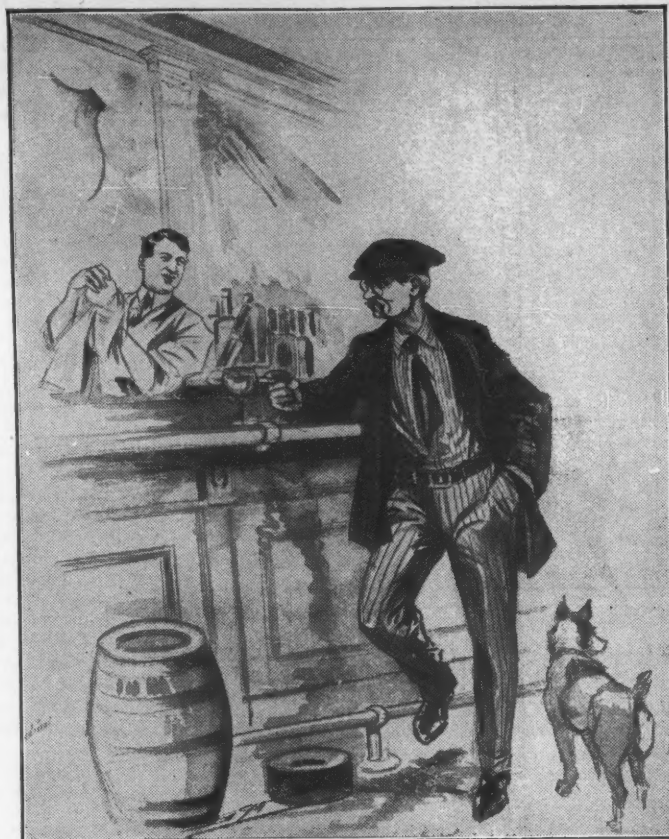
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"If I hadn't struck a beer saloon in the suburbs and spent the five cents, I might have been one to-day!"

Sidney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, both of whom described the utilizations of our peat-beds as an important branch of the conservation movement. Among other prominent speakers were Hon. John G. Foster, Consul-General of the United States for Canada, and Prof. Charles A. Davis, peat-expert of the United States Bureau of Mines, Washington. Dr. Haanel's presidential address was the most important pronouncement on the peat industry in Canada up to the present time, and his explanations of past failures, and advice for future conduct of the industry deserve the most careful study of all concerned. Ontario and Quebec import about 20,000,000 worth of coal yearly, and have both extensive areas of peat-beds to draw upon, which have not hitherto been utilized, so that they are vitally interested in the success of the new industry.

A civic welcome was extended to the visitors, and arrangements were made by the Government for their entertainment while in the Capital, the proceedings throughout being marked by a cordiality of international feeling gratifying to all who were present. During the convention a Canadian organization was formed which will work in harmony with the older society, but will have for its special object the advancement of the peat industry in Canada.

## Happy Bulgaria.

BULGARIA is the nearest approach to a peasant commonwealth which the world has known in modern times. There is not a Bulgarian Slav who is not the owner of a plot of land upon which he lives and out of which he gets his own livelihood by his own labor. Large landowners are almost unknown. The few men of wealth in the country are mostly of foreign birth or descent; and even they would not be counted as wealthy according to the standard of other European countries. The small landowners, who form the vast majority of the population, are peasant born and peasant bred. They are extremely thrifty. They are content with very plain food; they wear the same sheepskin garments from year to year, only turn their coats inside out with the changes of the season. Whole families, even of well-to-do peasants, sleep in the same room upon mats stretched out on the floor. They live under conditions of dirt and discomfort which no British or German or French laborer would tolerate for a week. Yet, notwithstanding their disregard of the simplest sanitary arrangements, they grow up singularly strong and healthy.

The statement that the average salary of the American preacher is only \$630 a year should make the heathen send missionaries to us.—Houston Chronicle.



AN INTERESTING CONVENTION AT OTTAWA.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the American Peat Society was held at Ottawa for the purpose of studying the work done by the Canadian Government for the development of the peat industry.



"The more we mix together, the better I like the things we mix."



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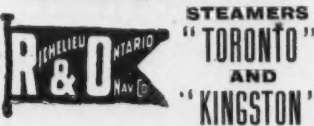
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# LONDON LETTER



LONDON, JULY 30TH, 1910.

TODAY for nine miles there will be crowds assembled to see the King and Queen drive through the streets to the London Hospital and home again to Marlborough House. The reason this visit is particularly interesting is that it will be the first time the King has entered the city, proper, since his accession. The King cannot drive through the City of London—meaning the city in its literal sense, which, as is well known, covers a small amount of territory—in the same unobtrusive manner that you or I could do. He cannot pass the boundaries into the city without being received by the Lord Mayor and other city big-wigs. These gentlemen greet him and surrender to him the city sword, after which the King and Queen proceed on their way. Both their Majesties are much interested in the "London" which is the refuge and comfort of the poor Londoners, "down Whitechapel wye." Its hospitable doors are open to all who apply for relief from pain, and the amount of good the London Hospital does is incalculable. Its presiding genius is the Hon. Sydney Holland, who is an ideal chairman. The stories told of and by Mr. Holland about the London Hospital are legion. The schemes for raising money for the hospital, most of them the children of his fertile brain, are most ingenious. In every underground station there is a dial, which says, "Please keep the London Hospital for a second," which costs a penny. Of course you drop in your penny and see it registered, and feel that you are helping to support a noble institution.

Another collecting scheme is the collecting umbrella. The hospital supplies you with a large umbrella, duly numbered and entered as having been allotted to you. In the handle is a slot of a size to hold either half sovereigns or sixpences or shillings. At intervals you are expected to drop coins into the slot, and when the cavity holds no more you return the umbrella to the hospital and are duly credited with the amount contained in the handle. Unless—in this simple word is much meaning—you lose the umbrella, when, of course, you pay the hospital the amount the handle would have held and the value of the umbrella.

Mr. Holland tells a good story on himself. The hospital is his pride, his delight, and his child. He never loses a chance of advancing its interests. One day on a bus he foregathered with two Americans doing the sights. They got into conversation and the visitors asked Mr. Holland for some information about London.

"Have you seen the London Hospital yet? Surely you are not going to miss that!" This gave the impression that the "London" was on a par with the Tower or the Abbey. Abashed the visitors begged to be taken there or instructed as to the proper direction. Mr. Holland generously offered to conduct them. From garret to cellar he led them through, eagerly telling of the poor, the sick, the miserable who came in their thousands for protection and advice, not always for their bodily ills. Then as a grand finale he led them to a collecting box in the hall. Silently each one produced a gold coin and dropped it in.

"Sir," said one of them gravely, "shake hands. You would have made a fortune as a confidence man out West."

"Unless," supplemented the other, "you were shot at an early stage in your career."

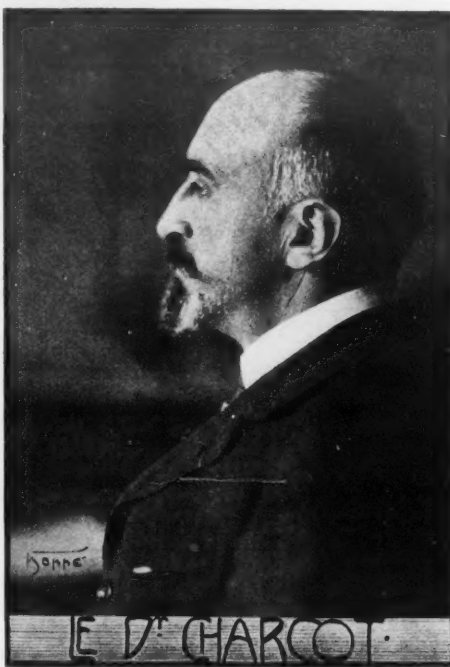
But who, interested in an hospital which cares for 15,000 in-patients and 182,000 out-patients in a year, all poor and miserable, would mind a trifling joke of that kind?

Monday next is Bank Holiday—the great, jolly summer festival of the year. It is the day, in case you do not know, when the blokes and their donahs change hats in the exuberance of their spirits. When they walk through the West End with arms entwined, and when fathers and mothers and babies come in their hundreds from the poor quarters to sit in the parks from which the upper ten have fled. About a quarter of a million people are leaving town for the week-end, for the end of July and the beginning of August marks the commencement of the holiday season. August and September are the holiday months, and soon the great town will be given up to tourists and country cousins. All the same the town is fuller than usual at this season, and there is still news enough for the society correspondent to make out a very decent column. Among the items to-day, by the way, is the engagement of Lord Lovat, who is known to Canada and Canadians, and has an historic connection with Quebec.

The suffragists and suffragettes had another splendid

procession last Saturday, with speeches in Hyde Park from forty platforms. The women made a magnificent showing, and their worst enemy could not say that the affair was not well-organized, and that the speeches were at all of the ranting variety. It was a really charming sight to see women in light dresses, and many of them without hats, standing in the sunshine, addressing a quiet crowd of men and women. There were very few interruptions, and such as there were were good-natured remarks. One excited gentleman in a frock and top hat was amusing. When he could think of nothing else to say, he remarked very loudly, at intervals: "Oh dear dear! Oh dear dear! Did you ever hear anything like that?"

A big jolly M.P. from New Zealand was speaking on behalf of his countrywomen from the Australasian platform in favor of votes for women, telling how well the system had worked in his country. Close to me was a stout eld-



THE ANTARCTIC EXPLORER.

Dr. Jean Charcot, who recently returned from his second Antarctic Expedition, made some important and interesting discoveries, one of them being the discovery of new land to the west and south of Alexander I. Land, which goes to link this part of the island with King Edward VII. Land. Dr. Charcot is a brother-in-law of the late M. Waldeck-Rousseau, a former French Premier.

erly body of the genus charwoman. She grew crimson while she listened, and finally as she moved off shouted indignantly:

"Shame on you, that's wot I say. Runnin' down your own sex like that. Why don't you stick up for the men, 'stead o' praisin' up a lot of silly women!" and it would appear obvious from that that the lady was an "anti."

An Australian told me that while she stood listening to the speeches a small boy near by broke into a guffaw at intervals, with distracting results. Finally she turned to him and said:

"Do please run away and laugh somewhere else. You are nearly breaking the drum of my ear!"

A watchful policeman came over and said to the boy:

"Now then what's all this?"

"I ain't doin' nothin' governor," whined the boy. I only larfed at them."

"You did, eh?" said the bobby. "Now you run off; you're too young to larf at them yet," which my Australian friend considered a triumph of grandmotherly legislation, so to speak.

The Crippen case is still occupying the front page in most of the newspapers. We read at our breakfast just how far the steamships have got, and when we take up the evening papers we find that ingenious reporters have managed to make the same news sound entertaining and fresh. To-day is the last of this gruesome race, and even while this is being written Crippen and the unfortunate girl who has thrown in her lot with him may have reached Canada, and been placed under arrest.

"And I say," says an interested man, "what a jolly lot of puffing your Canadian steamship lines are getting out of this. What?"

M. E. MacL. M.

### Australia Land Magnates.

IT may seem a remarkable fact that democratic Australia is the home of the very large estate. To those acquainted with the circumstances there is nothing more natural than this. A country of such vast distances is bound to contain huge areas which could not be cultivated or put to any use whatever but for the man with capital, prepared to raise cattle or sheep on a very large scale. Mr. Sydney Kidman, Australia's "Cattle King," controls something like 25,000,000 acres of land in North and central Australia. The area of England is only 32,500,000 acres.

There are other pastoralists in New South Wales and Queensland who own immense areas. Indeed, in the case of at least one of them, the total acreage held is more than that of England and Wales put together. Supremacy in regard to wool growing is now held by Mr. E. Jowett, whose properties are nearly all in Queensland. Sir Samuel McCaughey, of New South Wales, used to be distinguished in that way, as he owned 1,000,000 sheep; but of late years he has reduced his flock, and Mr. Jowett has increased so largely that the natural increase in the next lambing season will carry the total number of sheep owned by Mr. Jowett to something over a seven-figure aggregate. Some of the Western Australian squatters—such as Sam. Copley and the Emanuel and Durack brothers—also control immense areas, totalling many millions of acres.



Photographed by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

### AN ENGLISH AVIATOR.

Capt. Dickson, noted British aviator and aviator, who is to conduct practical tests at the Army manoeuvres of England, to show the use of aeroplanes as means of attack on war vessels. Similar tests are now being conducted in different parts of the United States.

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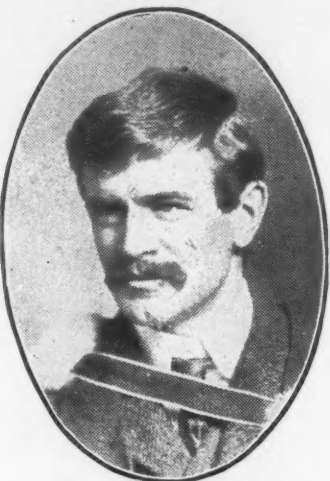
# HOW TO MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS

BY  
STEPHEN LEACOCK

Copyright, 1910.

MIX a good deal with the Millionaires. I like them. I like their faces. I like the way they live. I like the things they eat. The more we mix together the better I like the things we mix.

Especially I like the way they dress, their grey check



Prof. Stephen Leacock.

trousers, their white check waistcoats, their heavy gold chains and signet rings that they sign their checks with. My! they look nice. Get six or seven of them sitting together at the club and it's a treat to see them. And if they get the least dust on them, men come and brush it off. Yes, and are glad to. I'd like to take some of the dust off them myself.

Even more than what they eat, I like their intellectual grasp. It is wonderful. Just watch them read. They simply read all the time. Go into the club at any hour and you'll see three or four of them at it. And the things they can read! You'd think that a man who had been driving hard in the office from eleven o'clock until three with only an hour and a half for lunch, would be too fagged. Not a bit. These men can sit down after office hours and read The Sketch, and The Police Gazette and The Pink Un, and understand the jokes just as well as I can.

What I love to do is to walk up and down among them and catch the little scraps of conversation. The other day I heard one lean forward and say, "Well, I offered him a million and a half and I said I wouldn't give a cent more, he could either take it or leave it—." I just longed to break in and say, "What! what! a million and a half! oh! say that again! Offer it to me, to either take it or leave it. Do try me once; I know I can; or here, make it a plain million and let's call it done."

Not that these men are careless over money. No, sir. Don't think it. Of course, they don't take much account of big money, a hundred thousand dollars at a shot or anything of that sort. But little money. You've no idea till you know them how anxious they get about a cent, or half a cent or less.

Why, two of them came into the club the other night, just frantic with delight; they said wheat had risen, and they'd cleaned up four cents each in less than half an hour. They bought a dinner for sixteen on the strength of it. I don't understand it. I've often made twice as much as that writing for the papers and never felt like boasting about it.

One night I heard one man say: "Well, let's call up New York and offer them a quarter of a cent." Great Heavens! Imagine paying the cost of calling up New York, nearly 5 million people, late at night, and offering them a quarter of a cent! And yet—did New York get mad? No, they took it. Of course, it's high finance. I don't pretend to understand it. I tried after that to call up Chicago and offer it a cent and a half, and to call up

Hamilton, Ontario, and offer it half a dollar, and the operator only thought I was crazy.

All this shows of course, that I've been studying how the millionaires do it. I have. For years. I thought it might be helpful to young men just beginning to work and anxious to stop.

You know, many a man realizes late in life that if when he was a boy he had known what he knows now instead of being what he is he might be what he won't, but how few boys stop to think that if they knew what they don't know instead of being what they will be, they wouldn't be? These are awful thoughts.

At any rate, I've been gathering hints on how it is they do it.

One thing I'm sure about. If a young man wants to make a million dollars he's got to be mighty careful about his diet and his living. This may seem hard, but success is only achieved with pains.

There is no use in a young man who hopes to make a million dollars thinking he's entitled to get up at 7.30, eat Force and poached eggs, drink cold water at lunch and go to bed at 10 p.m. You can't do it. I've seen too many millionaires for that. If you want to be a millionaire, you mustn't get up until ten in the morning. They never do. They daren't. It would be as much as their business is worth if they were seen on the street at half past nine.

And the old idea of abstemiousness is all wrong. To be a millionaire, you need champagne, lots of it, and all the time. That and Scotch whisky and soda; you have to sit up nearly all night and drink buckets of it. This is what clears the brain for business next day. I've seen some of these men with their brains so clear in the morning that their faces looked positively bloated.

To live like this, requires, of course, resolution. But you can buy that by the pint.

Therefore, my dear young man, if you want to get moved on from your present status in business, change your life. When your landlady brings your bacon and eggs for breakfast, throw them out of the window to the dog and tell her to bring you some chilled asparagus and a pint of Moselle. Then telephone to your employer that you'll be down about eleven o'clock. You will get moved on. Yes, very quickly.



I like their faces; I like the way they dress.

Just how the millionaires make the money is a difficult question. But one way is this. Strike the town with five cents in your pocket. They nearly all do this; they've told me again and again (men with millions and millions) that the first time they struck town they had only five cents. That seems to have given them their start. Of course, it's not easy to do. I've tried it several times. I nearly did it once. I borrowed five cents, carried it away out of town and then turned and came back at the town with an awful rush. If I hadn't struck a beer saloon in the suburbs and spent the five cents, I might have been rich to-day.

Another good plan is to start something. Something in a huge scale; something nobody ever thought of. For instance, one man I know, told me that once he was down in Mexico without a cent (he'd lost his five in striking Central America) and he noticed that they had no power plants. So he started some and made a mint of money. Another man I know was once stranded in New York,

absolutely without a nickel. Well, it occurred to him that what was needed were buildings ten stories higher than any that had been put up. So he built two and sold them right away. Ever so many millionaires begin in some such simple way as that.

There is, of course, a much easier way than any of these. I almost hate to tell this, because I want to do it myself.

I learned of it just by chance one night at the club. There is one old man there, extremely rich, with one of the best faces of the lot. Just like a hyena. I never used to know how he had got so rich. So one evening I asked one of the millionaires how old Bloggs had made all his money.

"How he made it?" he answered with a sneer. "Why, he made it by taking it out of widows and orphans."

Widows and orphans! I thought, what an excellent idea. But who would have suspected that they had it.

"And how," I asked pretty cautiously, "did he go at it to get it out of them?"

"Why," the man answered, "he just ground them under his heels, that was how."

Now isn't that simple? I've

thought of that conversation often since and I mean to try it. If I can get hold of them, I'll grind them quick enough. But how to get them. Most of the widows I know look pretty solid for that sort of thing, and as for orphans, it must take an awful lot of them. Meantime, I am waiting, and if I ever get a large bunch of orphans all together, I'll stamp on them and see.

I find, too, on enquiry, that you can also grind it out of clergymen. They say they grind nicely. But perhaps orphans are easier.

## Laughing at the Volunteer Movement.

THE volunteer militia movement which under the stimulus of the German war scare of eighteen months ago, has taken definite hold of the English people, is satirized in "The Reminiscences of a Nobody," published by M.A.P. The following is an extract:

I will set down what happened to Smith one day when he had the toothache. He sought an eminent firm of dentists—Messrs. Pillington, Horton & Judd. He was in great pain; and, even if he had not been, he would not have let the fact that all three partners were eminent Territorials deprive them of his custom.

Smith is a broad minded fellow. "Mr. Judd at home?" he asked. "Captain Judd," said the footman, with conscious importance, "is undergoing a course of musketry at Hythe—"

"Mr. Horton?"

"Major Horton is at Aldershot, and has not yet—"

"Can I see Mr. Billington, then?"

"Colonel Billington is on battalion parade, and cannot possibly be disturbed."

Then it was that Smith spoke wildly.

"Look here, my man: Have you got a General on the premises who can take my tooth out?"

Smith has been most things, and he was for some years a real, live soldier himself. But he tells me he never really understood military dignity, and that his wife did not, either. That was how she once came to make a dreadful mistake.

Army doctors had just blossomed into captains, majors and colonels when Mrs. Smith's infant fell ill.

DEAR DOCTOR JONES (she wrote).—Will you kindly come over and see my little one? She seems very queer.

Yours sincerely, CLARA SMITH.

She got a reply in the third person:

Colonel Jones will duly attend to his official duties when correctly addressed by his official title.

Mrs. Smith did her best to put things right, but Smith tells me that there was no pleasing Jones. Anyhow, it seemed that there was excess of purely military appreciation in the next letter the lady wrote:

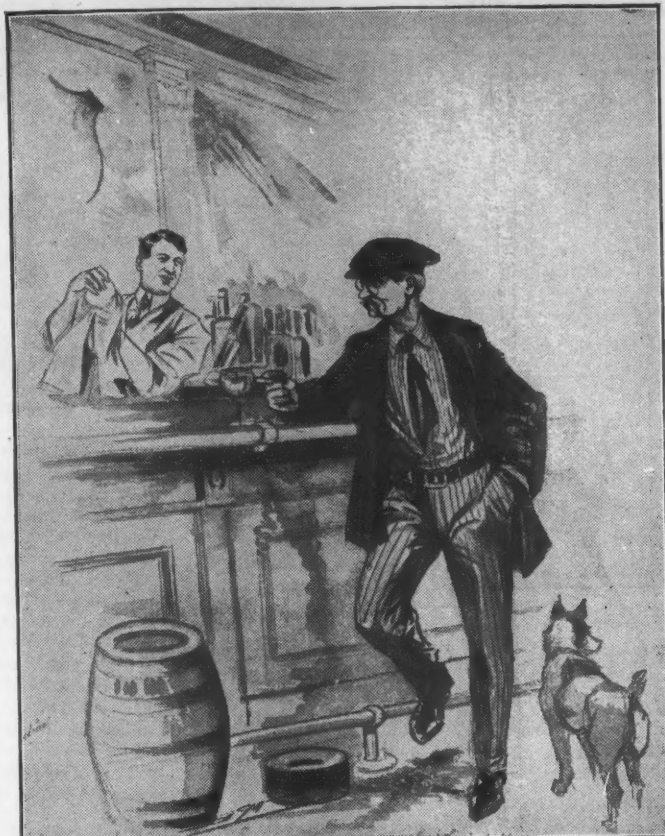
DEAR COLONEL JONES.—Would 2.30 be convenient? And please bring your sword, as I think baby's gums want lancing.

## American Peat Society Convention.

THE fourth annual meeting of the American Peat Society, held at Ottawa on July 25-27, was in many respects a notable gathering. The members of the Society, which is international in its membership and has for its president Dr. Eugene Haanel, Dominion Director of Mines, came to Ottawa from all over the United States and Canada to see in operation the Canadian Government's peat-fuel plant at Alfred, Ont., and the peat-gas power plant at Ottawa.

At Alfred, 40 miles from Ottawa, the Government has purchased 300 acres of bog lands, and has begun the manufacture of peat-fuel by what is known as the Swedish system. An Anrep machine, named after its inventor, is employed. There are over 1,300 of these plants in successful operation in Europe. The capacity of this particular machine is 30 tons per diem of air-dried fuel. The work is under the direction of Mr. A. Anrep, a son of the inventor, and about 2,500 tons of fuel will be made this summer. The finished fuel costs about \$1.45 a ton on the bog, its calorific value being about three-fifths that of coal.

The meetings were addressed by Hon. Clifford Sifton, Chairman of the Conservation Commission, and Hon.



"If I hadn't struck a beer saloon in the suburbs and spent the five cents, I might have been one to-day!"

Sidney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, both of whom described the utilizations of our peat-beds as an important branch of the conservation movement. Among other prominent speakers were Hon. John G. Foster, Consul-General of the United States for Canada, and Prof. Charles A. Davis, peat-expert of the United States Bureau of Mines, Washington. Dr. Haanel's presidential address was the most important pronouncement on the peat industry in Canada up to the present time, and his explanations of past failures, and advice for future conduct of the industry deserve the most careful study of all concerned. Ontario and Quebec import about 20,000,000 worth of coal yearly, and have both extensive areas of peat beds to draw upon, which have not hitherto been utilized, so that they are vitally interested in the success of the new industry.

A civic welcome was extended to the visitors, and arrangements were made by the Government for their entertainment while in the Capital, the proceedings throughout being marked by a cordiality of international feeling gratifying to all who were present. During the convention a Canadian organization was formed which will work in harmony with the older society, but will have for its special object the advancement of the peat industry in Canada.

## Happy Bulgaria.

BULGARIA is the nearest approach to a peasant commonwealth which the world has known in modern times. There is not a Bulgarian Slav who is not the owner of a plot of land upon which he lives and out of which he gets his own livelihood by his own labor. Large landowners are almost unknown. The few men of wealth in the country are mostly of foreign birth or descent; and even they would not be counted as wealthy according to the standard of other European countries. The small landowners, who form the vast majority of the population, are peasant born and peasant bred. They are extremely thrifty. They are content with very plain food; they wear the same sheepskin garments from year to year, only turn their coats inside out with the changes of the season. Whole families, even of well-to-do peasants, sleep in the same room upon mats stretched out on the floor. They live under conditions of dirt and discomfort which no British or German or French laborer would tolerate for a week. Yet, notwithstanding their disregard of the simplest sanitary arrangements, they grow up singularly strong and healthy.

The statement that the average salary of the American preacher is only \$630 a year should make the heathen send missionaries to us.—Houston Chronicle.



"The more we mix together, the better I like the things we mix."



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# LONDON LETTER



LONDON, JULY 30TH, 1910.

T O-DAY for nine miles there will be crowds assembled to see the King and Queen drive through the streets to the London Hospital and home again to Marlborough House. The reason this visit is particularly interesting is that it will be the first time the King has entered the city, proper, since his accession. The King cannot drive through the City of London—meaning the city in its literal sense, which, as is well known, covers a small amount of territory—in the same unobtrusive manner that you or I could do. He cannot pass the boundaries into the city without being received by the Lord Mayor and other city big-wigs. These gentlemen greet him and sur- render to him the city sword, after which the King and Queen proceed on their way. Both their Majesties are much interested in the "London" which is the refuge and comfort of the poor Londoners, "down Whitechapel wye." Its hospitable doors are open to all who apply for relief from pain, and the amount of good the London Hospital does is incalculable. Its presiding genius is the Hon. Sydney Holland, who is an ideal chairman. The stories told of and by Mr. Holland about the London Hospital are legion. The schemes for raising money for the hospi- tal, most of them the children of his fertile brain, are most ingenious. In every underground station there is a dial, which says, "Please keep the London Hospital for a second," which costs a penny. Of course you drop in your penny and see it registered, and feel that you are helping to support a noble institution.

Another collecting scheme is the collecting umbrella. The hospital supplies you with a large umbrella, duly numbered and entered as having been allotted to you. In the handle is a slot of a size to hold either half sovereigns or sixpences or shillings. At intervals you are expected to drop coins into the slot, and when the cavity holds no more you return the umbrella to the hospital and are duly credited with the amount contained in the handle. Unless—in this simple word is much meaning—you lose the umbrella, when, of course, you pay the hospital the amount the handle would have held and the value of the umbrella.

Mr. Holland tells a good story on himself. The hospi- tal is his pride, his delight, and his child. He never loses a chance of advancing its interests. One day on a bus he foregathered with two Americans doing the sights. They got into conversation and the visitors asked Mr. Holland for some information about London.

"Have you seen the London Hospital yet? Surely you are not going to miss that!" This gave the impres- sion that the "London" was on a par with the Tower or the Abbey. Abashed the visitors begged to be taken there or instructed as to the proper direction. Mr. Holland generously offered to conduct them. From garret to cel- lar he led them through, eagerly telling of the poor, the sick, the miserable who came in their thousands for pro- tection and advice, not always for their bodily ills. Then as a grand finale he led them to a collecting box in the hall. Silently each one produced a gold coin and dropped it in.

"Sir," said one of them gravely, "shake hands. You would have made a fortune as a confidence man out West."

"Unless," supplemented the other, "you were shot at an early stage in your career."

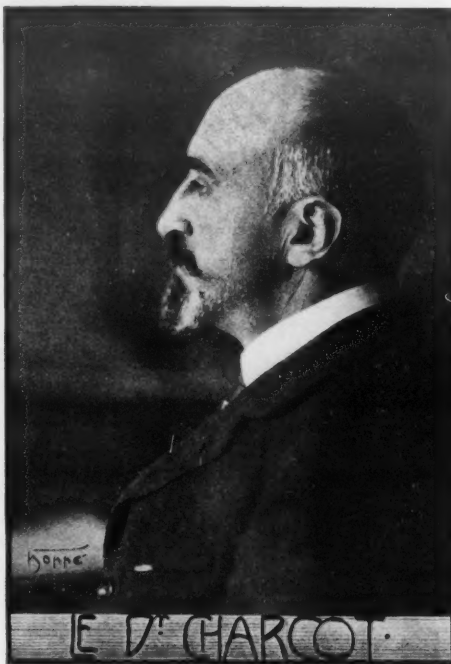
But who, interested in an hospital which cares for 15,000 in-patients and 182,000 out-patients in a year, all poor and miserable, would mind a trifling joke of that kind?

Monday next is Bank Holiday—the great, jolly sum- mer festival of the year. It is the day, in case you do not know, when the blokes and their donahs change hats in the exuberance of their spirits. When they walk through the West End with arms entwined, and when fathers and mothers and babies come in their hundreds from the poor quarters to sit in the parks from which the upper ten have fled. About a quarter of a million people are leaving town for the week-end, for the end of July and the beginning of August marks the com- mencement of the holiday season. August and September are the holiday months, and soon the great town will be given up to tourists and country cousins. All the same the town is fuller than usual at this season, and there is still news enough for the society correspondent to make out a very decent column. Among the items to-day, by the way, is the engagement of Lord Lovat, who is known to Canada and Canadians, and has an historic connec- tion with Quebec.

The suffragists and suffragettes had another splendi-

d procession last Saturday, with speeches in Hyde Park from forty platforms. The women made a magnificent showing, and their worst enemy could not say that the affair was not well-organized, and that the speeches were at all of the ranting variety. It was a really charming sight to see women in light dresses, and many of them without hats, standing in the sunshine, addressing a quiet crowd of men and women. There were very few inter- ruptions, and such as there were were good-natured re- marks. One excited gentleman in a frocker and topper was amusing. When he could think of nothing else to say, he remarked very loudly, at intervals: "Oh dear dear! Oh dear dear! Did you ever hear anything like that?"

A big jolly M.P. from New Zealand was speaking on be- half of his countrywomen from the Australasian platform in favor of votes for women, telling how well the system had worked in his country. Close to me was a stout old-



THE ANTARCTIC EXPLORER.

Dr. Jean Charcot, who recently returned from his sec- ond Antarctic Expedition, made some important and interesting discoveries, one of them being the discovery of new land to the west and south of Alexander I. Land, which goes to link this part of the island with King Edward VII. Land. Dr. Charcot is a brother-in-law of the late M. Waldeck-Rousseau, a former French Premier.

erly body of the genus charwoman. She grew crimson while she listened, and finally as she moved off shouted indignantly:

"Shame on you, that's wot I sye. Runnin' down your own sex like that. Why don't you stick up for the men, 'stead o' praisin' up a lot of silly women!" and it would appear obvious from that that the lady was an "anti."

An Australian told me that while she stood listening to the speeches a small boy near by broke into a guffaw at intervals, with distracting results. Finally she turned to him and said:

"Do please run away and laugh somewhere else. You are nearly breaking the drum of my ear!"

A watchful policeman came over and said to the boy:

"Now then what's all this?"

"I ain't doin' nothin' governor," whined the boy. I only larked at them."

"You did, eh?" said the bobby. "Now you run off; you're too young to lark at them yet," which my Austr- alian friend considered a triumph of grandmotherly legis- lation, so to speak.

The Crippen case is still occupying the front page in most of the newspapers. We read at our breakfast just how far the steamships have got, and when we take up the evening papers we find that ingenious reporters have managed to make the same news sound entertaining and fresh. To-day is the last of this gruesome race, and even while this is being written Crippen and the unfortunate girl who has thrown in her lot with him may have reach- ed Canada, and been placed under arrest.

"And I say," says an interested man, "what a jolly lot of puffing your Canadian steamship lines are getting out of this. What?"

M. E. MAC L. M.

## Australia Land Magnates.

IT may seem a remarkable fact that democratic Aus- tralia is the home of the very large estate. To those acquainted with the circumstances there is nothing more natural than this. A country of such vast distances is bound to contain huge areas which could not be culti- vated or put to any use whatever but for the man with capital, prepared to raise cattle or sheep on a very large scale. Mr. Sydney Kidman, Australia's "Cattle King," controls something like 25,000,000 acres of land in North and central Australia. The area of England is only 32,500,000 acres.

There are other pastoralists in New South Wales and Queensland who own immense areas. Indeed, in the case of at least one of them, the total acreage held is more than that of England and Wales put together. Supre- macy in regard to wool growing is now held by Mr. E. Jowett, whose properties are nearly all in Queensland. Sir Samuel McCaughey, of New South Wales, used to be distinguished in that way, as he owned 1,000,000 sheep; but of late years he has reduced his flock, and Mr. Jowett has increased so largely that the natural increase in the next lambing season will carry the total number of sheep owned by Mr. Jowett to something over a seven-figure aggregate. Some of the Western Australian squatters—such as Sam. Copley and the Emanuel and Durack broth- ers—also control immense areas, totalling many millions of acres.



Photographed by Underwood & Underwood, New York.  
AN ENGLISH AVIATOR.

Capt. Dickson, noted British aviator and aviator, who is to conduct practical tests at the Army manoeu- vres of England, to show the use of aeroplanes as means of attack on war vessels. Similar tests are now being conducted in different parts of the United States.

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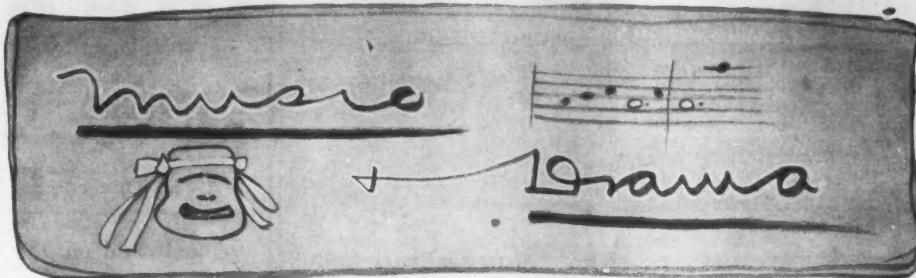
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IT IS a matter of common experience that rhetoricians make very dull speeches, that concert-performers write comparatively poor music, and that actors are the last people in the world from whom to expect a good play—the case of Mr. William Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding, for William was admittedly a very unskilled actor. Now Mr. Allen Fawcett is a capable actor, and so, according to the law, one might expect that his play, "The Grasshopper," which was produced this week for the first time on any stage, at the Royal Alexandra, would show many of the defects usually associated with plays by actors. And this is the case. In spite of some well-conceived situations, some effective characterization, and a number of excellent lines of dialogue, the play will require a great deal of condensation and a thorough overhaul.



MISS PERCY HASWELL.  
 Who will play the leading role in "Divorcons" at the Royal Alexandra next week.

ing before it can hope for any large measure of success.

The story is one of love and business in the romantic old State of Virginia. A northern financier has bought a mine there in the mountains and the contrast between northern thrift and hustle and southern indolence and conservatism is well conceived. A young southern newspaperman who is made manager of the mine, promptly falls in love with the financier's daughter and is loved by her in return. But an excess of southern temperament on his part leads to a compromising flirtation with a young mountain-girl. The difficulty is all cleared up, however, after some exciting experiences, during which the mountain girl is injured in a cave-in in the mine. The young manager offers to marry her as an atonement for the wrong he had done her, but she sacrifices her happiness for his and refuses. The result is that he marries the heiress, and one's sense of the fitness of things is satisfied.

The story is a good one, though somewhat conventional, but it is dragged out and padded in the telling. There are too many episodes and episodic characters, and altogether too much talk. But the excellent company did much to hide the faults of the piece, which are after all, only what might be expected from a first performance; and Miss Haswell, as Mary Lamar, the mountain girl, and Mr. Richard Gordon, as Stephen Page, the young Southerner, made their roles thoroughly acceptable.

ETHEL GREEN is always charming and dainty and clever. She can dance and she can sing. She is good to look at and good to listen to, and her work never ceases to be refined, in a real sense of that abused word. It is therefore a

great pleasure for those who have learned to admire her in such productions as "The Rose of Algeria," and "Dick Whittington," to see her at Shea's this week, in a series of tuneful songs and stunning costumes. That she caught the house on every appearance and was brought back again and again, goes without saying, for those who know her and her work. She was the best feature of an unusually strong bill.

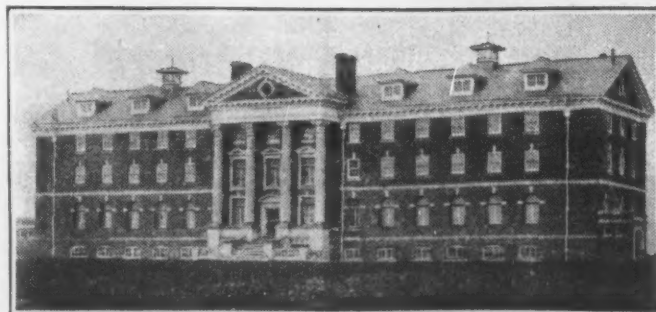
Another act which found great favor with the audiences at Shea's this week was Master Gabriel in "Little Tommy Tucker," a variation from the Buster Brown production. Of course, Little Tommy has his dog Mutt, and Little Tommy talks the same line of elaborate slang which was one of the salient characteristics of the notorious Buster. Little Tommy also devotes all his energies to the performance of a number of

as a very funny comedy. The play is supposed to take place in France, during the passage of a famous Divorce Bill. This bill had become such a fad as to cause all of France to take sides in the cause.

Henri de Prunelle, the husband of Cyprienne de Prunelle, is opposed to the passage of the bill. Cyprienne is for the bill, believing that if it becomes a law she will be freed from the confining yoke of matrimony. De Prunelle is a middle-aged man of the world, and Cyprienne has ceased to love him. She is so romantic as to be blinded to his true qualities and is carrying on a harmless affair with an exquisite and insipid young dandy, Adhemar de Gratignan. They are planning an elopement in the first act, but Cyprienne's moral scruples will not allow her to accept Adhemar's attentions until the divorce bill is really enforced. To further his ends, Adhemar forges a telegram telling that the divorce bill has passed and the act ends with De Prunelle, the husband, discovering this forgery and determined to frustrate their plans. He is on the point of sending a challenge to Adhemar, when he suddenly thinks of a better way out of the difficulty. In the second act he brings Adhemar into the house and welcomes him as his successor, pretending to believe that the divorce bill has passed and that nothing stands in the way of Adhemar's marriage to Cyprienne. Adhemar accepts these conditions and immediately becomes the matter-of-fact husband rather than the ardent lover. This disgusts Cyprienne very much, and she finds out that of the two men her husband De Prunelle is the more attractive. The act ends in a farcical manner, with Cyprienne intensely jealous of one of her friends to whom she thinks her husband has been paying attention. The bell rings and Adhemar is announced. Cyprienne persuades De Prunelle to run away with her and dine at a restaurant. The disconsolate Adhemar is left alone in the deserted house. In the last act De Prunelle and Cyprienne are dining at a French restaurant. In the meantime Adhemar has been looking for her in every direction. He comes to the restaurant, and Cyprienne hides in order to avoid him. It has been raining and Adhemar is wringing wet, and has caught a cold in his head, so that he is very much changed from the ardent lover of the first act. Cyprienne compares him to her husband and determines to give him up, and the play ends with husband and wife re-united. Thoughts of divorce are banished, and Adhemar is carried off to the police station for creating a disturbance. This play, more than any other, shows Sardou's wonderful mastery as a playwright. The first act develops into what looks like a problem play, the second act is very light, dainty comedy, and the third act a roaring farce, and all these changes occur without hurting the plausibility of the story.

Miss Haswell will play the role of Cyprienne, a role which gives her a chance to display a wide range of talent; Mr. Richard Gordon will play the delightful role of the husband; Mr. Emery will play the comic lover; and Mr. Fawcett will play an amusing French waiter.

Mr. Morgan Williams, last season with the Jefferson De Angelis Opera Company, leaves this week for New York to begin rehearsals with Charles Frohman's company, presenting "The Dollar Princess," in which he will enact one of the principal roles. Mrs. Williams, (Mabel Lorrell) will also be a member of the company.



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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"The Diary of a Soldier of Fortune," by Stanley Portal Hyatt, author of "Black Sheep," "The Little Brown Brother," etc. Published by T. Werner Laurie, London.

ONE of the most beautiful of Mrs. Browning's poems is that delightful allegory called "A Musical Instrument." In it she describes the making of a pipe by the great god Pan, who tears a green reed out of the river, notches it, and draws the heart out of it, in order that he may fill it with melody. It was sweet, "blinding sweet," the music that he breathed into it; but the reed was now a mere dry husk, which would never again sway in the cool, green water, over which hung the dragonflies. It had become a superb instrument.

"But the true gods sigh for the cost and pain,  
For the reed which grew never-  
more again  
As a reed with the reeds in the river."

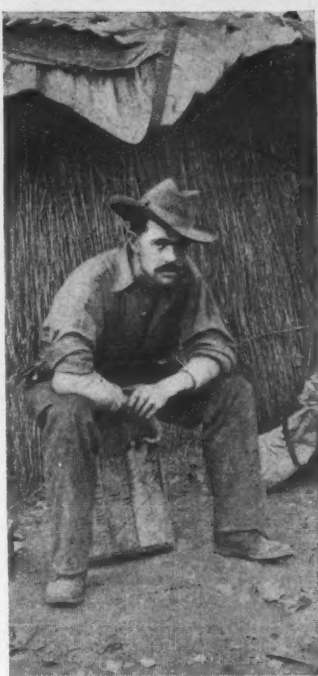
So is all art born in the pain of the artist. His bitter experience is but the training through which he must go, if he is ever to become a vehicle for the melody of the gods. And this applies not only to the giants of art, who have plumbed the depths of human sorrow and soared to the heights of human bliss, but also to the smaller artists whose work to be genuine and of value must be founded on experience and the painful wisdom which it brings. Even such a writer as the author of this volume owes the power and the vividness of his work to the sufferings and the bitterness through which he has had to pass. It is this which gives a singular interest to the story of a few years of his life, from the age of nineteen to twenty-eight. He is still a young man, but he has seen much and been through much, and out of his bitter experience he has made a book which should not be overlooked.

His first venture as a soldier of fortune was to Australia, where he fell upon evil days and finally had to cable home to England for money. His second attempt to see the world and life was more successful, in that it was longer and richer in incident—though not in wealth. It is the story of this excursion into strange lands, and the fortunes that befell the author and his brothers Malcolm and Amvas, which constitute the "Diary."

He first went to Rhodesia, South Africa, as electrical engineer to the Geelong Gold Mine. Here he was worked to death and half starved, besides being eaten in and out with malaria. Then he became a "transport rider," as they called the men who carted freight about South Africa with great ox-teams before the days of the railroad. Here he prospered for a time, but the ox-fever came, and wiped out his oxen, and with them his earnings and his means of livelihood. This was the time of the Boer war, but the author has little to say of that great conflict and seems to have taken no part whatever in it. He tells an interesting story, however, of hiding in the bush with his oxen from four men who were on their way to join the Boer forces. He subsequently heard the fate of one of these men, who was a German doctor, and it throws an interesting though gruesome light upon the spirit of the time.

"The fate of the German doctor was tragic—and very suitable. He was found killing off the British wounded after one of the fights, skulking around, shooting in their faces with a revolver. Two Tommies got him with their bayonets. He scrambled on the ground begging for mercy, which he did not get."

The author did a great deal of hunting in Africa, mostly for food. He therefore speaks from a wide ex-



STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.  
The author of "The Diary of a Soldier of Fortune," from a photo taken in South Africa in 1899.

perience, and his remarks on hunting parties are especially interesting in view of the recent Roosevelt expedition. He says:

"Nothing has led to more bitterness against the white man than the huge trains of carriers taken inland by the *soi-disant* explorers and hunters who have swarmed out to Africa in recent years, men burning to find adventure and excitement in a land where their unadvised predecessors have already reduced the risks of travel to a minimum."

Canada and Cobalt can point, with or without pride, to a number of very crooked mining deals. But this country has no monopoly on that form of sharp dealing, as is evident from Mr. Hyatt's account of a report he was asked to make for a London corporation on a copper mine near Macequene.

"My instructions were to send a written report; but so convinced was I of the comparative worthlessness of the mine—it was totally undeveloped and its value was absolutely problematical—that, fearing the syndicate employing me would be bluffed into converting its option into an actual purchase, I cabled from Macequene at my own expense: 'Suspend purchase pending receipt of my report.' The report was absolutely damning. I found subsequently that it had been ignored, and the property floated as 'The Manica Copper Company, Limited.' There was nothing to float, beyond the mining rights of a bare hill, on the crest of which was a large copper-stained boulder. Still, the great fool public subscribed the capital."

After the cattle-pest had reduced the author and his brother Amyas to poverty, they decided to drift to the East, giving lectures as a means of livelihood. This may seem a rather slender reed on which to lean, and they certainly found it so. But they managed to muddle through, somehow, after a variety of interesting and sordid experiences, and finally landed at Manila. The Philippine War was over, and William H. Taft had been trying to reduce that chaos there to something like order. But Mr. Hyatt speaks bitterly of the failure of the system which the actual President of the United States introduced in the Philippines.

"The Philippines for the Filipinos" was the doctrine laid down by William H. Taft, the first Governor-General, who came out to put into practice the theories of the Republican party, an ugly task, almost an impossible task, for a self-respecting white man. In short, an attempt was to be made to translate all the humbug and hypocrisy, all the false sentiment and false assumption, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" into real life.

"Whilst the islands were under martial law things were done properly, as they had been done in the Spanish days. Nature has made the Filipino about the most bloodthirsty, lying and treacherous of savages; but, as if to redress the balance, she has provided the white man with unlimited hemp. The American army, that finest and cleanest of services, used the hemp in the form of ropes, and was getting the archipelago into some sort of order, when the Civil Government took it over. Then the inevitable happened. Corruption and anarchy became the order of the day: all the splendid work of the army was undone, and the politician reigned supreme."

Stanley Hyatt and his brother saw

service in the Philippines, going as correspondents with the small and hopelessly inadequate force which was sent to quell the revolt of the "pulajanes," or fanatic "bolo-men," of Samar. A "bolo," by the way, is a knife about two feet long, which in the hands of a frenzied native who is attacking you in a swamp at night is a very unpleasant tool. The two Englishmen had to fight for their lives more than once, and they were reduced so close to starvation that they lived for some time on boiled bats—probably the most gruesome fare a white man could be compelled to eat. The author's account of this part of his experiences is unusually vivid and interesting. It is an admirable bit of work in spite of the sombre coloring.

Finally his brother Amyas died of anthrax, and Stanley was forced to set his face homeward alone. His brother seems to have been a singularly fine and attractive type of the soldier of fortune, handsome, brave, strong, and always cheery. Besides, he was little more than a boy. There is a fine touch of simple pathos about the author's account of his death.

"He had never known the fear of death, and, perhaps for that reason, he never suspected that he might be dying. He simply went to sleep, and never awakened, leaving me alone."

In a concluding paragraph the author tells of his further wanderings, his return to England, and his marriage.

"I left the Philippines, and then I wandered up the China Coast, to Japan, Vancouver, San Francisco, and thence across the United States. Finally I came home to England, only twenty-eight in point of years, but middle-aged in reality, penniless, disappointed, weary, a broken man, to begin life anew, if I could. And that my Good Comrade has made possible."

This is the end of a very remarkable book in its way. It is admirably written in terse and vivid English, and with a certain restrained though bitter intensity. Furthermore it gives every impression of perfect sincerity, and it is this which makes it so impressive. It is a book very well worth while.

\* \* \*

ALL that glitters is not Gilbert Chesterton.

People who read Elinor Glyn shouldn't throw stones.

Richard Le Gallienne will happen in the best regulated publishing houses.

When Theodosia Garrison is bliss 'tis folly to be Elizabeth Browning. Clinton Scollard and the world Clinton Scollards with you; Milton, and you Milton alone.

I could not love Frank Danby so much loved I not George Moore more.

Anthony Hope springs eternal in the public library.—Life.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Graigie's correspondence is to be published under the caption of the "Letters of John Oliver Hobbes," her father, J. Morgan Richards, having undertaken the editorship of the volume.

Tom Folio

MRS. EVA FAY COMING.

Next week at Shea's new theatre, the big vaudeville bill will be headed by Mrs. Eva Fay in "Thaumaturgy." This clever and elusive woman will entertain and mystify all who seek from her information, or try to penetrate into the secret of her wonderful art.

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## CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

### Individuality in Interior Decorations.

SIMPLICITY and sincerity should form the keynote of the interior of our homes, writes Rose Standish Nichols in *The Home Beautiful*. If the inside of a house is pretentiously elaborate, or if it does not suggest its owner's individuality, it is an obvious failure. Try to turn your house into a haven for rest and work and recreation, make it a real home, not an imitation of a museum or a small-sized Waldorf-Astoria, and it cannot fail to prove attractive.

That keen critic and clever novelist, Mr. H. G. Wells, quickly sensed the æsthetic stagnation that comes from shutting out new ideas and attempting to live in the past, even at its best. Do not be afraid to exchange old lamps for new, if they give a better light. Comfort and convenience should never be sacrificed for the sake of following worn-out precedents or of exhibiting a forced admiration for "high art." Where we are to live and love and have the best part of our being is no place for any sort of pretence.

"At the mention of Boston," says Mr. Wells, "I think of autotypes (photographs) and then of plaster casts. I do not think that I shall ever see an autotype again with-

for the piano, why not select a good copy of one of the smaller Pompeian bronzes designed purposely for interior decoration, or one of their modern prototypes by well-known American sculptors?

Few rules apply to all interior decoration, but it is safe to say that practically always the floor should be darker than the walls, and the walls darker than the ceiling. Whistler first called attention to the importance of these gradations of light and shade, and cleverly exemplified them in his Chelsea house.

Hardwood floors are the best for all the family living-rooms, but often they produce an unpleasant effect, because they are not stained dark enough. Unless the walls are nearly white an unstained floor will always be too conspicuous. The best results are obtained from using oak and staining it a deep Van Dyck brown, such as that of old "black" oak furniture. Rugs should tone in with the floor and not be so light or so dark as to make spots which attract the eye. Among others, antique Oriental rugs and modern Irish or Austrian ones come in harmonious colors.

Of the ceiling little needs to be said except that it is generally best to keep it white. Italian frescoes and



SUMMER HOMES ON CENTRE ISLAND.  
"Snug Harbor Cottage," the residence of Mr. Aemilius Jarvis, Centre Island.

out thinking of Boston. I think of autotypes and the supreme masterpieces of sculpture and painting and particularly of the fluttering garments of the Nike of Samothrace (that I also saw in little casts and big, and photographed from every point of view). It is incredible how many people in Boston have selected her for their æsthetic symbol and expression. Always that lady was in evidence about me, unobtrusively persistent, until at last her frozen stride pursued me into my dreams. That frozen stride became the visible spirit of Boston in my imagination, a sort of blind, headless, and unprogressive, fine resolution that took no heed of any contemporary thing."

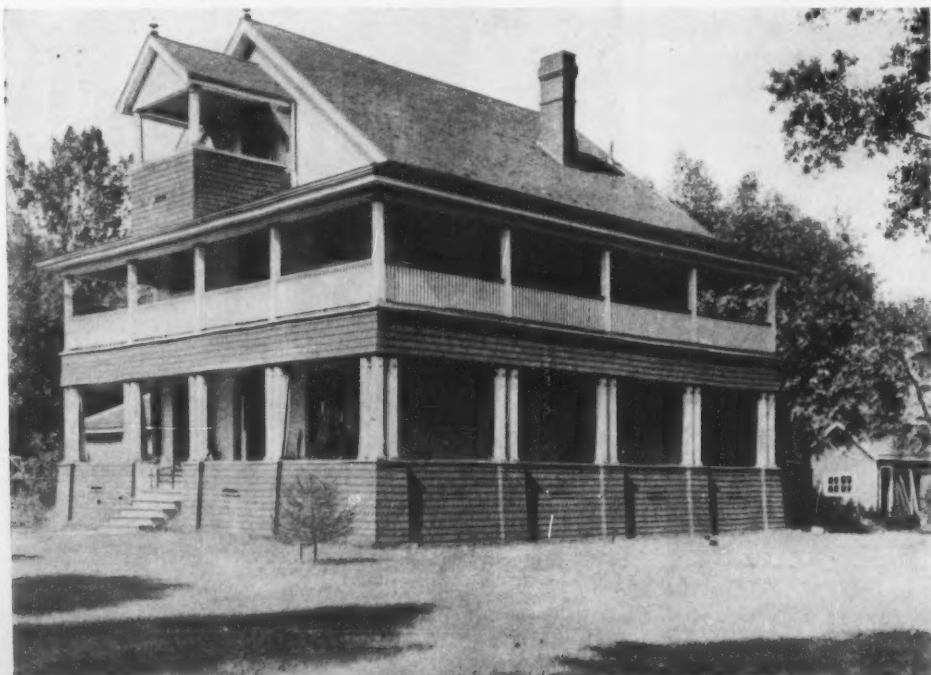
A faint perception of the true fitness of things combined with even a slight sense of humor would help us to see how the sublime may become ridiculous. What possible connection with a modern drawing-room has a goddess of the ancient Greeks, heroic in size, created to be worshipped in the dim silence of a great temple? Its only justification seems to be that a thing of beauty is an excuse in itself. Perhaps, if the room were large enough to contain a statue nine feet high. But what is left of the beauty of the figure, after it has been reduced to a seventh of its intended size? The smug reduction is a commonplace caricature of the exquisite original and the more one appreciates the beauty of the Victory, the more one resents the profanity of its being badly translated into a small, cheap, plaster edition. If one wishes an ornament

strapped plaster work are all very well in their way, but should be adopted cautiously and only when called for by a distinctive style of architecture.

The walls should be treated after the floor and the ceiling, each to form part of the same general scheme. Generally as walls are intended to serve as backgrounds for various objects, their surfaces should have a certain vibrant quality, sometimes known as atmosphere. Both in nature and art this quality is frequently perceptible, although it is difficult to define. It exists above all in the dreamy perfection of a poetic landscape, and in many reproductions of such landscapes by artists and craftsmen often intended especially for wall decoration.

Less expensive wall-coverings can also give an effect of atmosphere, if the texture of the surface as well as the color is good. Thin Japanese straw-matting in shades of green or brown, grasscloth in a variety of colors, and the kind of linen used for binding books can be applied to the walls and produce the right effect. Plain plaster, tinted fawn-color when it is mixed or left a greyish white, is very satisfactory, especially for bedrooms. Many of the finest new houses in England have all the walls, that are not of paneled wood, finished in white plaster.

Paper-hangings, as their name suggests, were originally designed as cheap substitutes and imitations for tapestries; a typical example is shown in the photographs of an old Salem drawing-room, where the colonial paper is still retained. Such landscape designs are superior to



SUMMER HOMES ON THE ISLAND.  
The beautiful residence and grounds of Dr. Risk on Lake Shore avenue, Manlan's Point.

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## CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

the staring geometrical patterns now common, but neither harmonize with pictures nor are quite the real thing. Curtains seem almost to form part of the walls, and their choice does much to make or mar a room. The material used for them should be durable, unfadeable, and if possible, washable, besides being harmonious in color with the other furnishings.

## The Rise of the English Country House.

THE "History of Gardening in England," by the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil has now, after a lapse of fifteen years, appeared in a third edition, enlarged and revised. It is an interesting book, appropriately illustrated, and made with the unusual combination of industry and taste. Its multitudes of facts are almost bewildering, but the general impression is curiously the same as that made by Curtler's "Short History of English Agriculture," lately reviewed in these columns. For centuries after the period of stability under the Romans, agriculture and gardening in England flourished in peace, languished in domestic war. There were, for the simple home folk, dread-

Robinson, late in the nineteenth century, brought about the beginning of the change to the old hardy plants which now, in a combination of wilderness and formality, procure for English gardens (alas, not for ours!) flowers for every month. This is made possible, partly, of course, by climate, partly by the wonderful plant discoveries of the nineteenth century. Innumerable new varieties, and even species, were found, imported, and propagated, so that now, with bulbs and shrubs, and new hardy annuals and perennials, the English garden is at a far remove from the monastery herbarium. When we read the list of plants recently discovered, but not yet propagated in England, we realize the further possibilities of the English garden—and of our own.

## Household Taste.

DISCORDS of taste are not always lasting, but they are likely to be so when there is genius either on one side, as in the case of Charles Dickens and his wife, or on both sides, as with Thomas and Mrs. Carlyle, says the author of "Hints on House Furnishing." Even when



SUMMER HOMES ON CENTRE ISLAND.  
Mr. G. R. Copping's residence on Lake Shore road at Centre Island.

ful periods in the dark ages, when neither prosperity nor glimpses of beauty could be counted on, sometimes for generations together. Taste was not known; gardening was scarcely undertaken outside of monastery walls. But when these walls were thrown down by Henry VIII, we mark the commencement of England's internal prosperity, which, except at two epochs under the Stuarts, has continued till this day. Then first began the general home-gardening, which meant comfort to the householder; next followed the development of styles.

To those on this side of the Atlantic the glimpses into English gardening are interesting, chiefly for the thoroughness with which changes in taste were accepted by the nation, and the great scale on which improvements were made. Enormous gardens made for fetes to visiting ambassadors were but temporary; large undertakings at noblemen's country seats seldom lasted longer than from father to son. It is only the gardens of the eighteenth century, and very few of those, which have lasted till our day. When we read of the first five-hundred acre garden at Stow, we marvel. If an imitator's garden of but twenty-eight acres cost, with its walks, ponds, fountains and bridges, its statues, temples and columns, the greater part of the great fortune of its owner's wife, what must have been the outlay on the larger place? Every change of style produced similar expenditures throughout the kingdom. And the changes were wide. When the excesses of the Dutch style, with its formal designs and sheared trees, brought about the imitation of landscape (it was Kent, says Walpole, who "leaped the fence, and saw that all Nature was a garden"), the extreme of fashion was as great.

"Capability" Brown made the final developments of a style according to which an avenue of trees was a blemish, and a flower visible from the house a painful discrepancy. It is interesting to find that in the changes from these two excesses of taste an influence was exerted by men of letters, in the first case, Addison and Pope, in the latter, Scott. The landscape style was eventually followed by the bedding system, by which for three months the garden flared with the brilliant hues of hothouse plants, and for the remaining nine was a withered waste. William

households value their own opinions in a commonplace manner, wall-papers and carpets may be the cause of bad disputes. George Eliot was keenly alive to this fact and said that preferences of taste broke a great many friendships.

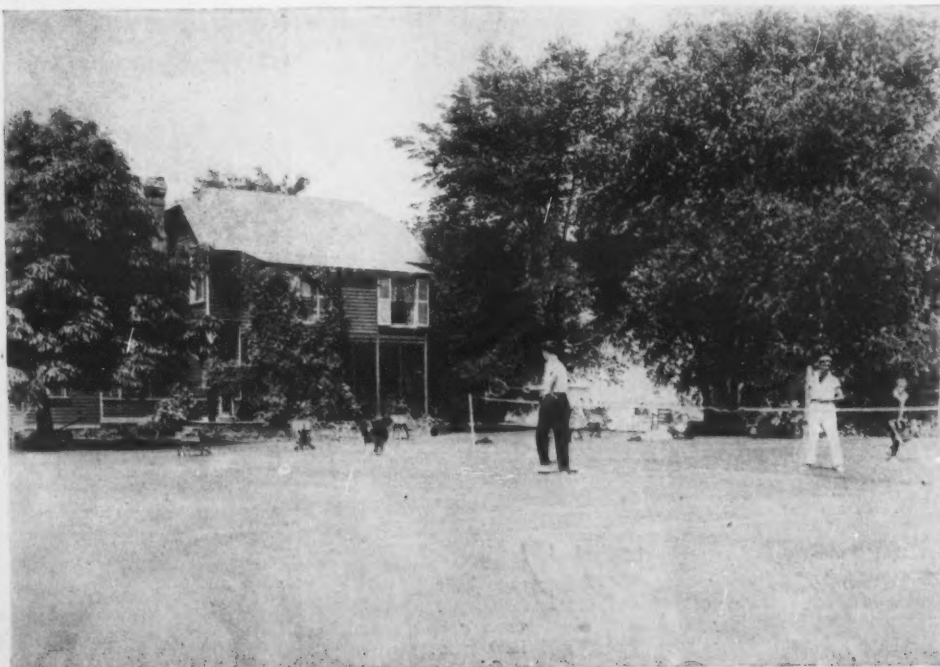
We see, then, that although the aim of taste in art is to make Harmony and to form Peace, the quality itself is dogmatic, self-assertive, and quarrelsome; a good soldier that will go on and win victories if it can. It is aggressive very often, even in disputes between man and man, where there is commonly some bias of thought peculiar to the male mind; but when the egotisms of a masculine taste clash against the likes and dislikes held and defended by a woman, very unfortunate troubles may arise, above all in homes. For this reason, clearly, taste should be looked at in its relation to sex, and also as the most important difficulty in the art of home-making. That art, as we have seen, should have two ideals, Harmony and Peace. The latter quite important, though the two should be one.

## A White Bedroom.

NOTHING is prettier or more dainty than an all-in-white bedroom. It is not practical if the room is of that convertible type used as sitting-room and sleeping apartment alternately; but when the little room is used to sleep in only, or perchance as a dressing-room, there is no more perfect scheme than white furnishings.

Cottage furniture has returned to favor and a white enameled bed will look well with a bureau and washstand that have been retouched with wood enamel in white, says the Sterling Standard. The woodwork may be whitened, even if it first required the application of a paint remover and the work that entails.

Curtain and wall-paper will present no difficulty, since dealers can now supply both plain and glossy white papers, and the qualities of swiss for sash curtains are practically numberless. That paper having a satiny surface or an invisible pattern will prove less monotonous; the drapery of the bureau should harmonize with the curtains.



SUMMER HOMES ON CENTRE ISLAND.  
Residence of Mr. S. B. Allen, Centre Island, showing the spacious and well kept grounds.

## Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"



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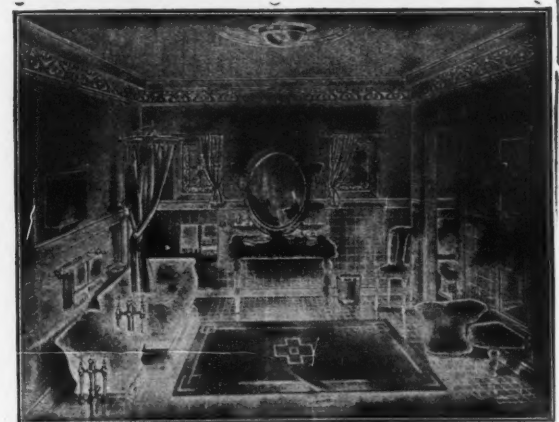
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The members of a debating society over the matter, and in the end a fiercely discussed Ibsen's declaration tion affirming Ibsen's views to be correct was carried by an overwhelming majority.—London Daily News.

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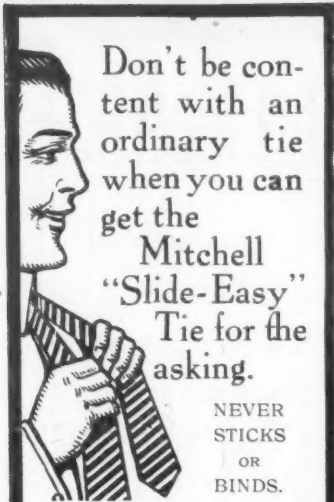
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"Bromley, I hear you are going to start housekeeping?" "Yes, Darling-gor." "What have you got towards it?" "A wife."—Stray Stories.

## Men's Wear

COLORED underwear for hot, sunny climates is advocated in a leading editorial by American Medicine (New York). When it was first suggested, says this paper, that skins were pigmented to exclude too much light, physicians were skeptical, preferring to consider nature a fool to create colored races in light countries. The light theory that was utterly rejected by Americans, has since been accepted by the French and British, however, who are now taking steps in the tropics to give themselves the same protection by colored underclothing that nature gives to the natives by colored skins—another of the innumerable instances where an American idea must go to Europe for acceptance. The writer continues:

"Now that the subject is considered settled abroad, we are tardily taking it up. In an article in The Medical Press of June 2, 1909, Doctors Phalen and Nichols describe the experiments now being made to find out whether it will do any good to protect our soldiers from tropical light by opaque underclothing, and they make the astounding assertions that they are personally in 'the strict agnostic mood.' So there are still some who think that the pigment of the Filipinos is merely a useless freak of silly nature. This is depressing, yet it shows the proverbial difficulty with which a new idea attains recognition."

"Opaque clothing is becoming popularized and it is interesting to note that the instinctive demand for it, not only in the tropics, but in America also, is so great that manufacturers are flooding the market with enormous quantities of black undergarments. Lay experience already shows it to be comfortable and beneficial. It is, of course, wholly unnecessary in such cloudy places as Northern Europe, nor do the swarthy Italians need it, but the blond migrant types must use it when residing in light countries where the native is pigmented. It is considered well worth a trial in this latitude, for it has been known to prevent those nervous conditions so common in the light season. That is, it begins to look as though the lay public will lead and the medical profession will follow. It might be well to direct attention to the need of better head-covering if one is exposed to the sun. All tropical natives use elaborate head-dresses for this purpose, and it is noticed that our own out-door workmen had have an instinctive desire for black felt hats. Agricultural laborers in our South, and Mexicans, also use opaque hats to a large extent, and prefer those with wide brims. The dinky little straw hats with narrow brims, affected by the city dweller afford no protection at all in the sun, and may be the cause of much suffering as well as actual sickness if the wearers do not remain constantly in



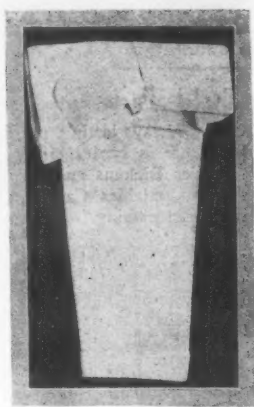
A SUMMER HAT.

White felt with narrow band of white or colored silk.

the shade. There is need of a great deal more knowledge of summer hygiene in order to combat the fashions of our cities, which are much nearer the tropics than we realize."

GENTLEMEN are more ready to attire themselves in rainbow-hued garments for river wear than for any other purpose, says M.A.P. Possibly this may be due to the same law of mimicry that prompts the animal and insect to imitate its environment. But, be that as it may, the summer glories of the riverside are frequently reflected in the many-hued garments of the gentlemen as well as the ladies who disport themselves in punts and dinghies.

Boating clubs usually select a flannel for their blazers which is highly colored; though in some cases a quiet self-colored flannel is made picturesque by the use of a brilliant club ribbon as binding on the edges and cuffs, and the embroidering of the



SERGE TROUSERS.

White serge trousers of correct cut and finish.

club badge on the breast pocket on the left side or on the cap.

The dark and light blue of the Oxford and Cambridge crews is well-known, but these are quiet examples of this type of garment, and cannot compare in brilliance to those of many of the College crews. For instance, the Keble College Boating Club blazer is trimmed with red, white and blue ribbon; Hertford College Boating Club is trimmed with red and white; and Pembroke College Boating Club, which is black and rose. As examples of the striped blazer there is the Brazenose College Boating Club, which is black and yellow; the New College Boating Club of violet and orange stripe; and the striped pink of the Worcester College Boating Club.

In style, the blazer takes the form of an easy-fitting lounge, finished with three patch pockets, and usually fastening with four buttons down the front, though the low rolling lapel, which is now fashionable for lounges has in some cases reduced this to three. The body part is made up without lining, but this plan is not generally applied to the sleeves, as the lining of these makes a very much better finish.

Some clubs have plain brass buttons, but that is by no means universal, for in ribbon-bound blazers the buttons are generally covered with the ribbon also. The sleeves are either finished with two buttons or a row of ribbon about three inches and a half up from the bottom. They are made large enough to wear over a sweater if desired. The corners are well rounded away, and they are often worn with the collar turned up.

Boating trousers may either be made of flannel or drill. The latter have a smart appearance, but, whilst they stand the trials of the wash-tub better than flannels, yet the latter are more generally preferred; being considered safer for general use by preventing the wearer from catching cold too readily.

Flannel trousers may either be grey or white, striped designs not being much favored this season. They are always cut long enough to be worn turned up at the bottom, and have plenty of width given to the legs. The waist is made to fit closely, and the addition of a buckle and straps enables them to be supported without braces.

THERE are many men who look upon the summer overcoat as a very necessary garment, says M. A. P., for not only do we have cool nights and mornings at this season of the year, but sometimes the temperature remains low throughout the day. Coupled with this, there is the fact that showers are often experienced, and thus we have two of the leading reasons for extra clothing, namely, the demand for warmth and protection. These features, necessarily appeal to some men more than others, for it is not everyone who retains a vigorous constitution to the end of his days, and when the health is indifferent, every possible precaution has to be taken against catching cold.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, on his morning walks is wearing a smartly cut fly-front Chesterfield, that embodies much of the taste he displayed when he was one of the best-dressed men in the House of Commons. It is easy fitting but shapely, and its length reaches to his knees. It is finished with four pockets on the outside, viz., a hip and a ticket pocket both put in with a flap on the right side, and a hip and breast pocket, the latter put in with a welt on the left side.

It buttons moderately high and

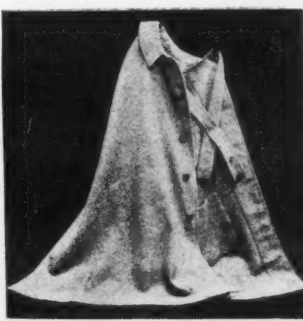
there is a right angle step between the lapel and the collar end. It is surface, and being lined with silk, combines warmth and lightness. It is a neat, stylish and gentlemanly garment and very suitable for one whose health is not at its best.

He still wears a wing linen collar and sailor knot tie set off with a small pearl pin, and his silk hat has on it a deep mourning band.

Mr. Asquith's summer overcoat is almost identical, but one misses the brightening effect of the white handkerchief peeping out of the breast pocket, but we notice he has the silk lining of his overcoat brought to the front edge, so that it shows on the lapels, and this gives the coat a dressy finish at that part.

The summer overcoat worn by Lord Lansdowne is of quite a different character, though it also has a fly front. It is very easy fitting in the body, and has vertical pockets on the hips, a patch ticket pocket with a large flap on the right side, and an outside breast pocket showing plenty of handkerchief on the left side. The sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs, and the edges are double-stitched. There is no silk on his lapels, and the easy hang of the coat suggests that it is not lined through.

The overcoat Mr. Balfour is now wearing is not by any means a dressy garment, indeed, it is devoid of nearly every feature that imparts smartness and style. For instance, it is very long, and very loose fitting, so that it looks more like a wrap for motoring than an overcoat for general wear. It is double-breasted and is made to fasten close up to the throat, but he often wears it unfastened all down the front, and the con-



A TOURING CAPE.

A touring cape of Scotch cloth, which is becoming very popular with motorists.

sequence is that it shows a tendency to drop away from the neck and so allows the undercoat to show above it, and as the overcoat is made of light cloth and the undercoat of dark, this feature is very noticeable.

The hip pockets are patched on the inside and have vertical mouths. His sleeves are wide and quite plain at the cuff, and his collar is a deep turn-down one.

The King's favorite overcoat this summer is made of grey Venetian, and is cut in the Raglan sac style. It is very loose-fitting in the body but close-fitting in the back, and reaches to just below the knees. The sleeves are very wide and have the seams underneath. The cuffs are finished with a turnback two and a half inches deep. The neck has a rather wide collar, the end of which quite meets the lapel, so that the opening slopes slightly downwards. The front fastens with a fly, and buttons rather high up, and yet the straight shape of the outer edge of the lapel with its pointed end gives it the appearance of length.

Vertical pockets are put in on the hips, the ticket and breast pockets are both out of sight. His coat is only lined through the body, so that it makes an excellent slip-on garment, and as the material is rain-proof it is very suitable for the vagaries of the English climate.

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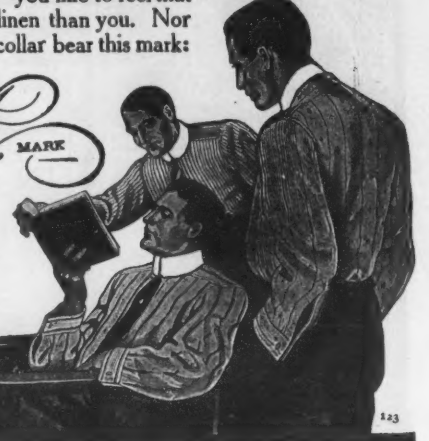
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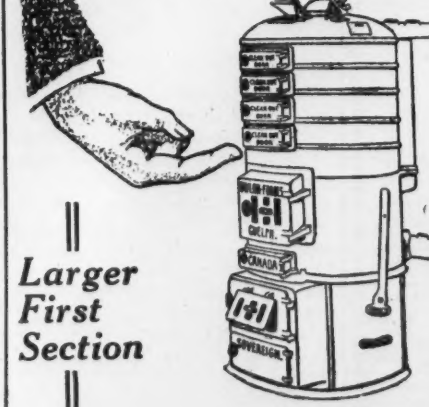
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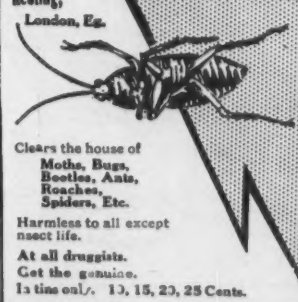


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## KEATING'S POWDER KILLS BUGS



An English army bandmaster died recently and had his violin buried with him. It was lucky that he didn't play the piano.—Musical Courier.

Illiteracy among the negroes of the United States is seven times as common as among the whites.



## ANECDOTAL

LIKE Lord Charles Beresford, Rear-Admiral Sir Alfred Winslow is credited with a lively sense of humor. Once, holidaying at a small seaside village on the south coast, he had an amusing experience with an old retired merchant captain who had failed to recognize in the stranger a brother sailor. Standing on the beach, the admiral felt conscious of the others keen scrutiny, and laughingly gave himself a hitch.

The old fellow looked him over carefully again. Then, after a long silence, as if he had thought over the matter quite thoroughly, he turned to Sir Alfred, took the pipe from his mouth, and remarked: "All ye need now's a wooden leg t' be a real admiral."

THE Most Rev. Randall Davidson Archbishop of Canterbury, who is taking a well-earned holiday in the south of France, has been described by one of his clergy as "the most 'human' Bishop that ever lived," a phrase that very aptly sums him up. It was his breadth of view and deep learning that first brought him prominently under the notice of the late Queen Victoria, and he remained her favorite preacher and adviser to the day of her death.

Some years ago, when he was Bishop of Rochester, he was about to appoint a man to some minor office in his domestic establishment, when one of his chaplains ventured to raise a protest.

"What is the matter with the man?" asked Dr. Davidson, in some surprise.

"Well, he is a Dissenter," said the other.

"Dear, dear! How dreadful!" cried the Bishop. "And does he eat his victims raw, or cook them first?"

Needless to say, the man got the job.

SCOTCHMAN who had survived three wives and who had a fourth in contemplation decided upon a delicate method of proposing to the latest object of his affections. Accordingly he took her for a walk one afternoon, and before she realized where their footsteps tended they had arrived at the graveyard where his lost loves lay buried. Standing before the three tombstones he said:

"There lies Jeannie, there lies Grisel, there lies Maggie, and," he added, pointing to the next vacant space and taking her hand tenderly, "how wad you like to lie there?"

NEAL BALL, the only player in the major leagues who ever made a triple play unassisted, that is, put out three men in one play, is convinced that women are more intelligent on the average than men, but is equally convinced that they do not understand baseball.

Accordingly, when he talks baseball to a woman, he adopts a light, facetious tone.

"A woman once said to me," he tells the story "I love baseball Mr. Ball. I love especially to watch the man at the bat. It is so cute too, the way he keeps hitting the ground gently with the bat's end. Why does he do that, though?"

"Well, you see, madam," I said, "the worms have an annoying habit of coming up to see who's batting, and that naturally puts a man out a bit; so he just taps them on the head lightly, and down they go."

formance. "No, I don't," was the frank reply. "Well," continued the other, "maybe you think you are man enough to stop it?" "No, I don't think I am," rejoined the other, "but I hope you are." And the whistling was discontinued.

JEROME S. McWADE, condemning the evils of intoxication, said in the course of a temperance address in Duluth:

"Colonel Ingersoll, as an example of a drunken man, used to quote the case of him who lay on his back in



The Day of the Short Man.  
—Punch.

a field and felt up in the air for the grass.

"You know, of course, the British definition of intoxication:

"Not drunk is he who from the floor Can rise again and still drink more; But he is drunk who prostrate lies, Without the power to drink or rise."

"The Canadian idea of a thoroughly drunken person is one who tries to smell the flowers in the carpet."

"Another example of total drunkenness came to my attention recently. Three New York men after a protracted evening at the club, took a taxicab and drove to the residence of Smith, one of their number.

"They rang the bell, and, when Mrs. Smith put her head out of the window, they said in thick chorus:

"Will Mrs. Smith—hic—please come down and—hic—pick out her husband?"

AT a French inn a guest was greatly disturbed one night by a series of incessant jumps and bumpings that appeared to proceed from the room directly overhead. In the morning he complained to the hotel manager, and asked to have the mystery cleared up. A little later the manager brought a foreign-looking individual, and introduced him to the gentleman. "This is Baron von Kotchem Sloschen," explained the manager, "who occupies the room above yours. Perhaps you can tell us, sir, what was that noise that this gentleman complains of?" "Why," said the baron, indignantly, "it was the doctor's instructions. He leaf me a bottle of medicine, which say, 'Take

the mixture two nights running, then skip the third night.' And so I do it. I haf run the first two nights, and last night I skip!"

D. R. PIGOU, the dean of Bristol, has for long had the reputation of being one of the brightest humorists in the church.

One of his stories turns upon the deceased wife's sister. It appears that a vicar of Dr. Pigou's acquaintance had, in ignorance, solemnized such a marriage, and he interviewed the old verger whose business it was to look after such things.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the old man, "I knowed the parties. I knowed them."

"Then, why in the world didn't you tell me?" exclaimed the vicar.

"Well, vicar, it was this way, you see," replied the old fellow. "One of 'em parties was 83 and 't'other was 86. Says I to myself, 'It can't last long; bother the laws and let 'em two wed.'"

A PRETTY story is told concerning the unconventional manner in which Lord Kelvin "popped the question," and in so doing won his wife. The question of simplifying the method of signalling at sea was then occupying his attention. His plan seemed simple to him, but to ordinary folk it was rather puzzling. He was staying with friends in Madeira at the time, and one day the subject was under discussion at the dinner table, but the only person that seemed able to grasp it was his host's daughter, a lady he greatly admired. "I quite understand, Sir William," she said.

"Are you sure?" he questioned, half doubtfully. "If I sent you a signal from my yacht, do you think you could read it, and answer me?"

"I believe I should succeed in making it out," was the reply. The signal was sent, and the lady did succeed in making it out and transmitting the reply. The question was "Will you marry me?" and the answer was "Yes."

THE Broadway Magazine credits a story that was told years ago in the vaudeville theatres by George Fuller Golden to Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University. The yarn says he was walking across the campus the other day with the dean of one of the colleges when the chimes in the library building began to ring.

"Dean," said he, "the music of those chimes is so beautiful that it always sets me dreaming of the past. My boyhood days—"

"What do you say?" interrupted the venerable dean.

"I say the chimes are very, very beautiful. They make me think—"

"What?" yelled the dignified dean again.

"The chimes—the chimes—how beautiful—"

"Speak louder!" cried the dean once more. "I can't hear you for the devilish bells."



Well-meaning Golfer.—"Er, do you think it quite safe to bring that child across the links?"  
Matilda Jane.—"Oh, it's all right, Sir. I shouldn't think of bringin' 'im in he warn't as deaf as a post, poor little chap!"  
—Punch.

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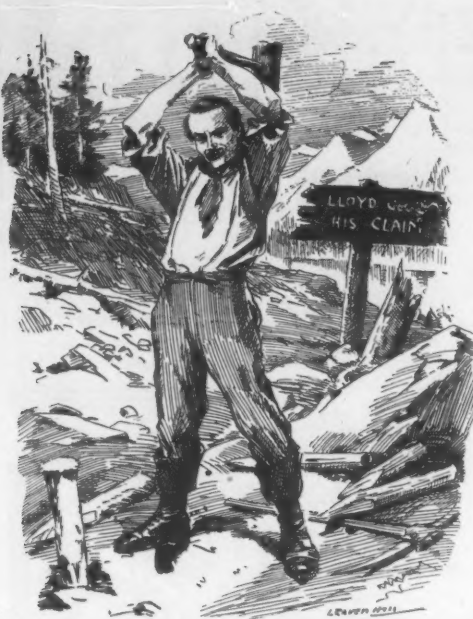
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The New Goldfields, Budget Creek.  
—Punch.



To the Uttermost Parts of the Earth.  
—Montreal Herald.



—Punch.



—Montreal Witness.



An Obstinate Brute!  
—Donahay in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.



—Minor in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



American Immigration Officer—"Hal! Back home again, Canada no good, eh?"  
Farmer—"Oh! I've come back home for my old folks, brothers, sisters and all my old friends that know a good thing."  
—Manitoba Press Press.



Prime Minister (Shelving Woman's Suffrage Bill).  
"Well, Gentlemen, now that your individual consciences have had their fling, let's get to work again."  
—Punch.

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**An Island Chief.**

IN the remote waters of the South Indian Ocean are many islands, some of which are inhabited, while others are still free for amateur Robinson Crusoes to occupy. On one of these groups, the Cocos Islands, lived for many years a Scotsman, Mr. George Clunies Ross, whose death took place recently. The islands belonged to him, as they had belonged to his father and grandfather before him; the first Ross made his home there in the early years of the last century; the fourth of the dynasty, which originally came from Scotland, will now take up the reins of government and rule the few hundred men who populate the group. There is something that appeals strongly to the imagination in this paternal rule over a little kingdom of one's own; every boy, in fact, has dreams of such an island, with himself as the benevolent despot in charge. But since none of the Rosses have ever published their memoirs; it is difficult to say whether the reality is equal to the dream. Realities seldom are; yet it must be remembered that in the case of a more notable ruler—Sir James Brooke—Rajah of Sarawak—he owned that he was far from disappointed with his career, and that his life had, on the whole, been a happy one. That it was usefully spent is evident to all who have had occasion to study his memoirs. The kingdom of the Rosses is a smaller one than Sarawak, and it is apparently one of the happy places that has no history.

Very different were the aims of the two white men who first settled in the Cocos Islands. They were John Clunies-Ross, the grandfather of the late governor of the islands, and Alexander Hare, who had fallen out with the East India Company and who brought with him a harem and a petty court. Hare, who was the son of a London watchmaker, believed in living like an Oriental monarch, but Clunies-Ross was out for trading, soon made money, and ultimately assumed undisputed sway of the islands.

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those who enjoy a delicious cup of coffee can always depend on "Seal Brand" to make it.

Minneapolis is planning to put in corner shower baths in the congested districts to be used on hot days by the small boys. The committee of council having the matter in hand were given a demonstration on a recent hot day. No difficulty was ex-

perienced in finding plenty of boys anxious to stand under the shower.

"Then," said the reporter, "I'll say several pretty songs were rendered by Miss Packer."

"Oh, gracious no," replied the hostess, "you mustn't say 'rendered' You see, her father made all his money in lard."—Catholic Standard.



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and any day it is a good soap to choose, for you want a soap that is pure and cleansing, you like a soap that is pleasantly perfumed, and an antiseptic soap like this, containing 10% pure Carbolic—an ample proportion—protects you against risk of contagion.

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MONTREAL.



THERE will be no automobile races on the Merrimac Valley circuit at Lowell this fall. Although a meeting of three day's duration had been announced for Sept. 15 to 17, and much work had been done in preparing for the contests, it has been found that, owing to obstacles placed in the way of the promoters, and consequent delays, it will be impossible to make ready for a meeting, and John O. Heinze and Thomas C. Lee, who have had charge of the preparations, have definitely announced the decision to abandon the project.

This decision will be regretted by the motorists of New England, and by racing men all over the country. The Lowell races in the past have been the only opportunity people in this part of the country have had to see the leading racing men and machines, and the racing men have always enjoyed their work at Lowell. The former contests have been conducted in a first-class manner and have given general satisfaction. Without these races, the motor manufacturers will be unable to show their machines in a speed event in New England this fall.

Mr. Heinze and his associates secured from the State the passage of a law permitting them to use the roads in the Merrimac Valley circuit, and they also secured the necessary order of the city for closing these roads. One of the obstacles encountered, however, was a threatened injunction by residents along the course. This indicates a delay which would make it impossible to put the course in shape and make the many other necessary preparations.

Even had not the injunction proceedings threatened delay, so much time has been lost in getting the road work under way that it would be difficult to make all the arrangements in time. The roads needing repairs should be in course of fixing up already, but nothing has been done. No entry blanks have sent out and the preliminaries all along the line are behind hand.

In addition to the physical delays that the promoters have met there has been less enthusiasm on the part of the public for the races this year. The manufacturers of automobiles have been the most insistent of those calling for the races. They like the Merrimac Valley course as offering the fewest disadvantages of all of the courses of the country and they have again and again said that they would actively support races this year and would see that strong entries were made. The people, however, have not enthused and the promoters have not been greatly encouraged to proceed.

For the past three years the Merrimac Valley course has held a prominent place in the annals of speed contests. Beginning with a snap race in 1907, and in 1908 developing some spectacular racing, the Lowell Automobile Club, with J. O. Heinze as its president, succeeded in getting the National Stock Chassis competition for the course last year. The array of machines and drivers was uncommonly good, and fully 200,000 persons attended the races. Money was appropriated by the city to fix the roads, and the citizens subscribed something over \$10,000 to aid in putting the venture through. Notwithstanding the revenues accruing in one way and another from the races, the club did not get money enough to pay back the subscribers to the fund. This fact had its effect upon the citizens, and there was nothing resembling clamoring for the races. In a measure, too, they have outgrown their first enthusiasm, having seen excellent contests.

It is doubtful if Mr. Heinze would have undertaken the races this year if the manufacturers had not been so

insistent for them. He said that races could be held and money made, and that if money was made it should be paid back to those who had very generously contributed last year. He believed a small committee could do much more than a large one, and said that with no great opposition to the races he would see that they were held. But the opposition crept out thick and fast. An attorney was engaged by residents of Lowell and was preparing an injunction to restrain Mr. Heinze and the club from closing the roads. This Mr. Heinze had looked



LORD EXMOUTH—A RECENT MOTOR-RACING PEER.  
Lord Exmouth, who is shown above at the wheel of the racing car in which he made his appearance last week at Brooklands, is the latest peer to join the ranks of motorists.

ed for and hoped against. Because of certain objections last season it had been planned to change the course this year. Notwithstanding the trouble which took place in Tyngsboro last year, Mr. Heinze only last week appeared before the selectmen of that town at a hearing, and only two objectors to the races appeared. The decision of the selectmen has not been given.

IT IS becoming steadily more difficult for a person to qualify as a chauffeur in Massachusetts, and under the present requirements it is almost impossible for an applicant to secure a license unless he is thoroughly capable. No drastic change has been made in the examination, but the standard has been raised little by little, with the result that only about two-thirds of the applicants are now receiving licenses. Two years ago, about three-quarters of the applicants were licensed, and three years ago about seven-eighths. During the past three years the number of persons applying for examination has increased rapidly.

Under the system now in effect less attention is given the written examination than the road test. Formerly each applicant had to answer a list of about twenty-five questions, now there are only about twelve questions on the paper for the written examinations. Nine of these usually deal with the automobile laws and rules of the road, and the other three pertain to the mechanical control and proper operation of a motor vehicle. The same examination paper is not used right along, but there is a series of papers, and each week a different paper is used.

Under the former practice some applicants for chauffeur's licenses learned the answers by rote, and consequently the written examination was of little use. Under the new plan an applicant must have a good knowledge of the law and of the mechanism and control of a car, for he

cannot tell what set of questions will be put before him. Care is taken in case an applicant comes up for a second or third examination that he gets a different set of questions each time.

The change in the written examination was made not only to prevent incompetent persons from passing, but also to enable competent operators to secure licenses. In many cases, under the former plan, thoroughly competent mechanics and operators, but of little general education, were unable to pass the test on account of the numerous questions. It was considered unfair to them to refuse licenses, when they showed that, although unable to answer correctly a question about the rules of the road, or the exact requirements of the law when on the road they were thoroughly familiar with the requirements. With the shortening of the written examination its importance in the total examination was diminished.

The percentage and standard of the road test have, however, been raised. A chauffeur, having first taken the written examination, is required to present himself with a car for the

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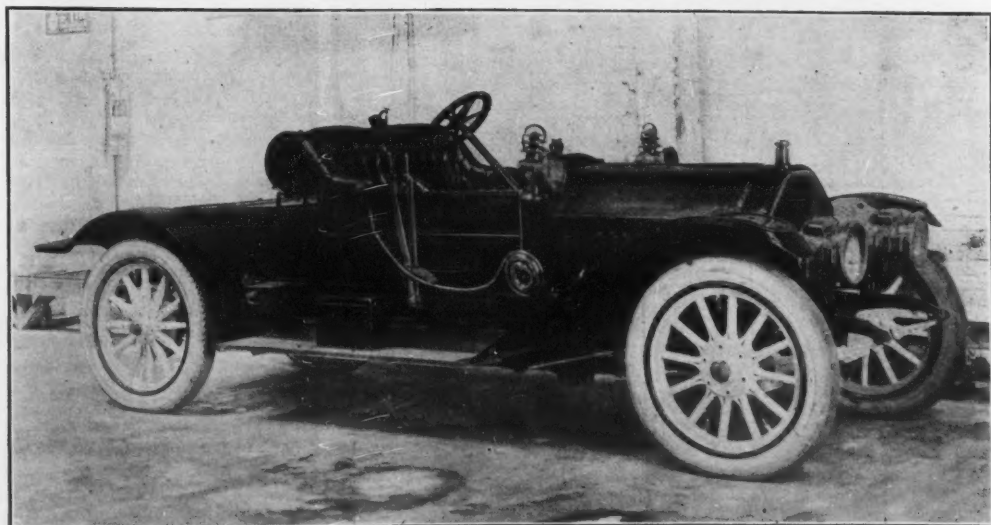
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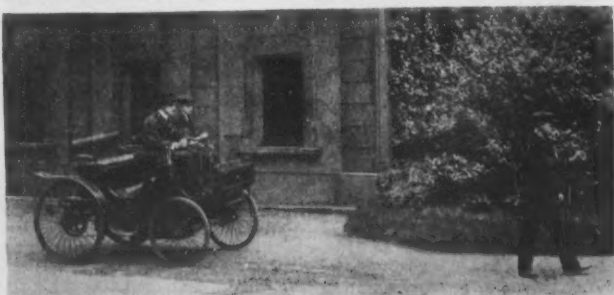
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EARLY DAYS OF MOTORING.  
This interesting picture shows the late Hon. C. S. Rolls in his first motor-car, which was the third to be used in England. The man walking ahead is carrying a red flag to warn drivers of horses. This car could make four miles an hour.



# LIVING IT DOWN

By WARWICK DEEPING

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE tap-room of "The Squirrel," at Monk's Crossing was a warm and pleasant enough refuge on a winter's evening, with the wind heaving a heavy shoulder against the white timber work of the inn, and growling round the chimney as though viciously minded to smother those within with smoke. It was a good bargain with comfort to come in out of the night into the strong, warm atmosphere of the place, to smell the beer and sawdust, and see the pewter pots winking waggishly through the smoke. The brown men of the fields and moors crowded the settles and the bar, filling the place with a lusty animal warmth, and babbling over their pipes and beer. It was a snug and garrulous corner of the world, full of strong breath and of strong odors; primitive, yet not without picturesqueness when one looked at the quaint and often grotesque faces ranged round the wall like heads carved upon corbels.

The landlord of "The Squirrel" was a serious little man, whose only prominence was his nose, for this same nose seemed to have absorbed the whole of the little man's physical importance. It appeared to have grown at the expense of the rest of him, and to have developed an individual dignity that left the remainder tame and spiritless. The nose seemed to carry on the conversation, not the landlord. It emphasized, approved, disagreed, qualified by the use of an elaborate system of sniffs. And sometimes it blew itself with exceeding vigor when a sufficient measure of attention did not appear to come its way.

"News" was a passion in such a place as the taproom of "The Squirrel," and a man who was a gatherer of local sensations, and who could retail them with tantalizing hesitation and the cunning of the artist, was sure of splendor in that atmosphere of beer and smoke. The last night in October the ordinary assemblage of habitués had added to itself a "clay-hopper" from the other side of Mistmoor—"clay-hopper" being the upland name for a man who worked on the clay lands, and who wore yellow and sticky boots. And this particular clay-hopper was a wiry and satirical fellow, a man with naturally showing through his breeches, a tag of red beard, and great red hands. He had a habit of holding his head on one side and tilting his chin cunningly as though he knew a great deal more than his neighbors.

The clay-hopper had an old grudge against the uplanders of Monk's Crossing. He may have been out-battered at some time or other, and there was a tacit rivalry in gossip among the various villages. If a visitor from the clay-lands could poke sarcasm against another community, so much greater was the satisfaction he felt over the acres of his birth. The surest and subtlest method was to ask some mild, yet ingenious question that challenged the honor of the rival community by exposing its public morals to criticism and compassion.

Neighbor Mosdell looked round, as though to get a grip of the company. Then he backed against the

bar, turned round slowly, and ordered two-pennyworth of beer.

The landlord sniffed twice, once for each penny. A pipe bobbed in a far corner, and a voice came out of the reek of the smoke:

"Well, Mister Mosdell, and what d'ye think they be sayin' down at Meldring?"

"Some sort o' turnip talk!" said the crooked one, taking his tankard.

"They be sayin' we have a ticket o' leave man up here on the moor."

"Oh, be they," said neighbor Mosdell; "they be always raisin' such a rotten crop themselves that they must be belittlin' o' their neighbors."

The clay-hopper retorted with an imperturbable grin.

"You be such a respectable lot," he said. "I've heard the truth, and I knows where I heard it. You go and have a word with the gent down in Hindleap Wood."

The whole tap-room grew fascinated. The landlord sniffed with emphasis, and then blew his nose.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Dunnet?" said someone.

Two more sniffs followed amid respectful silence.

"I beg leave to say," quoth a melancholy voice from behind the bar, "that this public o' mine ain't a place for the blackguardin' of a man's neighbors."

The Monk's Crossing worthies applauded, but the man from the clay-lands stared at the toe of his boot and grinned.

"Well, suppose I dry up then? But if a chap can't tell a proper bit o' news—"

The threat served.

"News be blowed! We ain't got such gammoning tongues this side o' the moor."

"An' I wanted a good square liar," squeaked neighbor Mosdell, "to help me down afore the Bench at Crutchet, I'd be knowin' where t' find him. They breed lies in some parts like worms in an old dung heap!"

"Aye, Mister Mosdell, but we ain't thinkin' o' startin' a convict settlement down our parts, anyway."

And so the man from Meldring stung the discussion into strenuous activity.

At closing time, when these gossips of the tap room carried the sawdust on their heavy boots, the theme was still big within them, though deprived of the glamor of debate. A dozen odd cottages engulfed the news with the return of the hobnails and the bolting of the doors. Nor had the good people of Monk's Crossing lacked something to say on the mistress-ship of Danebarrow, and the labor of Burgoyne's navvies on the edge of Bilberry Wood. But here the mystery of the unknown seemed to have robbed them of inventive brilliancy. And when anything unexplainable occurred about Mistmoor, instead of ascribing it to the inscrutable ordinance of the Deity or the devil, the moor folk referred to the matter as "one o' the kick-ups o' that mad stallion, Burgoyne."

The morning following his man-hunt at Danebarrow, Heriot walked over the moor to see whether Eve Thorkell had in any way been disturbed after he had left her. He hap-

pened to pass Roger Burgoyne upon the road, riding back from the repulse that he had received at Danebarrow. The two men went by one another like hostile dogs, and Burgoyne, striking across the moor, entered Bilberry Wood again, and, riding westwards amid the trees, watched Heriot as far as the gate of Danebarrow. "The Roman" had an excellent excuse for loitering on the edge of Bilberry Wood. The felled timber was being carted away on tugs, the two sheds pulled down, and all rubbish burnt. The men had orders to clear the ground within a couple of days.

Eve, after her parley with Burgoyne, had gone to turn over some rough ground in a far corner of the garden, when she heard the distant ringing of a bell. Her first thought suggested that the irrepressible landowner had returned, and, being in no mood to be bothered with him again, she went to reconnoitre. A thick thorn hedge, backed here and there with cypresses, shut off the front garden on the west from the vegetable ground and a small orchard. Eve had an eyelet hole in the thorn hedge which enabled her to get a glimpse of the main path and the porch.

She saw Heriot standing there, staring thoughtfully at the ground, his hands in his pockets. And perhaps she felt grateful to him for not being Burgoyne, for she called to him half laughingly, through the hedge.

"Oh, is it you?"

Heriot turned sharply, glanced at the windows, and looked up and down the garden.

"I am here," said the voice.

Heriot walked along the path towards the hedge. He could not see Eve, but he had a feeling that she could see him.

"I have come over to see that you are all right," he said, addressing the hedge at large.

"Yes. Nothing further happened. It was good of you to take all that trouble."

Heriot fancied that he could see the gleam of something white through the thorn hedge. There was no gate or passage. He moved slightly to one side with the feeling that she should not see him if he could not see her.

"Mr. Burgoyne has been here," said her voice; "he came to tell me that he is withdrawing his men from Bilberry."

"Oh!" answered Heriot with a suggestion of prejudiced surprise.

"He talks as though it was a special favor shown to the owner of Danebarrow."

"And what does he want in return?"

There was a short pause before her voice answered him from behind the hedge.

"It seems that we share the same feeling towards Burgoyne?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps we do. I was prejudiced by strong antipathy long ago."

Heriot felt a sudden impulse moving in him, urging him passionately to tell her something of the rash. The barrier between them gave him a species of courage. Even the hinting of the truth to her would lay bare the bed-rock of life, and clear away a chaos of humiliating complexities. No doubt it might end everything, but he would have played the man to her and escaped from the wretched consciousness of an ever-impending shame.

"I have no right to judge Burgoyne," he said at last, with the slowness of one groping for words.

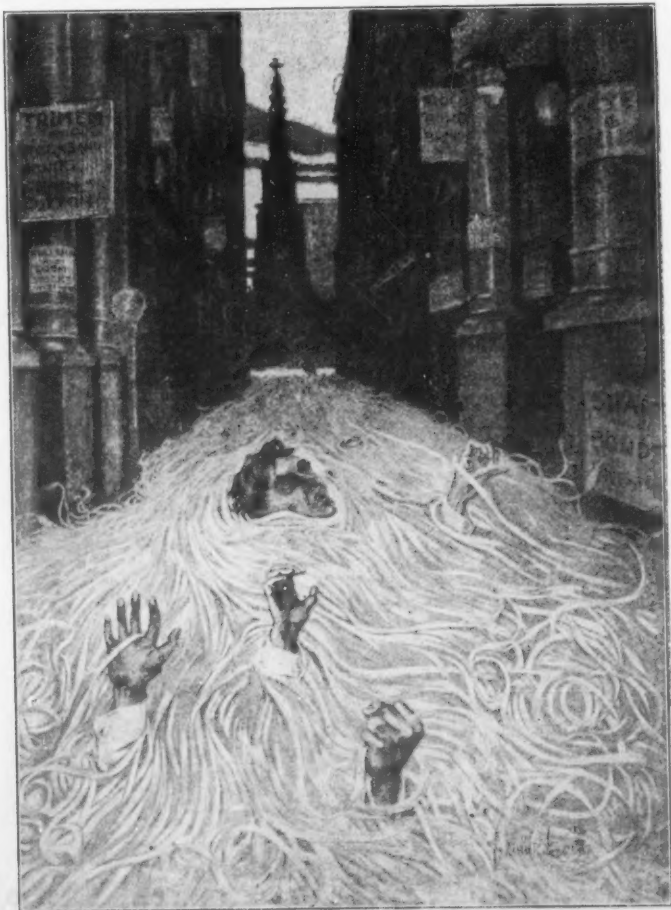
"You mean that a mere prejudice—?"

"Not that alone. I suppose every man has things within himself that he would give much to be able to forget. But there are some parts of the past that can never be forgotten."

She took his words as applicable to Burgoyne.

"Oh, well, I don't judge the man

(Concluded on page 16.)



"The Street."

—New York Life.

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The Great Summer Food

In BOVRIL you get all the goodness of prime beef in a most easily assimilated form. No matter how it is taken, in soup, in gravy or as a beverage, its benefits are immediate and lasting.

It strengthens the body without overheating.

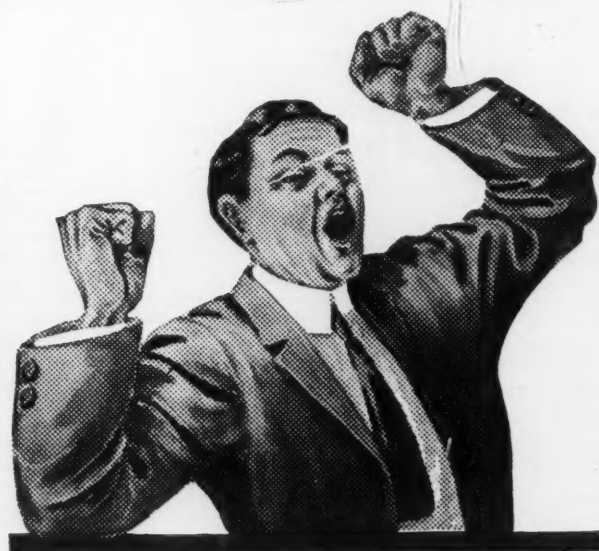
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Hi!  
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### Temple Customs.

IN the heart of London, between busy Fleet street and the broad Embankment, there is carried out a custom that has been in vogue for several centuries. Every night between 5 and 5.30 o'clock one of the porters of the Temple, the University of Law, goes around the dull old quadrangles blowing an old-fashioned silver mounted horn to call the students to dinner. In each law term there is a period called the eating term, during which the barristers to be are compelled to attend at least six dinners in the Temple Hall.

Temple Hall was built in 1572, and has a magnificent oak roof, richly carved, and a fine oak screen. On the dias at the end of the hall Shakespeare is believed to have acted in "Twelfth Night," early in 1602. The long table at which the students dine was a gift of Queen Elizabeth to the benchers and was made from a single oak in Windsor Park. There is also a small dining table constructed from the timbers of Drake's ship, the Golden Hind. At present, about sixty students dine here nightly.

Not only has this miniature university town memories of the old crusading times, its flavor is mingled with associations of the literary history of the Eighteenth Century. "It is the most elegant spot in the metropolis," wrote Charles Lamb, who was born in Crown Office Row. "What a cheerful, liberal look hath the portion of it which, from three sides, overlooks the greater garden—that goodly pile of building strong, albeit of paper height, confronting with massy contrast, the lighter, older, more fantastically shrouded one, named Harcourt, with the cheerful Crown Office Row, (place of my kindly engendrure), right opposite that stately stream which washes the garden foot with her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters. . . . A man would give something to have been born in such places."

The Mexican greatly prides himself upon his sombrero. No matter how poor the rest of his attire may be, he spares no expense for his head-covering, and will toil day and night to purchase an appalling sugar-loaf, wide-brim, heavily corded hat. A shabbily dressed Mexican wearing a hat that cost not less than fifty dollars is not an uncommon sight. The main reason why the Mexican devotes so much money and attention to his hat is because it has become the symbol of his standing in the community. The grandees of Spain had the privilege of standing covered in the presence of their sovereign, and naturally they vied with one another in the size and gorgeousness of their hats. The populace followed their example as best it could, and so the hat became as distinctive on the heads of the men as the mantilla over the heads of the women. At one time the Mexican placed his hat and his horse above all other worldly possessions, spending five hundred dollars for a hat, gold-trimmed and embroidered, and as much more for his silver-trimmed saddle and bridle. Mexicans of the higher class have abandoned the conical shaped hat for city wear, as they have accepted our style of clothing; but every Mexican gentleman still has his native costume of spangles and glitter, with hat to match, which he wears as he may think occasion demands.

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BALA AND RETURN . \$1.60

Tickets at a rate of \$1.60 from Toronto to Bala and return, and \$2.60 from Toronto to Bala and all around Muskoka Lakes and return, are on sale at all Canadian Pacific Toronto offices, account Yorkville Old Boys' and Girls' Excursion, Saturday, August 13th. Tickets are good going on 12.15 noon fast train, Saturday, which runs without stops to Bala, making immediate connection with the steamer "Cherokee," for all points on the lakes. Tickets reading Muskoka Lake Points are good for return up to and including Tuesday, August 16th. Tickets, Toronto to Bala and return, are good up to and including Monday, August 15th. Phone, main 6580 for particulars.

### Births, Marriages and Deaths.

#### BIRTHS.

DEACON—At 158 Crescent Road, Toronto, on Friday, Aug 6th, 1910, to Major F. H. Deacon and Mrs. Deacon, a son. (Frederick Coulter).

#### DEATHS.

BOYNTON—At Richmond Hill, on Aug. 8, 1910, Thomas F. Boynton, in his 76th year.

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UNDERTAKER

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Maximum Power.  
Minimum Weight.

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the Economy, Efficiency and Durability of the small car.

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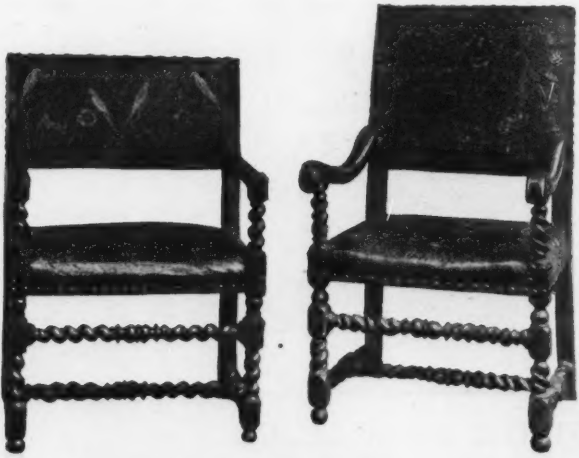
Its very lightness means economy of up-keep; less tire expense, and smaller consumption of gasoline—on the other hand, the Herreshoff never balks at the steepest hills; or the toughest road pull.

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ANTIQUE CHAIRS FROM ANTWERP

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Once in a great while one of our buyers when on his European trips comes across a piece of antique furniture or bric-a-brac that for some reason appeals to him as especially worth while. In cases like this the article is generally secured if it can be done at a reasonable price.

The two Chairs here illustrated furnish a case in point. They are undoubted antiques, built, we are told, in the time of Rubens in the quaint old City of Antwerp, in which he lived and from which his fame as a painter has spread over all the world.

The frames of these chairs are made of some tough hard wood, now dark with age—stoutly built, we know, for after all these years they are still serviceable. The seats and backs are well padded and covered in leather of a marvellous golden shade, mellowed by time, on which stand out, painted in colors still rich and distinct, a wonderful pattern of flowers and birds, prophetic it may be, of the present vogue of Chantecler.

These quaint old chairs may be seen on our second floor. It is doubtful, however, if they will make any lengthened stay with us, as they are on sale at a modest price.

**John Kay Company**  
LIMITED  
36 and 38 King St. West



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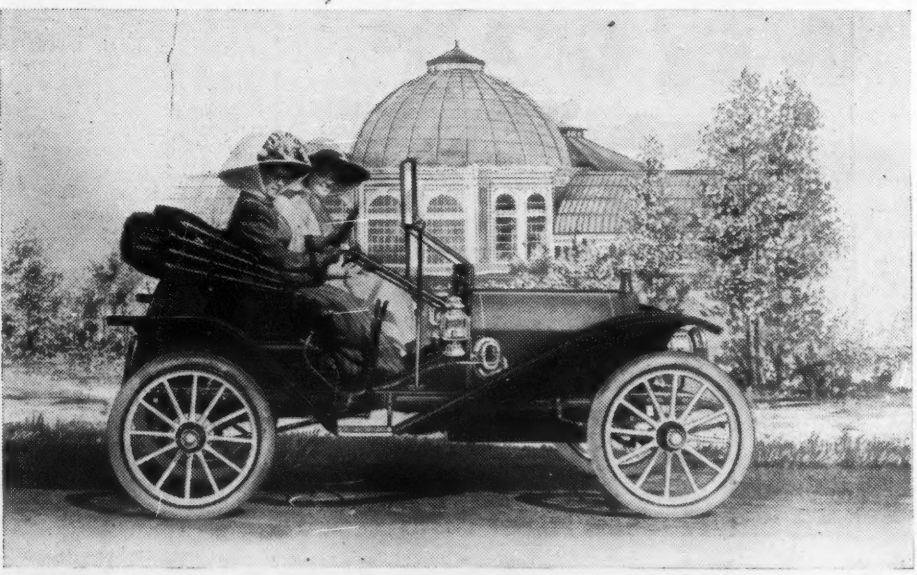
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In an instant. No taking pen apart. Automatically sucks ink up when nib is inserted in ink. If not satisfactory money will be refunded.

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Taken part by part, each and every feature and requisite of the perfect motor car is to be found in the Hupmobile—only in smaller proportion.

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Its good name has been won by its sweet-running, silent motor, sturdily accepting everything that was expected of it; by its continuous service, economy of up-keep; in short, by those attributes never before expected nor found in cars of moderate price and which rank the Hupmobile with cars of far greater cost.

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—“Excels any piano I have ever used.”  
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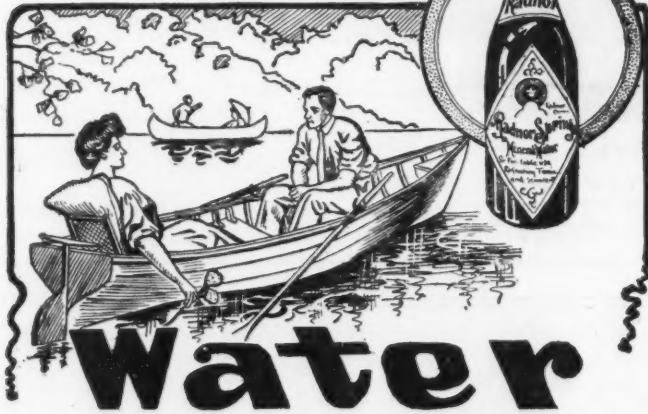
Melba, who will visit Canada next month, will use only a Heintzman & Co. Piano in all her concerts.

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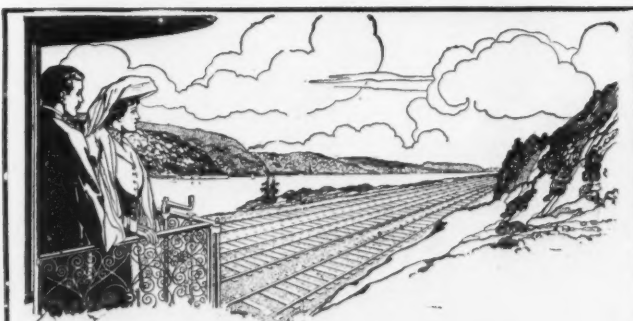
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## LIVING IT DOWN

(Continued from page 14.)

wholly for any past sins. It is a question of present personality, the thing that is built up out of the past. If you mean—

“I was not speaking of Burgoyne,” he said.

“Of men in general?”

“Yes, and perhaps myself in particular. Sometimes one puts oneself in irons. It is a question of fate punishing the fool. And afterwards the fool may learn to realize the living damnation of his own folly.”

Eve was silent a moment, and Heriot wondered what was passing in her mind. He felt himself on the brink of a crisis, with some fanatical force within him driving him forward towards the inevitable. Then, abrupt, and inopportune, came the clatter of a horse's hoofs along the road. The sound came as a distraction, breaking the sense of solitude that he needed for this laying bare of one of the tragic things of life. He half turned towards the road, with an impatient and alert lifting of the chin, feeling the opportunity and the power to seize it slipping from him.

His restlessness had passed to Eve on the other side of the hedge. It was as though both of them felt the approach of a repellent and offensive personality.

Heriot turned to go, not wishing Burgoyne to ride by and see him loitering in the garden.

“It is time I said good-bye. I am glad you were not disturbed last night.”

The voice that answered him had lost its intimate naturalness. She also was listening to the trampling of Burgoyne's horse.

“Good-bye, then. I hope to have something to show you when you come again.”

“Think over what I said last night.”

“Yes, I promise.”

He walked rapidly across the grass and reached the gate at the moment that Burgoyne rounded the screen of shrubs. Heriot ignored the man, though he felt his presence as he would have felt the presence of some malodorous beast. His anger was kindled against Burgoyne because the man had come blundering in at the moment that he, of all men, was not wanted.

Roger Burgoyne did not stop at Danebarrow, and Eve, waiting behind the hedge, with one of the cypresses to cover her, heard the sound of hoofs going down the road in the direction of Crutchet. She returned thoughtfully to the place where she had been at work, and had left her spade standing in the ground. Nor did she think of Burgoyne as she resumed her digging, turning brown earth upon brown earth with patient and rhythmic steadiness. Heriot's words seemed to have let a gleam of light into a dim and shadowy corner of her mind. A flash of intuition had lit up moods that had been obscure. She felt that Heriot had been trying to tell her something, to make her understand something that hampered him and made life difficult in certain measure.

Quite suddenly Eve discovered herself looking at this solitary life of his as a state that suggested secrecy and sadness as well as solitude. The picturesque simplicity of the idea changed to a more melancholy and complex question. It had always been her impression that this man had suffered, and now it seemed that something more poignantly real was rising to answer the sympathy of her conjectures. Eve had a swift and incomprehensible feeling of being touched, moved, appealed to. An impulse that was very near to tenderness drove her to wonder what Heriot had made of life, and why he had spoken of unforgettable things.

How near an attempted betrayal of the truth was to her Eve did not suspect. It came casually, as such things usually do, a packet brought by post the day after Burgoyne's men left Bijberry. The coarse, yellowish envelope was addressed in type to her father, and Eve felt a leap of the heart on reading it as though someone had touched a raw and half-healed wound. She took it to be some pathetic literary orphan sent home, after its begetter's decease, with the usual editorial regrets. Opening the envelope, she drew out some sheets of typed matter, and folded over them a slip of paper that carried the rather curious inscription:

“An honest aid to the knowledge of one's neighbors.”

Not a little puzzled, she spread the sheets of typed matter, and had read the first two lines before she dropped her hands with the sharp gesture of one whose nobler nature suddenly snatches away a mean temptation. She picked up the envelope and examined it, and found that it bore a London postmark. The fact that it was addressed to her father struck her abruptly with a new and sinister significance. There was nothing recognizable about the thing, and she

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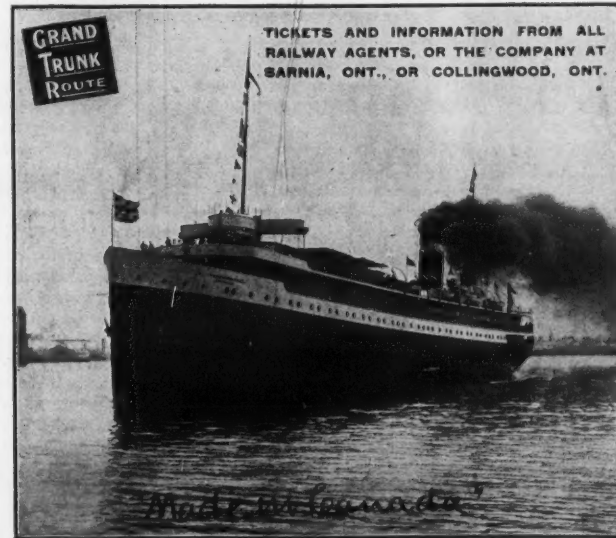
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turned to the last page, glanced for a held them there with the old iron signature, and found none.

Eve was in the room of the tapes, and there was a fire burning. “Let a man's heart utter its own on the hearth. Impulsively crushing explicit,” she seemed to say. “How the papers between her hands, she very near one may come to abetting threw them unread upon the fire, and a cowardly and mean deed.”

The lines she had read had run as follows:

“Some account of the trial of Benjamin Heriot, gentleman, Oxford graduate, and man of leisure, at the Central—”

To be Continued.



# FINANCIAL SATURDAY NIGHT.

32 PAGES

PAGES 17 TO 24

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ONCE more I take the liberty of urging the promoter to slow up on the new issues. As I pointed out before, we simply can't absorb any more of them. Give us a chance to get the decks cleared of the cargoes we have been taking on for a year past and get them stowed away in the hold. After that, we'll see what we can do with other issues which I know are pending.

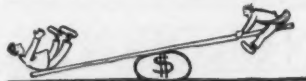
It is a certainty that some of the best stock-selling forces in the country have more securities on hand than they know what to do with. How many there are in this position I know not, but I suspect that most of them are. The latest attempts to make new flotations have not been at all satisfactory, and some of them have been bitter disappointments. It would need to be a pretty attractive proposition which would draw the shakels out of our pockets just now in the manner they were drawn some time ago.

We have been depending a good deal upon London during the past few years. London had a lot of money, and we needed it. We got it. I hope London got value, and I believe that for the most part it did. But I have it on high financial authority that a definite understanding has been reached among some London financiers to discourage further Canadian issues for the time being. So that the more efforts which are made to stuff further securities down the London throat, the greater will be the stomachic revolt.

A copy of The Financial News recently received contains a list of flotations in London during the month of July, with particulars. From this list the following is taken:

Name of issue	Amt. issued	Character	Price	Result
Algoma Central & H. B. Ry.	2,770,000	5% bonds	90%	.....
Steel Company of Canada	921,000	6% bonds	102 1/2%	Well taken
City of Port William	105,100	4 1/2% bonds	101 1/2%	Fully taken
Government of Newfoundland	800,000	3 1/2% ins. stks.	97 1/2%	7% taken
First New B.C. Gold Field	40,000	2c. stock	Par	Allotment
Grand Trunk Pacific	2,000,000	3% bonds	82 1/2%	28% taken
Union Life Assurance	1,000,000	\$100 stock	\$24 1/2	.....
B.C. Mines, Land & Gen. Fin.	100,000	1% stock	Par	.....

It is stated, privately, that some of the above issues did not go off even as well as reported in the list, and, as a matter of fact, we all know that the best face possible is usually put on these matters, and that issues which have not met with any success whatever are not infrequently reported to have been over-subscribed. But even the above representation, at its best, conveys its warning to those who have eyes to see. Recent events in financial circles in the United States are also significant. It all means that promoters need not count on successful flotations in Canada for some time to come.



THE man who buys stocks on margin has recently, in the action of the stock market, and more especially in the action of our old friend "Soo" Railway, had a valuable lesson. "Soo" is one of those stocks which tempts the man who wants to take a chance. About 51 per cent. of it is held by the C.P.R., and the rest of it is held off and on by the overworked public and the financial men close to C.P.R. and its movements. It would seem as though these men could do about as they please with "Soo" stock. If you happen to get in right on "Soo," you'll make money fast—otherwise you'll lose it fast. Its movements are vertical—straight up or straight down.

Some months ago, "Soo" was selling at 145. News had been distributed to the fact that there would be a new stock issue at par, one of these days, and, of course, this was no more than everyone expected. From about 140, the stock made a little run up to 145 and over. All aboard!

After considerable trading, the market fell back to 138 and 140. Now and again it went down to 135, and once to 133, for a few moments. But no one was selling, apparently. Sometime in July, a break to about 125 took place. The trading was now in large volume. All the little fellows were "taking the count." The attitude of the banks was a bearish factor, and the vertical movements of "Soo" were feared by the brokers. Margins were freely called at around 135, and this doubtless was largely responsible for the break to 125. But at the low figure the price seemed to be nailed. Then President Pennington took a run through North Dakota and gave a special blue-ruin interview to the Wall Street Journal, in which he said the crops were the worst he ever saw—all of which was doubtless true, although the public was a little upset by such candor on the part of a railway president. Friend Pennington, however, explained the effect of bad crops, saying it would be to "hit all the roads in North Dakota, and we might as well recognize it first as last." He certainly was right—it hit "Soo" good and hard. The stock came out on a run, and the market presently was 114, or over 30 points from the high.

Subsequently, another vertical movement took place in "Soo," only it was in the opposite direction. It went up over 130, and may be 135 or 115 by the time this article appears.

The moral is one which has been pointed before in these columns. "Don't buy things you can't pay for." You have to do too much guessing and you will soon find out that you're not a good guesser. You may succeed in catching it right once or twice and thus become enamored of yourself. If you last out the next dozen deals, you will have ample reason to alter your opinion of yourself. About that time you will conclude you are not an "insider." If you have a good memory, you will remember, too, that the "insiders" in "Soo" took that new stock issue in 1907 at par, and that before they were able to pay for it, "Soo" was selling at \$60 per share. Hence, even the "insiders" do not know it all, so what's the chance for you?

Get out of this margin business, and for heaven's sake stay away. It's a fool's game. I've been all through it many and many a time, and I ought to know.



EVERY little while we read of some workman succeeding in obtaining a large sum of money from his employer, under the provisions of the Workmen's Compensation Act, and the announcement is made in such a manner as to lead one to think that something meritorious has necessarily been accomplished. As a matter of fact, however, there is much nonsense in all this type of paternal

legislation. It would actually be an unmixed evil were it not for the apparent inability of the workman to look after himself. Of course, the ideal way would be to let the workman make his own terms. By refusing to work in an establishment where the safeguards to health and life were inadequate, he would soon bring his employer to time. Unfortunately, the workman is so much in need of work, as a general thing, that if one employee objects to his physical environment, the other will step up and offer to take his place. Hence has arisen a demand for compensation for injury, as embodied in the various Compensation Acts.

The trouble is that very little regard is paid to principles in the framing of many of these Acts. The consideration often is simply that the employer is better off than the workman. The question is not whether the employer is responsible or not. If he is responsible, no special Act is necessary, as we can all recover damages from the person who injures us. Paternal legislation is

to see the great fight. The sport was evidently a farmer. Mr. Jones was anxious to know how he could find time to go off to Reno in the middle of the season.

The farmer laughed. "Why," said he, "I haven't any crop. It's been wiped right out with the hot, dry weather, and there's no use looking after it."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Mr. Jones, "that it is entirely wiped out?"

"Tell you what I'll do," was the reply, "I'll sell it to you for one dollar cash—come now."

Mr. Jones was not in the chicken feed business, so he proceeded to ascertain how a farmer could take the destruction of his crops so lightly and find the money to take a triff off to Reno to see a prize fight.

The explanation was, apparently, that the farmer had had a number of fine seasons and was expecting a number of others in the future. In the meantime he had the money and the disposition to enjoy himself.

In another section, however, Mr. Jones found matters



LARGEST OFFICE BUILDING IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

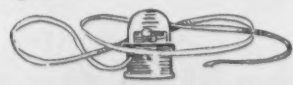
Transportation Building, to be erected in Montreal at a cost of \$1,000,000. The building is to be erected during 1911 on the site bounded by St. James, St. Francois Xavier and Notre Dame Streets. An area of 20,000 square feet will be covered by this eleven-story structure. The architects are Messrs. Carrere & Hastings and Eustace G. Bird, Traders Bank Building, Toronto; Ross & MacFarlane, Associate Architects, Montreal. The Transportation Company of Montreal, H. W. Beaulier, Managing Director, will erect and own this building.

particularly dangerous because of the fact that it tends to make us think that it is going to help us. The fact is that no legislation which does not pay the strictest regard to the principles of justice can help us; and paternal legislation does not deal with these principles. It pretends to help one class against the other class, and even the class which receives the temporary advantage, suffers morally in proportion to it. Individual workmen may benefit financially by the lapses from principle in the different Compensation Acts, but to benefit, they will first have to receive bodily injury. As for the class as a whole, it will suffer without any compensation.

I am minded of this topic by a report concerning an accident in a coal mine in England. A workman was knocked down and injured. A companion picked him up and carried him to the air. The act is not stated to have been at all unusual, and as a matter of fact, any of us would act the Good Samaritan in a simple matter of that nature and never think of it again. Quite probably this, too, would have been the case with this Samaritan had it not been that he received a nervous shock in all the circumstances of the case and was incapacitated from work. He asked compensation under the Act, and obtained weekly pension till further orders. The company appealed, but the judgment was sustained.

I am not blaming the workman at all, mind you. Life is full of hardships, and I am rather glad he got his compensation. But the truth is that the company had no more to do with that man's injury than you or I had, and he was no more entitled to compensation, in all justice, than you would be if you saw two dogs fighting on the street and the sight upset your nerves. The injury is a mental one for which no man on God's green earth can locate responsibility. It goes back into family history, into environment and the life of the individual. No doctor would dispute that a man who would be shocked in this manner was unsound previously. Yet the Workmen's Compensation Act steps in and makes the company responsible.

Let workmen as a class not thank any man who offers them the advantages of unjust legislation, whatever may be his motive. Unjust legislation never can be their friend, much as it may smile.



I HAD rather an interesting interview with Mr. Frank P. Jones, general manager of the Canada Cement Company, a short time since, upon his return from the West. He had some experiences regarding the effect of crop failure in the West. He says that the prosperity of the country is such, and the growth of wealth so rapid, that crop failure in such sections as have been farmed for some years has not the terrible effect many might imagine. For instance, on the train he met a man bound for Reno

different. A railway official who had been removed from one town to another, spoke of the impossibility of disposing of his house. He said that he could have sold it for a big price only a few weeks previously, had he only known he was to be moved. Since that time, the crops had been destroyed and he had hunted high and low, and not a soul in the whole town would buy. He could hardly give the house away as a gift, so hard-hit was the section.

Between the time he arrived in the West and the time he came away, Mr. Jones saw wages in a certain section fairly crumble. When he went out, contractors were hunting high and low for men and offering any price they wanted and were yet unable to get them. When he returned, labor was on the anxious bench and men and horses could be picked up readily at a fraction of the price offering previously.

Fortunately, these conditions only prevailed over certain sections even of the damaged area, and the damaged area was pretty well confined to the southern or longer settled districts where many of the farmers had laid by for a rainy day.



AN item in the daily press states that the City Council of Maisonneuve, which is the east end of Montreal, has adopted a resolution to exempt from taxation, for twenty years, the firm of Vickers, Sons & Maxim, in the event of their building a dry dock there. As may be known to most readers, this dry dock question is one which has been much discussed by shipowners and by others who are particularly interested in the shipping business. The absence of a dry dock of a sufficient capacity to accommodate the largest vessels visiting the St. Lawrence has, no doubt, been no small drawback to the progress of shipping and commerce. Ships which might have been saved had there been dry dock accommodation, have been abandoned because of the cost of taking them where they could be attended to. This situation is unquestionably reflected in the matter of marine insurance and, as a matter of fact, it is partly because of the absence of a dry dock that St. Lawrence insurance is so much higher than insurance to many other ports.

It follows from the above that we are all anxious to have a dry dock established in the St. Lawrence. The Canadian Government, recognizing the importance of a dry dock, has offered inducements in the way of guaranteeing bond interest under certain conditions, and because of this, and doubtless because of the possibility of a remunerative business, several syndicates or companies have been expressing a desire to undertake the work.

While recognizing the importance of having a dry dock, why should the people of this country undertake

financial responsibilities in connection with the establishing of a business which will be owned by a private firm? The extent of these financial responsibilities our Governments undertake is perhaps seldom recognized by the happy-go-lucky citizen. But the promoter of the scheme knows what an advantage it is to be able to tell the prospective shareholder or bond purchaser that the Dominion Government will guarantee the bonds. These bonds will quite possibly pay the entire expense of constructing the dry dock, and the Government guarantee will quite possibly sell the bonds. The company will own the stock, and the shareholders, not the Canadian public, will draw the dividends. If there are no dividend to draw, there should be, for the construction of a dry dock is not undertaken from a sentimental standpoint but to accomplish a financial or economic saving.

It is as clear as daylight that those who make it possible to build this dry dock, or to build a railway or to carry out any other industrial undertaking, should have a share interest in that undertaking. To the extent that we supply funds for Vickers, Sons & Maxim, we should have a share in Vickers, Sons & Maxim's business and profits. I am quite aware that we do not commonly insist upon our Government making the same sort of bargain that we as private individuals would make, but it is high time we did so. The fact that the Government is making the deal on our behalf is no good reason why it should not be made in as business-like a manner as if we made it ourselves. While we are making legislation on the weights of bread and eggs and the conduct of our fellow-man on Sundays, our public reserves are being used for private gain. Aspiring legislators should cultivate a sense of proportion and bend their efforts in a direction which will be of some real and lasting advantage to the people.



FOR many years past there has been talk in Montreal of making more effective use of what is known as the Seminary property, in the very heart of the downtown business district of the city. The property referred to is situated exactly across St. James street from the General Post Office, and extends through to Notre Dame street. Between these streets runs St. Francois Xavier street, the Seminary property having a frontage also on that street. Just across Notre Dame street is situated the Seminary St. Sulpice, adjoining Notre Dame Cathedral. Much of the property in this vicinity belonged and still belongs to the Seminary, and, with the growth of the city, has naturally become very valuable.

Hitherto, on the property referred to, has been a collection of buildings which, commendable as they may have been in the past, have long since become inadequate to the demands for additional office accommodation in the business district.

Recently, a company was formed for the purpose of gaining possession of the property and of erecting thereon a building of such proportions as would bring large revenues to the promoters. A ninety-nine year lease was obtained, with certain rights to renewal, the Seminary being doubtless reluctant to part with the ownership of the property. The company having the lease has decided to erect during the coming year the largest office building in Canada.

The building will be known as the Transportation Building. It will cost, it is claimed, in the vicinity of \$1,000,000, and will be as nearly fireproof as modern methods can make it. The area of the ground, itself, is in the vicinity of 20,000 square feet, and the floor area of the building, with its ten stories and its basement and sub-basement, will be approximately 200,000 square feet, with its ten stories and its basement and sub-basement, will be approximately 200,000 square feet.

The fact that the building will have frontages on three streets gives excellent opportunities for obtaining a maximum of light in the different offices, and these opportunities have been taken full advantage of by the designers, Messrs. Carrere & Hastings, of New York, with whom are associated, either in the matter of designing or supervision, Mr. E. G. Bird, of Toronto, and Messrs. Ross & MacFarlane, of Montreal. The structure will be of steel and the walls will be of terra cotta, the exterior presenting the appearance of white marble. The stairways will be of white marble and iron, and one of these, as viewed from the ground floor, will be of splendid proportions. There will be six high-speed elevators for rapid access to the different floors, and the fittings throughout will be of the most modern character.

It may be of interest to know how rents in this building will range, in order that comparisons may be made with rents in office buildings in other cities. Mr. Beaulier, the manager, states that already applications are under consideration for a large amount of space, two Toronto banks being in negotiation for portions of the ground floor. Prices are as follows, per square foot, per year: Ground floor, on St. James street.....\$5.00 Ground floor, on Notre Dame street.....3.50 Mezzanine floor, St. James street.....1.75 Mezzanine floor, Notre Dame street.....1.50 Other floors from.....\$1.50 to 1.25 As a matter of comparison, also, it is stated that ground in this vicinity sold at \$40 per square foot, this being quite possibly the most valuable ground in Montreal. Whether more would be paid to day or not is a question.

*Economist*

The directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at a meeting this week decided to increase the dividend from seven to eight per cent. A dividend of 34 per cent. for the half year was declared, and the usual one-half per cent. on the interest on land money, making the stock now on an eight per cent. basis.

The results for the fiscal year to June 13 last were: Gross earnings, \$94,989,490; working expenses, \$61,149,534; net earnings, \$33,839,856. Net earnings of steamships in excess of the amount included in the monthly reports, \$909,236; income from other sources, \$2,426,477. Total net income, \$37,175,669. Deduct fixed charges, \$9,916,941. Surplus, \$27,258,827. Deduct amount transferred to steamship replacement account, \$900,000. Deduct contribution to pension fund, \$80,000. Net revenue available for dividend, \$26,278,728.

After payment of all dividends declared for the year, the surplus for the year carried forward is \$13,896,600.



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Trenton, Ont., Aug. 9, 1910.  
Editor Gold and Dross:

I enclose a circular which explains itself. What would you advise me to do? If "Gold and Dross," had been published before purchase it would have saved me \$500. I knew very little about the investment, but as Hon. Richard Harcourt's name was at the head, I thought it would be safe, (having been a pupil of his in Cayuga High School.)

I don't know anything about any of the directors and come to you for advice whether it would be throwing \$125.00 away on top of the \$500, or is there any chance to get out?

The circular enclosed is one from the Secretary of Bartlett Mines, Ltd., outlining what practically amounts to a re-organization of the company. To save the company from liquidation, shareholders are asked to purchase new shares for to put into further development.

Bartlett Mines is either a rank wild-cat or it is a prospective yielder of silver. If it is the latter it is just nip and tuck whether shareholders will ever make anything out of it or not or whether they won't. Bartlett has been worked far enough in the past to put it in the physical condition which should make it possible now for a thorough mining engineer, a man who is disinterested and would be paid for the service, preferably by shareholders instead of by the management, to make a close survey of this property. The President of a mine doesn't as a rule know enough about mining to know that a mere assay means little or nothing when it comes to sizing up the intrinsic worth of a property. A mining engineer fresh from college, or with a limited experience in only one camp, is not as a rule possessed of sufficient lore and experience to make his advice on a prospect worth following. The formation of the shoots or veins in a mining property is a study by itself, and many an engineer has been fooled on coming to the conclusion that he sees possible value in certain information whereas if he had been familiar with a number of camps instead of one, his opinion might have been precisely the other way, or at least less favorable. Before I would put a cent of new money into Bartlett I would want in black and white the opinion of an expert that is an expert, that the stuff is in all probability there. It doesn't matter what contiguous mines may be doing; you are concerned only with Bartlett. If the information can't be obtained, I would stay out of the attempt to re-finance Bartlett.

Twillingate, July 18, 1910.  
Editor Gold and Dross:

Could you give me any information, advice or opinion regarding the value of stock in the Eastern Consolidated Fuel Oil Co. of Los Angeles?

I hold stock in said company and have had it hanging around my desk for some six years, and the only news I have got from the company has been to ask a further subscription, which I paid. It is an American concern, as most of these fuel oil companies are. Stock was selling in the Manning Chambers and purchased by me from one named Hayden, who, when inquired for later, was not to be found there.

This is a damnable business, this fooling people to invest in bogus companies, and certainly there will have to be a new hades created for the promoters. If you can give me any information regarding this company or its operations, etc., I should be obliged so that I can burn these beautiful little certificates. I think it is a shame on civilization for these things to be allowed, and the stand that Toronto Saturday Night has taken recently against some similar concerns is most commendable and worthy of remuneration from a community like Toronto.

Borrow a match, and go as far as you like. I will endeavor to look this one up for you, however.

A despatch from Atlin, B.C., states that Captain Alexander came in from the Engineer mine with the first gold brick on the property. The brick weighs twenty pounds eight ounces. This is the product of eight hundred pounds of rock for an hour's run of a two-stamp mill, and is considered a world's record run. The mine has been working since January. About 200 tons of rock has been taken out, averaging a hundred and fifty dollars per ton. Arrangements have been made to install a hundred-stamp mill.

The Toronto Globe announces that the Ontario Government has granted a charter to a syndicate headed by R. T. Shillington, member for the district for the construction of a railroad into Porcupine. This newspaper says the Timmins-McMartin people had made prior application for a charter to build a standard-gauge road into Porcupine and were prepared to go ahead and spend a million dollars on the work.

Tilbury, Ont., July 26th, 1910.

Editor Gold and Dross:  
Would you consider Minn. St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie a good buy at \$125? Also Northern Navigation at \$108? What stocks in your opinion, are the best buys at present? Would you kindly give the names of some of the reliable brokers of Toronto.

At this writing the first issue named may be bought at \$115. It might be purchased for a turn. "Nor" is a navigational stock to be allowed, and there are too many good stocks extant for me to enumerate. Turn this page and refer to advertising columns for the addresses of reliable Toronto houses.

J. B. Stratford, Ont., asks if Coniagas Mine has paid a dividend since last November; also what is the cause of the slump in stocks.

Coniagas has declared a dividend of 3 per cent., payable August 1, 1910. This is a 1 per cent. increase. Predominant slump factors are:

War talk.  
Speculation.  
National and individual extravagance.  
Trusts, Combinations and Mergers.  
General high financial temperature, no ding ice-baths and milk diet to correct.

Sherbrooke, Que., July 27, 1910.

Editor Gold and Dross:

The Stewart River Gold Dredging Co. plague me with letters every now and then like enclosure. They are such voluminous writers that I fear their dredging operations must be neglected in their efforts to produce gold-drawing letters.

Are they reliable people? Their advertising is expensive.

You may participate in this dream of vast wealth at the price of only 5 cents per share. I think if you stay out you will feel better.

Apparently the postal authorities of New York City are getting after Julian Hawthorne and his string of hot-air mining schemes which were pretty well ventilated some time since by SATURDAY NIGHT. An Oswego man writes in for information about the Julian Hawthorne proposition. He states that a postal inspector communicated with him asking for all correspondence relating to the Hawthorne concern.

Since I took this matter up a few months ago no further facts have come under my notice regarding the Julian Hawthorne Silver & Iron Company. I would suggest that you write a letter to the postal authorities at New York who will I am confident give you the desired information.

There is, says the Canadian Mining Journal of August 1, something unspeakably tragical in the failure of a full-grown mining enterprise. Some years before the Ross-

land boom began, two French-Canadians, Morris and Bourgeois, staked the Le Roi claims. In 1892, Col. I. N. Paton, of Spokane, Washington, took over the mine. In 1893 extensive development was commenced.

One year later the meteoric Augustus Heinze came on the scene. He it was who built nine miles of railway from the mine to Trail; also he erected a smelter wherewithal to treat the ore. Just after the height of the boom, ex-Governor C. H. McIntosh, known to all adult Canadians, came on the scene as a representative of one of Whittaker Wright's syndicates. After purchasing Le Roi for a sum exceeding \$4,000,000, the syndicate undertook to develop and prospect the property on a scale that was, perhaps, hardly warranted. A smelter was erected at Northport. Diamond drilling was begun, and sinking and driving pushed vigorously.

At least \$20,000,000 in gold has been taken out of Le Roi. For some reason—there are those who assert that the mine has suffered from a surfeit of London management—Le Roi has never yielded continuous profits. In any case, its tenuous existence has been brought to a close. And simultaneously expire the hopes and expectations of many hundred unfortunate shareholders.

Bath, England, July 18, 1910.

Editor Gold and Dross:

I should be very much obliged if you would give me your opinion as to the following list of securities for one who has to depend entirely upon the income from his investments as a means of livelihood.

1. Rio Janiero Tram, Light and Power, 1st mortgage bonds.
2. Dominion Iron and Steel Bonds.
3. Canada Cement Bonds.
4. Mackay Preferred.
5. Mackay Common.
6. Laurentide Paper Co., Preferred.
7. Sao Paulo Tram, Light and Power common.
8. Winnipeg Railway.
9. Niagara Navigation.
10. Eastern Townships Bank.
11. St. Lawrence and Chicago Navigation.
12. Twin City Rapid Transit, common.
13. Montreal Light, Heat and Power, common.
14. Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation, common.

Do you consider that the last named corporation is likely to be able to pay a dividend on its common stock a year from now? I read your "Gold and Dross" Column through every week and am surprised to see so many enquiries in regard to (in many cases) wild speculations, and so few as to the merits of various investment securities.

Quite a modest list from England. As income producers, and taking the other factors into consideration, I would look on Mackay pfd., Niagara Navigation, Montreal Light, Heat and Power, Twin City, and Dominion Iron & Steel bonds as being a fair selection. I am no prophet when it comes to the question of the future dividend power of any company, but in the case of the Dominion Steel & Coal Corporation, I think it altogether likely that a year's business will produce dividend results.

Montreal, July 28, 1910.

Editor Gold and Dross:

Will you be kind enough to give me any information re Crown Reserve Cobalt Mining stock. This stock a few months ago sold here round \$8.50, to-day is selling at \$2.62 and has always paid dividend and bonus.

When Crown Reserve was a good deal higher than it is to-day, I gave it as my opinion that this property had seen its best days, and the course of time and recent developments, has brought to light nothing to alter this opinion. Look over "Comment on Cobalt" in former editions of this section of Saturday Night for more extended information about this property.

A local New York Central Railway man kindly sends along a folder advertising an excursion to Alaska per steamer Humboldt, on the back of which folder is an advertisement of the United Wireless Telegraph Company. Most people are aware by this time that the wireless outfit was raided in New York a month ago, but there may be individuals around Seattle or British Columbia who fail to read the newspapers. If so, they may be informed that this particular wireless "con." game is a dead one.

Birmingham, England, July 4, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I should be much obliged if you could inform me if the Ivanhoe Gold Mining Co. of British Columbia is still extant, and what is its position.

I hold transferred from D. Campbell 1,500 shares in the mine. The certificates are numbered 601 and 664.

E. D. K., M.D.  
The Ivanhoe Company was incorporated in British Columbia July 3, 1896, since which date the company has not filed any information. I do not imagine Ivanhoe is still extant. I will endeavor to secure further information.

Petrolia, August 6, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

The Commercial Realty Co. of Toronto came to me the other day with a proposition re a section of property which they propose to sell at, or near by, Windsor, Ont. They propose to give me two lots of the section for the cost of improving same (or \$96.40) and the privilege of putting a sign up on these lots, stating that same has been sold to me. They claim that this is the way they take of advertising and of influencing others to buy.

In your opinion, do you think this to be a genuine proposition?

Do you want to figure as the trained ox leading the rest to possible slaughter?

Prospective Investor, Huntsville, Ala.: The Belle Ellen property is taking out ore on the first level 150 feet from the shaft, I am informed, with additional details not to hand.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I regret that your paper did not five years ago take the stand it is now taking with regard to "Cobalts and promotions," and desire to express my appreciation of your efforts for some time past with regard to "wild cats."

TORONTO LAWYER.

After partially reading a very tasteful little volume in black type, red, green and buff cover, entitled "The Law of Financial Success," I must say it looks to me like a section of paving brick put out with a gilt coating. It is very philosophic and contains quite a few economic observations calculated to make the ordinary man sit up and think, but at the end it tells about the Fiduciary Company, and its mining proclivities. As the Fiduciary Company is handling Aganico mine, and as I don't highly regard Aganico mine, and have said so, the booklet doesn't please me as much as it otherwise might.

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K. W. BLACKWELL,  
A NEW DIRECTOR OF  
NOVA SCOTIA STEEL CO.

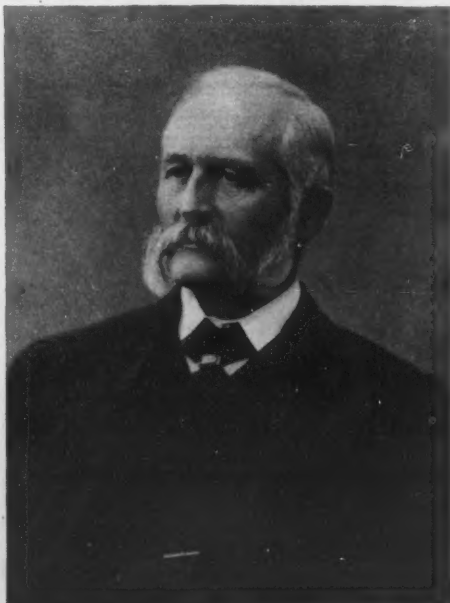
MONTREAL, August 11, 1910.  
AMONG the Montreals of whom considerable has lately been said, is Kenneth W. Blackwell, who, I am told, was the first man to make steel in Canada. Mr. Blackwell has been working along quietly for some years, in the business of manufacturing steel products, and his concern, from the small beginnings of some years ago, has now broadened out into the biggest, if not almost the only one of its kind in Canada. Mr. Blackwell has of late been taking a more prominent position both in manufacturing and financial circles, and his recent appointment to the directorate of the "Scotia" Co. is a further step in that direction. Before speaking further of him, it may be of interest to recall that he is not the first of his family to occupy a prominent position in Canada, his father, Mr. T. E. Blackwell, as general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, having been well known in Canadian transportation and business circles many years since.

It is a much disputed point as to whether nationality depends upon birth or environment. If it depends upon the former, Mr. Blackwell is an Englishman, if upon the latter, he is a Canadian. In favor of the latter might no doubt be invoked the ridicule of the former, which is implied in the well-known question: "If a man were born in a stable would he be a horse?" It is now perhaps fifty-seven years since Mr. Blackwell was born, and as he has spent somewhere around forty years of that period in Canada, he might without any reflections on his loyalty go out and encourage the singing of "Oh Canada," or the "Maple Leaf," or whatever, as born Canadians, we may consider our national song. He was born in Devizes, Wiltshire, England, however, and as the political relationship between the English Isles and the western mainland have always been and shall ever be of quite a friendly character, there need be no further discussion on that score.

Up to a certain age, Mr. Blackwell emulated his father in the matter of association with the railway business. When he came to Canada at the age of about eighteen, he entered the mechanical department of the Grand Trunk Railway, and it was there that he gained his first practical knowledge of mechanics. He remained in this department for some years, making rapid progress and rising to the position of mechanical superintendent of the division west of Montreal. From this he graduated to the position of mechanical superintendent of the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway, and later went over to the C.P.R., where he occupied a similar position. This was in the early days of the company, when even the builders of the road, doubtless, had no suspicion of the magnitude which the road would reach in the next ten or twenty years. Mr. Blackwell's last railway position was with the C.P.R. During his experience with that company and the G.T.R. he had been making friends and gathering knowledge of railway requirements from which he has since reaped much advantage.

It was probably the year 1882 when he resigned his direct connection with the C.P.R. and organized a company under his own name for the manufacture of railway car and locomotive springs. He erected a plant at the corner of Conde and Canal streets, and as there was probably no other company in Canada in a position to manufacture similar lines, the firm was kept well employed. Those were small days, in Canada, as compared with to-day, but the expansion was beginning, and, with a few set-backs here and there, it was to accelerate as the years went by.

About seven years later—in 1889—the Canada Switch Manufacturing Company was started. This concern manufactured railway switches, frogs and similar lines. Mr. Blackwell's connection with the Canada Switch was apparent from the fact that he was president of the company, and the new plant was situated alongside the N. K. Blackwell plant. Those were the days before the discovery of the particular brand of merger-foed we have been having for breakfast during the past few years and which keeps our noses keen for possible new combinations. Nevertheless, there was innovation, and one day the Switch Company bought out the K. W. Blackwell Co. and took the name of the Canada Switch and Spring Company, Ltd. The new combination strengthened the situation greatly, brought about a number of economies, and before many years the growth of the



MR. ROBERT REFORD.  
The well known shipping man, head of the Robert Reford Company. After very lengthy service on the board, Mr. Reford has resigned from the directorate of the Nova Scotia Steel Co.



KENNETH W. BLACKWELL.  
Said to be the first man to make steel in Canada. Mr. Blackwell has been elected a director of the Nova Scotia Steel Co.

country had so increased the possibilities of the business that the advisability of branching out still further began to receive the favorable consideration of the directors.

The next change was when the Montreal Steel Works, Limited, was formed to take over the Switch and Spring Co. and extend the range of manufacture. The Montreal Steel was given a capital of \$800,000 preferred stock, and \$700,000 common stock, fully paid up. Its plant is located in Point St. Charles, and among the lines it manufactures are springs for locomotives and for railway and electric cars, switches and frogs for steam and electric railways, electric trucks, interlocking plants, manganese and acid open hearth steel castings, car couplers, and various kinds of railway requirements of a similar character.

Still the requirements of the company went on increasing. The building of the new steam and electric railways and the extension of the existing ones all called for goods of the nature manufactured by the Montreal Steel Co., and it became necessary to provide for these increased requirements. For this purpose, the company recently purchased some thirty-five acres of land at Longue Point, in the east end of Montreal. The land has a frontage on the St. Lawrence River and excellent railway connections, and is well adapted for the location of the works which it is intended to there erect exclusively for the manufacture of steel castings. The plant will have a capacity sufficient for the manufacture of all the steel castings required in the country, and there will be ample room for further enlargement. The removal of the steel-casting department from the present factory will provide room for the enlargement of the other manufacturing departments. The new plant will be started next September, it is hoped, and for the purpose of providing the additional expenditure involved in the extensions, the company will issue \$1,000,000 bonds.

The description of the growth of the comparatively insignificant K. W. Blackwell Company of twenty years ago or so, into the modern Montreal Steel Co., with its latest developments, is perhaps the easiest way of describing the man at the head of the company. The organizer of the original concern is the president of the concern of to-day. While the progress of very few if any concerns is due altogether to any one man, it cannot be disputed that the connection between the concern under discussion and K. W. Blackwell has been so close and so continuous as to be of more than usual significance. He has naturally had the advantage of a capable directorate, including James Reid Wilson, as vice-president; W. F. Angus, vice-president and managing director; C. H. Godfrey, vice-president and treasurer; R. McD. Paterson, and Chas. Small, Jr., of Philadelphia.

Mr. Blackwell is a man of great stature, being six feet two inches high, and he is just as quiet and as even-going as a man of his proportions may well be. By training, and no doubt by nature, he is methodical—the wheels go round and the work is done without fuss or shouting. Although he is frequently brought into prominence because of the things he has done and the offices he holds in connection with many concerns, he is not a man who is well known by the public. He has never taken an active part in politics or in public functions or agitations, but there are few better informed men on the Canadian iron and steel trade and few whose opinion is more highly valued.

Besides being president of the Montreal Steel Works, he is president of the Investment Trust Co., vice-president of the Montreal Street Railway, and director of the Merchants Bank, the Montreal Locomotive Works, and has now been elected to the directorate of the "Scotia" Co.

"I was much struck in Canada, as elsewhere," said Miss Meriel Talbot, secretary of the Victoria League, to a representative of Canada, the London Illustrated weekly, "with the slowness of British manufacturers to adapt themselves to Canadian conditions, and at the same time with the Canadian appreciation of British goods, if only they could get them more freely. Everywhere one heard that they are the best, in many ways, one can get, but British manufacturers do not bring them before the people in an easy and attractive manner, nor do they adapt their methods to the requirements of Canada. I hope this state of matters is now beginning to alter."

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Capital authorized .....\$10,000,000.00  
Capital subscribed .....5,628,700.00  
Capital paid up .....5,400,000.00  
Reserve fund .....5,400,000.00

DRAFTS, MONEY ORDERS AND  
LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED  
Available in Any Part of the World.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN  
TO COLLECTIONS.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.  
Interest allowed on deposits from date of de-  
posit at all branches of the Bank throughout  
the Dominion of Canada.

**Royal Securities Corporation, Ltd.**

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CORPORATION  
BONDS**

Correspondence Invited

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Dealers in Bond  
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Ninth Floor, Lumsden Bldg., Toronto.  
James Bicknell, K.C. Alfred Bicknell  
James W. Bain, K.C. Gerard B. Strathy  
Fred R. MacKellan, M. L. Gordon  
T. W. Lawson  
Cable address: "Bicknell, Toronto."  
Cable Codes: U. K. Lieber's; A.B.C.  
5th Edition.  
General Solicitors for the Imperial  
Bank of Canada.

**WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY**

Head Office, Toronto  
Established 1851  
Assets, \$3,267,082.55  
Fire and Marine

**G. TOWER FERGUSSON & CO.**

Members Toronto Stock Exchange  
NEW YORK STOCKS  
BOUGHT AND SOLD  
23 Toronto St. Tel. M. 1352

**The Home Bank of Canada**  
Quarterly Dividend

Notice is hereby given that a Divi-  
dend at the rate of SIX PER  
CENT. per annum upon the paid up  
Capital Stock of The Home Bank of  
Canada has been declared for the  
THREE MONTHS ending August  
31st, 1910, and the same will be pay-  
able at the Head Office and Branches  
on and after Thursday, Sept. 1st,  
next.

The Transfer Books will be closed  
from the 17th to 31st August, 1910,  
both days inclusive.

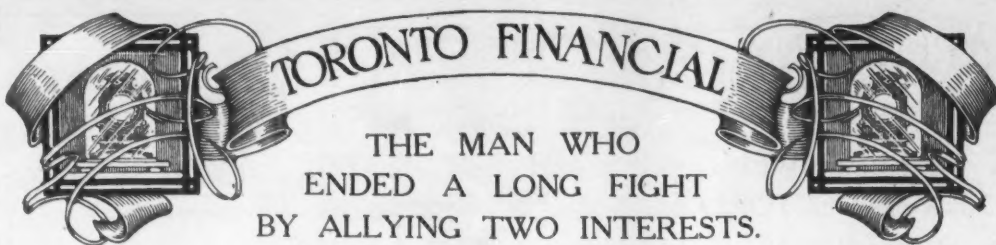
By Order of the Board  
JAMES MASON,  
General Manager.  
Toronto, July 31st, 1910.

**A. G. FOWLER ROSS**  
Investment Broker  
SUITE 65 AND 66  
BANK OTTAWA BUILDING  
Montreal

**PATENTS**

For information on Patents,  
Trade Marks, etc., or if you  
have a Patent for sale call or  
write

**Ben B. Pannett & Co.**  
207 Manning Chambers, Toronto  
OFFICES:  
Ottawa, Ont. Washington, D.C., U.S.A.



THE MAN WHO  
ENDED A LONG FIGHT  
BY ALLYING TWO INTERESTS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1910.

PROMINENT among the small coterie of capitalists who have done so much to carry Canadian enterprise into Latin-American countries is Mr. Robert C. Brown, managing director of both the Mexico Tramways Company and the Mexican Light and Power Company, the annual meetings of which were held in this city the other day. Time was—and that not so very long ago—when these concerns had each an independent management, but a couple of years ago the former obtained a controlling interest in the latter, and since then the one executive staff has sufficed for both. Mexico Tramways secured its hold on Mexican Power by the purchase of 85,256 ordinary shares in the capital of that company, but the deal was consummated only after one of the bitterest fights in the annals of Canadian finance. On the one side was the late Sir George Drummond, at the time president of the Bank of Montreal, and all the powerful influences at his command; on the other was Dr. Pearson and his associates—youthful, aggressive, uncompromising.

The Tramways Company needed more power, and there was no better way to get it than by the alliance indicated. The shares in question were bought at \$80 each, the purchase price being provided by the issue of Mexico Tramways stock to the amount of 54,874 shares at an average price of \$135.99, the premium then being \$35.99 a share. Much of the ill-feeling and friction induced by a conflict of interest has now passed away. Six out of the twelve members on the Mexico Tramways board are directors of Mexican Power, which has a board



ROBERT C. BROWN.  
Who allied and built up the Mexico Tramways Com-  
pany and the Mexican Light and Power Co.

comprising nine, four of whom—Messrs. Z. A. Lash, E. R. Wood, Walter Gow and Miller Lash, are residents of Toronto. But aside altogether from the community of interest that now exists between the two concerns, the traction company being no longer dependent upon an outside corporation for its supply of power, the arrangement is likely to work out most advantageously to all concerned. Already, with the consolidation and centralization of management, as was made clear at the recent meetings, a very considerable economy has been effected in the operations of both companies.

No small credit for the smooth and effective management of these two great concerns located in the capital of Mexico—a city with a population of over 800,000 people—is due to Mr. R. C. Brown. When in Toronto, Mr. Brown makes his home in the St. George Apartments, where he is so easily and tastefully surrounded that one finds it surprising that he should be content to spend so much of his time in distant countries and in other latitudes. But the dictates of business and the call of his profession have led Mr. Brown into a great many out of the way quarters of the globe. Born in the United States, somewhat less than fifty years ago, he was educated at Tufts College in Boston, where he first met Dr. F. S. Pearson. There a friendship was formed that has lasted all down the years of manhood and has led to a business connection embracing two decades. In Mr. Brown, Dr. Pearson discovered a man who combined with abilities of a high order as an electrical engineer a capacity for carrying out undertakings of the first importance. In him executive ability is not swamped by practical knowledge.

At the outset of his career, Mr. Brown assumed the management of the Halifax Tramway Company and placed it on the high road to success. Dr. Pearson then induced him back in 1901, to go to Sao Paulo, where the franchise for a street railway company had been taken over by a group of Canadians who were bent on modernizing the system. Mr. Brown had a great deal to do with the actual working out of the plans adopted. He went to Sao Paulo when the city had only a mule line of forty-four cars; he left it with a highly organized system of electrical tramcars. In a few short years he had produced from practically nothing as perfectly developed a street car system as is to be found anywhere. Small wonder, then, that when the same group of Canadians concluded to take over similar franchises in the city of Rio de Janeiro they should determine to place in Mr. Brown's hands once more the practical carrying out of their undertaking. Returning to Canada, Mr. Brown accepted the contract for erecting the series of steel towers that carry the wires of the Electrical Development Company between Niagara Falls and Toronto.

Perhaps Mr. Brown's characteristic has found its best revelation in the efforts he has put forth since going to Mexico to ameliorate the condition of his men. With that object in view, he has established club rooms in connection with the barns of the Tramway Company, and here

employees are placed in possession of comforts during their leisure hours that would be otherwise denied them.

**The Sovereign Bank.**

The Editor, Saturday Night, Toronto, Ont.

Sir,—In the Report of the Eighth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Sovereign Bank, held at Toronto, on the 12th July ult., at the foot of page 7, and at the top of page 8, there is a reference to a resolution I introduced in these words: "A resolution was brought forward by the Rev. Canon Downie asking for the appointment of a committee to co-operate with the Board, but as it failed to find a seconder it was not put to the meeting." This is misleading, as the resolution I introduced was in these words: "Moved by Rev. Canon Downie, that a small committee of the shareholders be elected to look into the various expenses connected with settling up the affairs of the Bank, with the object of lessening the said expenses if possible." I never thought of asking for a committee to "co-operate" with the Board. Nor did certain members of the Board regard it in that light, for they said that my resolution was tantamount to asking for a vote of non-confidence in the Board. I pointed out that all the expenses are paid by the unfortunate shareholders, and I could not see why objection should be taken to the appointment of such a committee for if it reported that the expenses could not be curtailed, it would show that the Board was doing all it could to settle the affairs of the Bank with as little expense as possible. But on the other hand, if a reduction of some of the expenses could be made, (I referred to some of the salaries, law, and other expenses), it would be in order. But strange to say my resolution failed to find a seconder and was not put to the meeting.

Port Stanley, Aug. 4, 1910.

Yours, JOHN DOWNIE.

**To Hook up Nova Scotia  
with P. E. I. by Cable**

By W. D. TAUNTON

Halifax, August 9, 1910.

IT is announced in a casual way that McCurdy & Co., brokers, this city, with a seat on the Montreal Stock Exchange, are to open a branch office at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and, incidentally to facilitate business, have arranged to lay a private cable between Nova Scotia and the Island province. This piece of information is passed over by the newspapers in less words than I have used in telling it.

Charlottetown has a population of 12,000. The population of the whole island is 100,000. The length of the cable will be 23 miles, from Cariboo Cove, Nova Scotia, to Point Prim, Prince Edward Island. It will be no cheap-Jack cable. It must necessarily be big and strong enough to stand the strain of the ice which roams up and down the Strait six months in the year and the chances of being caught by ships' anchors. It will cost a bit of money, though how much I do not know. I asked Mr. McCurdy as to the cost and he frankly told me it would tax his firm to the tune of \$2,500 a year. I presume that is the interest on the capital invested.

The Island is already connected with the mainland by cable. McCurdy & Co. must scent a pretty big business among Charlottetown's 12,000 population, or—well, perhaps there is more in view than a private cable to supply quotations.

A cable monopoly is ending its days. Fifty years ago the Anglo-American Cable Company secured a charter to lay a cable between the mainland and the Island—and a fifty-year monopoly. The fifty years are about up. The monopoly is busted—dead, though the company continues to do business at the old stand.

At the last session of the Nova Scotia legislature a charter was granted the Maritime Telephone & Cable Company, to lay cables, etc., and at that time it was surmised that the new company—one of its incorporators was an Island man—had the island cable in view. The bill was fathered in parliament by Hon. B. F. Pearson, father-in-law of J. B. McCurdy.

Now this is getting on the ground-floor, good, early and easy.

The island is to have a new cable and a new cable company can hardly fail to follow.

The scheme is well worked out, and is a new departure in the promotion business. With a charter, a cable, the nucleus of a business to start with, the rest should be easy sailing.

There will likely be more water in the new concern than in the old Anglo-American. At least there will be more water to be reckoned with. The length of the Anglo-American cable is less than ten miles—from New Brunswick to Cape Traverse, on the Island, while the McCurdy cable will be about 23 miles. It cost a lot of money to lay the old cable and the undertaking was looked upon as something wonderful. To-day a stock brokerage firm repeats the trick and it causes less comment than the selling of a block of Scotia.

The Anglo-American lived up to its rights. The island people will give its rival the glad hand.

**FINANCIAL PARAGRAPHS**

Shareholders of the Royal Bank of Canada will meet September 8 to consider the issuance of 12,000 new shares of capital stock of the bank of the par value of \$1,200,000. This is the amount of stock to be given the shareholders of the Union Bank of Halifax in exchange for their shares if they agree to accept the same.

Preliminary returns received at Washington indicate a winter wheat yield of about 15.8 bushels per acre, or a total of about 458,294,000 bushels, as compared with 15.8, and 446,366,000 bushels respectively, as finally estimated last year.

The average quality of the crop is 92.6, against 90.8 last year.

The average condition of spring wheat on August 1 was 61.0, as compared with 61.6 last month, 91.6 last year, and 81.9 the ten-year average on that date.

**RAILWAY EARNINGS (Gross)**

	Week ending	1910.	1909.	Changes.
Canadian Northern	Aug. 7.	248,200	195,200	+ 53,000
M. St. P. & S. M. (Soo)	July 31.	551,766.72	514,774.10	+ 36,992.62
Detroit United	July 21.	199,542	160,428	+ 39,114
Havana Electric	Aug. 7.	45,289	41,300	+ 3,989
Twin City	Aug. 31.	213,065.63	202,237.30	+ 10,828.33

**BANK OF HAMILTON**

**Dividend Notice**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 31st August, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after 1st September next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 24th to the 31st August, both inclusive.

By order of the Board.

J. TURNBULL, Gen. Mgr.  
Hamilton, 18th July, 1910.

**THE BANK OF OTTAWA**  
ESTABLISHED 1874.

HEAD OFFICE — OTTAWA, ONTARIO

Branches in the principal cities of  
Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg,  
Vancouver, Fort William, Regina, Edmonton.

Toronto Office—37 King St. East, Broadview and Gerrard, Queen and  
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**RODOLPHE FORGET**  
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**F. H. DEACON & CO.**  
(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)

Listed and Unlisted Securities.  
Quotations and Information gladly sent on request.

97 BAY ST. — — — TORONTO

**THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT.**  
per annum is the rate of interest we pay on deposits. We credit this interest to the account and compound it.

**FOUR TIMES A YEAR**  
As security you have our Paid-Up Capital, amounting to the exceptionally large sum of SIX MILLION DOLLARS

and a Reserve Fund of \$3,250,000, or a total Shareholders' Capital of NINE AND ONE-QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS protecting your money from loss. You have also the further protection of our Charter, which limits the total amount we may receive on deposit to the amount of the Paid-Up Capital, and further provides that our total borrowings from the public shall not exceed four times the Paid-Up Capital. Do you know any place where money is better protected?

An account may be opened with one dollar. Every dollar bears interest at Three and One-Half per cent. And it is always available when wanted.

**CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION**  
TORONTO STREET — — — TORONTO

**THE STERLING BANK OF CANADA**

BRANCHES IN TORONTO:—Cor. King and Bay Sts.; Cor. Adelaide and Simcoe Streets, Cor. College and Grace Streets; Corner Queen and Close Avenue; Corner Dundas and Keele Streets.

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENTS AT ALL BRANCHES**

**McCuaig Bros. & Co.**  
Members Montreal Stock Exchange

A general Stock Exchange business transacted  
157 ST. JAMES STREET  
MONTREAL

Investment Securities a specialty  
22 METCALFE STREET  
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Stock and Bond Brokers - Members Montreal Stock Exchange

9 St. Sacramento St., Montreal

**Warren, Gzowski & Co.**  
Members Toronto Stock Exchange

Stock and Bond Brokers

Traders Bank Bldg.  
Toronto

25 Broad St.  
New York



## The Strike as a Workingman's Weapon

By H. M. P. Eckardt.

WITHIN a comparatively short space of time there have been in the Dominion three great strikes by organized workmen which attracted wide and general attention. The first was the strike of the Canadian Pacific machinists; the second, the strike of the Dominion Coal Co.'s mine workers; and the third the strike of the Grand Trunk's conductors and trainmen. Of these strikes, the first two resulted in a complete defeat of the men. A study of the terms of the settlement in the Grand Trunk episode shows that it, too, was a virtual defeat for organized labor. For, when the unions win a war of this kind, the terms invariably contain stipulations, (1) that the strikers be taken back in a body to their old positions, and that the strike-breakers or new men be dismissed to make way for them; (2) that the strikers be restored to full rights in pension funds as existing before the occurrence of the breach; and (3) that the demands made by them in regard to rates of pay or wages, the formulation of which opened the controversy, be in large part acceded to. Almost the sole gain they made by striking was the undertaking by the company to put in force on 1st of January, 1912, a scale of wages similar to that then prevailing on the Canadian Pacific. As the company had offered to do this on 1st January 1913, the men gain one year of the higher rates. But those who left their work in order to win this concession have suffered serious losses. Some lose their positions altogether; others must wait weeks or months before their names are replaced on the pay list; and all go on the pension list as new men—their past years of service counting for naught. There will be plenty who think these losses more than counterbalance the gain.

Now it seems clear that the combined effects of these three great strikes will have a tendency to lessen the confidence hitherto felt by organized workmen in the strike as a means of bettering their circumstances. There will be many workers who think that for the union to actually call a strike upon powerful corporations, in order to enforce demands for better pay, etc., is mistaken tactics. If the union leaders exercised a higher form of diplomacy they might find that they could more effectively better the circumstances of their members, and incidentally retain a stronger hold on the fealty of the men, if they did not call upon them to make these sacrifices except in case of direct necessity. In other words, the union leaders might do better for themselves and their constituencies if they more generally followed the policy of not pushing the railways and other corporation employers to extremes. A company like the Grand Trunk or the Canadian Pacific will often offer more in the hope of avoiding a strike than it will think of giving after a strike is actually called upon it.

There is another circumstance which the labor unions would do well to heed. It was quite remarkable how outspoken the press of the country was in disapproving of the Grand Trunk strike. As a matter of fact, the railway strike is a barbarous and unsatisfactory weapon. Though aimed at what labor regards as its antagonist, it usually hits a third party harder than it hits the party for whom it is intended. This third party—the general public—is powerful enough, too, to crush or discipline either or both the parties engaged in dispute, once it becomes convinced that they are seriously injuring the general welfare through a too eager insistence upon their selfish ends. The business people, the travelling public, are each year coming to be more impatient and disapproving of a derangement of the functions of a public service corporation through a strike.

A few years ago the public ranged itself on the side of the strikers, almost as a matter of course, whenever war broke out, sometimes even when the men were hopelessly in the wrong. That is no longer the case. Now there is a nicer discrimination shown. If the men strike arrogantly or unnecessarily the public is quick to resent it when the strike proves generally inconvenient. One way in which this change of attitude makes itself felt is the prompt repression, by military force if necessary, of acts of violence or intimidation by strikers and strike sympathisers. The people are getting more in the way of saying: "The men have a perfect right to quit work if they wish, but they shall not mob, or stone, the others who are hired to take their places." The Grand Trunk strike was remarkable for the orderly and quiet attitude observed by the men generally. Considering the size of the railway-system the disorders were few and of small importance. It in no wise diminishes the credit due to the men and their leaders to say that had they followed a different course they would have been put down with a strong hand. At the same time it is to be observed that this attitude of theirs facilitated the efforts of the company to

break the strike. We thus arrive at another powerful reason why it seems desirable that the labor unions should abandon the strike as a means of bettering the condition of labor. Except in cases where there is a strictly limited supply of labor qualified to do the work required by a corporation having a dispute with its men, and except in extra prosperous times when the demand for labor exceeds the supply, a strike can hardly be successful unless the strikers succeed in terrorizing other workers who are willing to take their places. This terrorizing can only be done through outraging the law or through threatening to outrage it.

## STILL FATUOUS

(Written for TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.)

WHEN there is reason to believe that some of the more important mines of Cobalt are earning a larger measure of public confidence, and preparing to increase distributions to their shareholders, it is unfortunate that two minor unproductive concerns should seek to issue more script, instead of writing down their capital.

It is announced that Union Pacific (Cobalt) is to sell 100,000 eight per cent. "preferred" stock upon the condition that when the company has paid dividends aggregating 25 cents per share, the shares shall cease to be preferred and become common stock. In connection with this proposal a Montreal afternoon paper quite seriously has it that "over 500,000 shares of common stock still remain in the treasury, but present market prices render it inadvisable to try and raise funds through the sale of this reserve. The Union Pacific officials further state that the company needs funds for continuing work now in progress on their Peterson Lake lease, and to renew development stopped last fall on the Michigan claim."

However naive the avowal of purpose on the part of the "officials," the current quotation for Union Pacific shares—2 cents—is conclusive evidence of the "inadvisability" of any attempt to market the "reserve" of 500,000 shares. That "reserve" being worth \$10,000 gross—assuming that it could be sold "at the market"—the idea promulgated is to have shareholders wade in deeper, take another consignment of "preferred," patiently await the payment of 25 cents on that "preferred"—incidentally meet the royalty of 25 cents due to the Peterson Lake Company—and then repose calmly in the assurance that the issued common stock and the "reserve" will be gilt-edged.

"Come in—the water is warm," is the plea. Where the 8 per cent. return upon the "preferred" shares is to come from, is not revealed. What the status of the 3,000,000 common shares will be if the "preferred" shares do not receive the 8 per cent., is not made clear. Unless work is continued on the Peterson Lake leasehold the company will have no rights there; and if there is no shipping of ore, shareholders will have no rights. As to the Michigan claim, it carries a royalty to the Amalgamated Cobalt Mines of 25 per cent. To develop the Michigan and the Union Pacific with the proceeds from the sale of "preferred" shares, and meet twin royalties, is about all the best mines at Cobalt could undertake.

The scheme is a flimsy makeshift by which common shares are fully distributed among widows and gullible speculators would doubtless be wiped out. It is surprising that the daily newspapers have not properly characterized it and exposed the whole thing. A similar arrangement prolonged the career of the Reddick Mines, and it seems opportune to suggest that if the Union Pacific common issue is worth no more than the price of a stamp, it would be better to cancel it, write it down—at least preserve what equity shareholders now have.

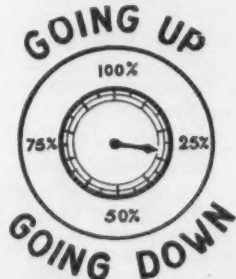
Gould Consolidated has more to be said in behalf of the contemplated increase in its capital from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000. It has two Peterson Lake leases and acreage near the Gillies Limit. The company has made an effort to find something; but the same principle is involved in that 50 per cent. more capital is not going to relieve shareholders who have royalties superimposed upon their capital.

If either of these companies seek to extend their corporate existence there is nothing to prevent them, provided they abstain from piling on the agonies. There is a healthier way than those proposed. Let both reduce their capital and issue enough new shares to enable them to pursue their prospecting. Otherwise innocent purchasers of the shares should stop the nonsense.

On August 6 the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines of Ontario published a geological map of the Porcupine gold area on a scale of one mile to an inch, together with two detailed maps—printed on the same sheet—showing the quartz veins on the Timmins, Dome and Foster properties. The latter two maps are on a scale of 400 feet to an inch.

A report by Willet G. Miller, Provincial Geologist, is printed on the margin of the map. In it will be found a brief sketch of the earlier history of the camp, and a description of the topography, geology and ore bodies.

The map has been prepared and printed in less than three months from the time the geological survey party began field work in May. This is probably the shortest period, in the history of geological survey work, in which a similar kind of map has been prepared in Canada.



Future  
Trend of  
Money  
and  
Stocks

Views of  
the  
Experts  
in Condensed  
Form

Toronto Globe Financial:  
Brokers still find money easily obtainable and the call loan business is becoming brisker.

Market for Cobalts:  
Pressure on Kerr Lake, Tretheway and Temiskaming stronger, with few transactions.

E. & C. Randolph, to J. J. Dixon:  
Present movement shows no signs of tiring, but it should be kept in mind that a good advance has already been made, which has not been participated in by the investment bond market.

R. B. Lyman & Co., to R. B. Holden:  
Street fairly confident and any upward movement would not be opposed.

Toronto World Financial:  
New York firmness helps Canadian markets but the barrier to any extended advance is in the eagerness of purchasers to secure quick profits.

Subscription List opened July 28, 1910, and closes on or before August 8th, 1910

At 95 and Accrued Interest, carrying a 40% Stock Bonus  
The Dominion of Canada Trust Corporation, Montreal

offer on behalf of the Underwriters

\$555,000 of the 5% Consolidated First Mortgage Bonds  
OF THE

City Central Real Estate Company

(Incorporated under the Laws of the Dominion of Canada) LIMITED

### DIRECTORS

J. N. GREENSHIELDS, K.C., President.  
President Black Lake Consolidated Asbestos Co.  
Director Quebec Railway, Light, Heat & Power Co.  
R. FORGET, M.P.  
President, Quebec Railway, Light, Heat & Power Co.  
President Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.  
J. W. PYKE.  
President Phoenix Bridge & Iron Works, Ltd.  
Director Lake of the Woods Milling Co.  
H. A. LOVETT, K.C.  
Director Porto Rico Ry. Co.  
Director Pacific Coast Coalfields Co.  
H. W. BEAUCLERK, Managing Director.  
Manager the Montreal and St. Lambert Terminal Development Co.

### Capital Stock

Authorized, \$1,000,000. Issued and Fully Paid Up, \$850,000.

### BONDS

Authorized—\$1,000,000 Issued—\$850,000

Bonds are in denominations of \$500 and \$100, dated July 1st, 1910, and due July 1st, 1940. Interest at 5 per cent. per annum is payable at par at the Dominion of Canada Trust Corporation, 69 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal.

### Terms of Subscription

The Subscription List opened July 28th and closes on or before August 8th. Payments may be made in full or in instalments as follows:—

10 p.c. on application.  
15 p.c. on allotment.  
25 p.c. 30 days after allotment.  
25 p.c. 60 days after allotment.  
20 p.c. 90 days after allotment.

said percentages to be calculated on the par value of said Bonds. The right is reserved to allot only such subscriptions, and for such amounts as may be approved, and to close the subscription books without notice.

The City Central Real Estate Company, Limited, owns 12,800 ft. of the well-known Carsley property, and has leased 4,000 sq. ft. of the Caverhill property adjoining. Frontage on both St. James and Notre Dame Streets, in the very heart of the City, this makes one of the most valuable properties in Montreal—one that cannot be duplicated for size and position.

The building is being thoroughly renovated. The ground floor is to be used as an up-to-date restaurant, with stores on the St. James St. front, and the upper stories will be fitted up as a first-class commercial hotel, with about 120 bedrooms.

A ten-year lease of the entire premises has already been signed by the proprietors of Montreal's foremost restaurant, Freemans Limited, who will take possession as soon as alterations are completed. Besides paying all taxes and assessments, they will pay the City Central Real Estate Company, Limited, an annual rental of \$2,000, and for disbursements made by the Company for fitting up the building they will hand over to the Company \$150,000 of paid-up stock in Freemans Limited.

This rental, with the dividends on the Freemans stock, will, as shown in the Prospectus, enable the Company to pay the interest on the Bonds, and at a conservative estimate, over 4% on the Capital Stock. The earning power of the Company is practically fixed for ten years at nearly double the fixed charges, and by that time the value of the property and the rentals will be considerably increased.

This is one of the most attractive Real Estate Investments that has yet been offered. The interest on the Bonds and the Dividend on the Bonus of Stock will yield, at a conservative estimate, practically 7 p.c. on the investment, and the value of the Stock which owns the equity in the property, is sure to increase very substantially.

Full particulars are given in the Prospectus. Requests for Prospectus, or applications for Bonds (which must be accompanied by 10 p.c. of their par value) should be made to

The MOLSONS BANK or any of its Branches,  
or RODOLPHE FORGET, Member of the Montreal Stock Exchange, 53 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal,  
or M. GREENSHIELDS & CO., Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange, 16 St. Sacrament St., Montreal.  
For Prospectus, 'phone, wire, write or call on any of the above.

The One Complete Writing-Adding Machine  
is the Model 11

Remington  
Typewriter  
with Wahl Adding and  
Subtracting Attachment



It writes the headings; it writes the items; it writes the amounts; it adds the amounts; it makes subtractions from the amounts; it gives the totals; it writes the totals; it proves the totals; it writes as many copies as you want; it does everything.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY

144 Bay St. TORONTO, ONT.



JAMES REID WILSON, OF MONTREAL.

A prominent Montreal business man, director of the Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation, Vice-Pres. Montreal Steel Works, and who serves on the boards of other leading industrial companies. Mr. Wilson has been elected director of the Nova Scotia Steel Co.



# Canadian Autopress Company Fined for Non-compliance with the Joint Stock Companies' Act—Some expert testimony relative to this much advertised invention, said testimony failing to agree with highly laudatory letters published by the company.



A. E. SMYLIE,  
President  
of the  
Canadian  
Auto-press  
Co.

RUFUS A. FREEMAN

The man  
that  
invented  
the  
machine.



On Friday morning of last week the genial gentlemen who are looking to make a clean-up through sales of shares of the Canadian Autopress Company in Toronto were accorded in the Police Court what must to them have been a somewhat painful experience, inasmuch as they were forced to give up some real money to the city they had selected as their base of operations.

After Police Magistrate Denison had disposed of the list of drunks in his usual deft fashion, he called the case, of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT as complainant, through its Financial Editor, against Reuben M. Marshall, who is styled on the front door of the dinky little office at No. 10 Adelaide street west, as Manager of the Canadian Autopress Company. Mr. Marshall, who is a youngish looking gentleman, walked behind the rail in court reserved for summons cases, and Magistrate Denison proceeded to read the complaint.

The reading occupied some time, for TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT charged that in fifteen instances the company had not complied with the amended Ontario Companies' Act, which Act was put on the statute books so that new companies could not jump into the Province and with a handful of assets proceed to unload shares designed more to enrich the promoters than to benefit the shareholders.

When the Colonel had finished his reading, he asked the accused whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty. Mr. Marshall pleaded "not guilty."

Mr. J. Seymour Corley acted as prosecutor in the case, and to this official Colonel Denison said: "Well, I think I would like to see a copy of the real prospectus, for it looks as if they couldn't have had anything in at all, according to this."

Mr. J. R. L. Starr, who acted for Mr. Marshall, at once admitted to the Magistrate that the company was guilty of the offence charged. The lawyer stated that the facts required to be set forth by the Act were all stated in order in the prospectus filed in the Parliament Buildings, but that in putting out their printed prospectus to the public, the Act had not been complied with.

"What I would like to know is—what is there behind this—whether this is a legitimate proposition, or just a fake," said the Magistrate.

Mr. Starr hastened to assure the Magistrate that there was no fake in the printing press. The lawyer stated that he could bring to court a number of reputable printers who would testify to its practical value.

"There is no doubt that we are technically guilty," said the lawyer.

"Then why, if you are guilty, do you put in a plea of not guilty?" asked the Magistrate.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT's financial man passed up to the Court a copy of the printed prospectus, and the Colonel started a perusal of the same.

"Of course, if this is just simply a technical breach of the law, done in ignorance, I can make the fine merely nominal," said the Court, and the latter reading more of the prospectus, the Colonel continued:

"It does the work of five ordinary presses and saves the labor of five men." Well, if that is true, it wouldn't take much money to run this. Mr. Corley, isn't this Act designed just for the purpose of protecting the public in requiring that the essential facts of any company should be stated?"

"That is the case," said the Crown Attorney. "There are a great number of facts asked for under the heading of 'Statutory Information.' Your Honor may have noticed that in advertisements part of it is printed in very small type. The Ontario Companies Act requires that this shall go in in every advertisement of the prospectus of a new company."

"Must be a pretty long prospectus. I guess that's the

part people do not read. Well, I should like to have some evidence about this anyway," said the Court. So the Financial Editor of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, who laid the information, ascended the stand. He stated that the prospectus mailed out to the public omitted to disclose information of a vital nature, which was called for by the Act, but which was not contained in the printed prospectus, a copy of which had been filed with the Court.

"I will fine the company one hundred dollars and costs," was the final word of Colonel Denison.

Counsel for the company inquired if the money had to be paid right over, but this matter was arranged between Mr. Corley and the lawyer.

The Canadian Autopress Company has been so lavish with its recommendations that one might imagine that there was nothing to be said on the other side. SATURDAY NIGHT will therefore take occasion to reprint a report upon the autopress by the mechanical superintendent of the Brooklyn Eagle, Brooklyn, N.Y. It might be mentioned in passing that the Brooklyn Eagle has or had in its office one of these autopresses, and that furthermore the office of the Brooklyn Eagle is numbered among the best mechanically equipped plants in the United States.

The report is as follows:

The Autopress construction is too light and flimsy to withstand the rack and strain demanded of high-speed printing presses.

The many rubber rollers required in the feeding and delivery parts of the press constantly wear out, and the frequent renewal of same causes considerable expense.

The feeding apparatus will not feed antique or cover stock with mat surface.

The delivery end will not deliver cardboard in a satisfactory



HERE'S WHAT YOU SIGN.

Send in real money with this, and the kind gentlemen at No. 10 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, will see you receive in return nicely-printed share certificates in the Autopress Co.

**AUTOPRESS.**  
We offer 300 shares preferred at \$37.50 bid  
\$7.50 for 250 shares.  
We offer 1,000 shares of the  
Autopress Co. at \$37.50 bid  
March 20, 1910.  
Cash or installments.  
**FRED R. JONES & COMPANY,**  
78 Broad St., New York City.

MARKED DOWN!

Autopress agents advance shares in Canadian Autopress Company, to \$4.25. The above advertisement appeared in the financial section of the New York Herald, Sunday, July 31, 1910, offering shares of the American Co. at \$6.37 1/2, par value being \$10. And that the American Co. has been operating two years.

manner, and will not deliver card stock over 120 lbs. in weight.

The packing cannot be kept on the press when running a large form, as the method of fastening is faulty and the pull of a large form drags the packing from its fastening. The grippers frequently stay open when the press is running, and a great many serious smash-ups can be traced to this cause.

The one on the Brooklyn Eagle, Brooklyn, N.Y., being a case in point where the grippers, not having shut, caught on a rod beneath the cylinder and smashed the castings holding the same.

On a full form, the grippers release the sheet before the printing stroke is completed (a vital defect).

Owing to the manner by which the sheet is delivered to the guides, the rollers and balls are always pushing the sheet, consequently when the guides raise (the pushing is still kept up) the sheet is pushed beyond the guides and absolute register is impossible. About 10 per cent. being the maximum of sheets in register (see Gibbs & VanVleet, New York).

The action of the cylinder on half-tones and other cuts is very damaging, an examination of the cuts reveals a series of ruts on the face of the cuts, and after 5,000 impressions the cut is worthless.

When two-thirds of the printing stroke is completed, the cylinder is off the bearers, and the only support of the cylinder being the form.

However, the most fatal weakness about this press is, that it has what is known amongst press builders as the reciprocating bed and cylinder motion, the cylinder being driven by the bed, and they are geared directly together. If this motion had been feasible, it would be on the Miehle and on every other pony cylinder (as it is not new) owing to its speed. But it is not practicable, and was tried and discarded by cylinder press builders thirty years ago. The reason being that as the gears on the bed and cylinder wear, lost motion appears, and there is no possible compensation to take it up, and lost motion means loss of register and the longer the press runs the worse it gets. This may not appear for six months, but is bound to come, but unfortunately for the purchaser he finds it out after he has paid for his press.



## COMMENT ON COBALT



THE extra disbursement of 3 per cent. by the Buffalo is good news to friends of the camp and particularly so to the shareholders of that company. The Buffalo has been a well managed mine and designated so in these columns. It was one of the first properties staked in Cobalt camp, and was sold for the comparatively modest sum of \$10,000. When I first arrived in camp, now nearly five years ago, a lease had been let on the property, which was thrown up later as unprofitable. Then Mr. Jones took charge and brought it to the front rank among Cobalt's producers. In the Fall of 1906 a large block of shares were taken over by an English syndicate which has turned out very profitable. This is a matter of congratulation, as otherwise the mother land has no reason to rejoice that there ever was a Cobalt.

I have learned that the finds reported in the Temiskaming are genuine; otherwise that good, high grade ore is being hoisted from the mine. This information can be relied upon, but whether the condition of the

mine is such as to justify the present price of the stock is another matter. The present price at which the mine is rated on the market means the extraction of a lot of silver, say, \$3,000,000 in the gross; which at \$8.00 per pound for silver means 187 1/2 tons of metallic silver. Consequently, since the deposits of the Temiskaming have proved pockety, the public will be slow to suppose that one swallow makes a summer. In the meantime the professional element is trying to make the most of it. The professional element seems all that is left of the Cobalt market.

The Ophir, or Gopher as I am inclined to style it, has made a real find of Cobalt ore. Whether silver values will be developed is yet to be proven. Up to date the Ophir has appeared a joke save to those who bought its stock at high prices. It is the working out of ideas of mining crude and untrained, the embodiment of optimism.

News is lacking from the La Rose. What sort of developments are taking place on the different properties we are not told, yet the stock remains firm. The recent fall in quotations to \$3.40 was the work of shorts.

Crown Reserve is still receiving support in Montreal. The public holds a million shares of this stock, and how holders can hope for an advance is more than I can make out. I suppose it is that many who hold it bought very cheaply and feel they can afford to see the market slip away from them. Such logic never appealed to me worth a cent.

Kerr Lake has recently sold under \$7.00 on the New York curb. I may be wrong, but I have a feeling the mine is much in the shape of an egg with most of the meat sucked out. The decline looks like real liquidation. In the meantime the mine's shipments are falling off. The stock was \$11 when I first advised its sale. It is now \$7, which, plus \$1 dividends, makes a difference of \$3 per share, or over 25 per cent. In the meantime McKinley Darragh has advanced almost 25 per cent., plus dividends. I have learned that some important negotiations are going on in connection with the Kerr Lake. The news was given me more or less confidentially, but the consummation of the deal I do not expect will have an important effect on the stock.

Poor old Foster hangs around 10 cents. Even those patriotic gentlemen who sold it to the public around \$4 do not appear to be in the market. The chief push of the outfit is in Europe, I believe. No doubt he is drawing inspiration from the art galleries for another coup. It were to be hoped his mind is sufficiently cultivated to henceforth place him above such ways and means.

The idea that all stock markets are set towards lower prices seems to be gaining ground. A cartoon in the Calgary Albertan, picturing the striking trainmen as rocking the craft "Prosperity," has been widely copied. It seems a very general idea that the time is critical, that very little will cause a spill, and in this situation it is not to be wondered at that the public will hold aloof from speculative mining as well as other stocks. It is just this "lack of confidence" that produces what it dreads, much as the sick often die from fear of death.

There are many minds speculating as to what is wrong with the world. Ancient writings tell us that the world

was recognized as being all wrong centuries ago. But now we recognize the world as being more wrong than it ever was before. This is so; why? "Cheap education." Europe is to-day endeavoring to educate the Chinese, which is to teach them their own strength. The Yellow Peril is no dream. Since one man began to get others to work for him, which was the birth of civilization, there were class distinctions, and these have obtained up till almost the present day, till the craze for educating the masses set in. Mind, I do not say it is wrong to tell one man he is as good as another; it is Christian; but the idea of Christianity is that every one should work for his living while the present-day pilgrim tries to hedge and be rich and a Christian, too. So the situation seems that, if we will not keep a lower class to work for us, we must pay a high price for butter and eggs or get back to the soil, and this not many are inclined to do. Sally Ann was a daughter of the soil, and her brother John was a farm laborer, and each contented with their lot, and then they took to reading our present-day press. Then from being happy they became discontented, and John comes to the city to become a counter-hopper and Sally Ann a stenographer and give some business man brain-storm. I am convinced that the tillers of the soil are the happiest people on earth, and after all the whole desideratum of life, according to the Bible, is that people shall be happy. It does not say: shall be educated. It is a fair inference that "go ye and teach all nations" meant nothing more than the truths of Christianity; not that 2 and 2 make four, or that it is impossible to square the circle or to express water as H<sub>2</sub>O. The theory that education leads to happiness is, I fancy, a mistake. Nor does education mean higher morals, at least so far as honesty goes. The word of the despised heathen Chinese is a bond, while the Indians of Alaska did not know how to steal before the advent of the white man. This is common among all the Northern Indians.

Max O'Rell says the same thing about some of the natives of South Africa, before the missionaries got among them, or, rather, those natives whom the missionaries had not taught. So the argument that honesty is developed by education will not hold. Domestic morals are taught by Christianity, not education. The highest domestic morals are in England's middle classes and some of the native races. So it will be seen this idea of educating the masses may be argued against. If I have a son and educate him privately, why should I pay to educate my neighbor's son to the end that he may compete with my boy's effort? What I wish to point out is that the present-day man thinks his father was an ass and not as smart as he is. He is abandoning Christianity for religion and education, and he is playing with forces greater than he has any idea of. He forgets that wealth is only a matter of comparison, and that all may not live without work. If he will educate his brother, he must meet his competition. If he will be a Christian, he must make the sacrifice.

Since the above was written, La Rose has made an important strike on the Princess. Also, Kerr Lake has shot the shorts.

A letter has been received from Montreal re my criticism of Crown Reserve. It will be answered next issue.

With the slump in Kerr Lake it is hard to see how the public can be induced to buy Temiskaming. In the meantime, the Lewisohns are not seen running to get under their own particular stock.

Shepherd

## Ups and Downs of Dr. Reddick.

The Dr. Reddick Mining Company has passed into the realm of sure enough has-beens. The papers announced the other day that this Larder Lake proposition had gone into the hands of a receiver. As a matter of fact it has been in this class for many a day, ever since the time that an issue of preferred stock was made, which practically wiped the common stock-holder out of the proposition. If I remember rightly the birth of that sprightly child, Dr. Reddick, took place some three and one-half years ago. Bannell Sawyer, of Montreal, acted as wet nurse. Sawyer, previous to that time, had been dealing in various enterprises. One of them was the Steam Whaling Company, promulgated for the purpose of catching whales in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence and marketing them on the world at large. It was to be a case of whale oil, whale skin, whale bone, and whale meat, which by the way tastes like very tough beef with the goodness all boiled out of it. Anyhow the Steam Whaling Company had its day and now rests in peace with the stockholders shy their money.

Next Sawyer tackled the ice business with a corporation known as the Pure Ice Company. Incorporated with this scheme was the proposition that each shareholder was to get his ice free. That is for so much stock the company would agree to deliver so much ice per day, the calculation being that even without dividends it would be an excellent investment. However, it did not work out and the Pure Ice Company went to the wall.

Next Sawyer directed his attention to Dr. Reddick. As I stated before this was a Larder Lake free gold hole in the ground, and it is well within the truth to state that there was more backing and filling, artifice, subterfuge, prevarication and quibbling in regard to this proposition than in any mining venture that the Larder Lake country ever saw. At one stage of the game the report was spread broadcast that an English syndicate had offered to take a controlling interest in the show at \$2 per share, and as the capitalization of the Reddick was two million dollars or more, it was some pumpkins. Sawyer and the crowd shouted this glad news from the housetops, and the Canadian daily papers shouted it through their columns, but needless to say the English syndicate never materialized.

The next grand stand play was to have Dr. Reddick ore coined into good British gold pieces. There were not very many of these coins. Just enough to show the boys and pass around to a few intimate friends as souvenirs. Some of the big stock-holders got them, and as a matter of fact that is all they ever did get for their money.

For months the circus went on. More good reports and less gold came from the work of that little second-hand stamp mill on Larder Lake than from any proposition in the country short of the Bartlett Mine when George Munroe was at the helm. However, it takes more than talk to keep up a stock, particularly when those in the "know" are all anxious to unload, and the day came that a bunch of Dr. Reddick stock could not be given away with a cake of soap.

Alas! poor old Reddick. It at least furnished many an hour's conversation in Freeman's restaurant in Montreal, the then headquarters of the crowd.

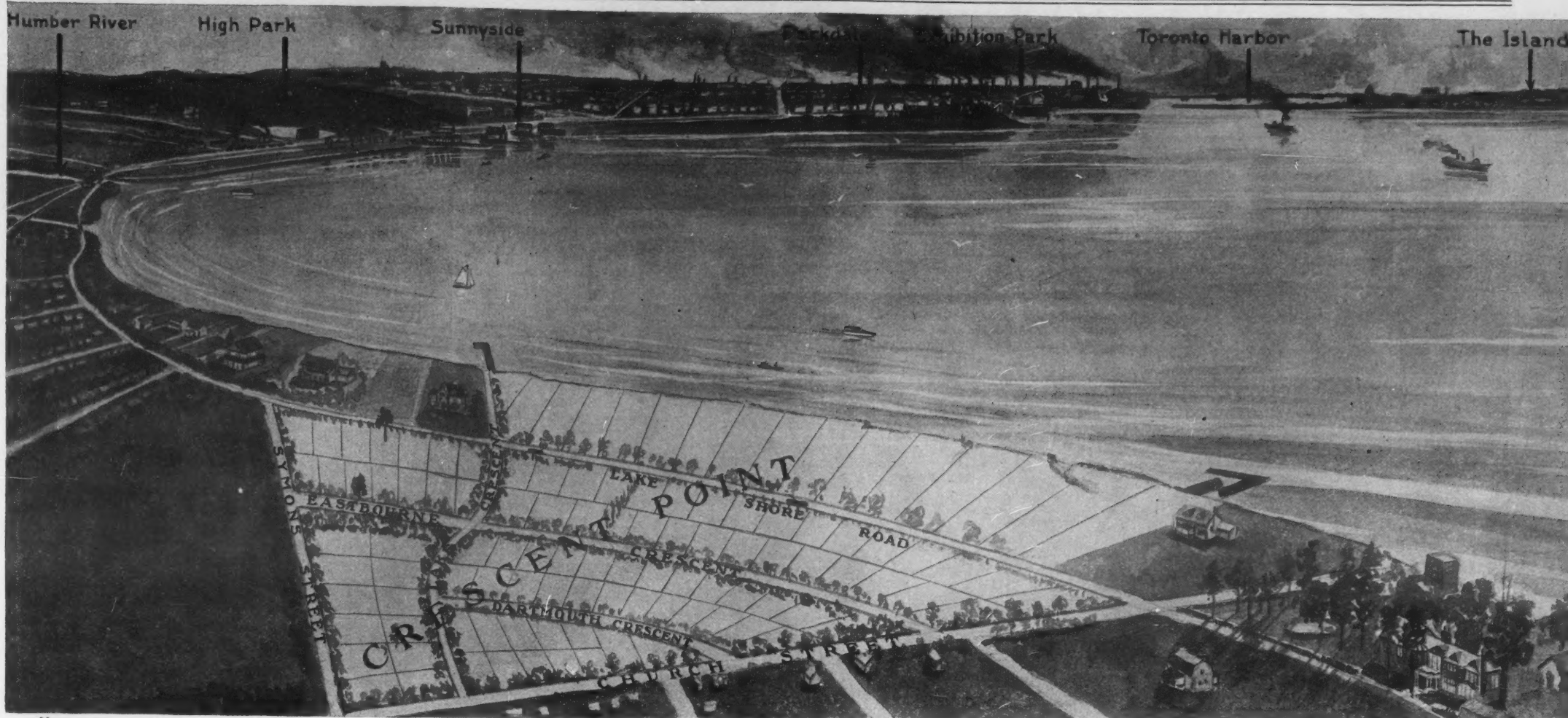
Peace to its ashes.

Mr. Edward Slade, who has been manager of the properties of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation at Black Lake has gone over to the Black Lake Consolidated Asbestos Company in the capacity of manager for that company.



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, New York.  
WALL STREET AND OLD TRINITY, NEW YORK.  
The Vestry of Old Trinity, standing at the head of Wall Street, New York City, have authorized an addition to this historic church building. It will be in the form of a small chapel, to be known as the Dix Memorial Chapel. The late Doctor Morgan Dix was rector of Trinity for nearly half a century. The new structure will adjoin the present church building, and will be used for small wedding and funerals. Trinity during the past year has been engaged in many improvements. Ten large business buildings have been erected upon some of its realty holdings. Final plans have been prepared for a large new church structure to house the congregation belonging to one of Trinity's nine chapels.





BIRD'S EYE VIEW FROM CRESCENT POINT.

## Talk Number Two Regarding Crescent Point

By C. WHITE

**T**O own a home in the country and yet be in close touch with the city, is the ambition of the average business man.

The combination is hard to find.

True, there are many places within the radius of ten miles of the city where a truly rural home can be built—but they are so truly rural that they are not get-at-able. No man of business appreciates the country as a place to live in if it has all the country's disadvantages.

My long and varied experience in handling suburban properties enabled me to appreciate this fact and made me feel certain that in putting Crescent Point on the market I was appealing to the tastes of a large number of Toronto's residents.

That I was right has been proven within the last twelve days. Many have bought and many more have deals pending for the select frontages I am offering.

The reasons for this are clear.

Crescent Point is located right.

It is easy of access—has numerous advantages—is highly restricted and is especially attractive by reason of its close proximity to the lake.

The prices are so moderate and terms so reasonable that to ignore this offering is to throw away a choice opportunity.

The lots are all uniformly good—those that are already sold are no better than those that are still left—and vice-versa.

Every foot of the property is instantly available for building purposes—high, dry and level.

Every title is guaranteed under the Land Titles Act.

Well-made roadways—boulevard streets with shade trees and concrete walks are included in the plans and go with the lots without a cent of expense to the purchaser.

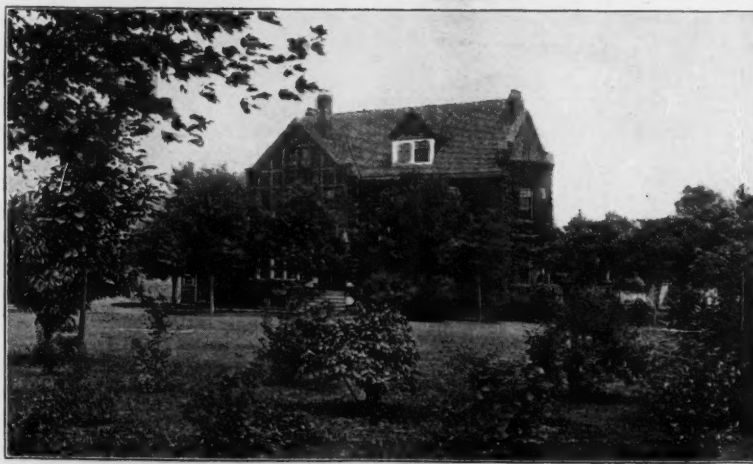
I am satisfied with Crescent Point.

I know you will be if you see it only once, and I will personally conduct you out there that once in my motor at any time you may appoint.

Make the appointment any way that suits you—either by mail, phone or in person at my office.



\$50,000 Residence just completed near the property.



Spacious Grounds and Beautiful Residence adjoining Crescent Point.



Crescent Point as it is to-day.

## Crescent Point Has All These Points of Interest

**I**TS location could not be improved. From any part of the property a good view of the lake can be obtained.

Directly opposite, over the waters of Humber Bay, can be seen the sky line of down-town Toronto, with its high buildings, tall steeples, busy factories and huge chimneys on the west is the Island and the broad expanse of Lake Ontario, and on the east the Exhibition Grounds, Parkdale, Sunnyside, High Park and the Humber River—always a busy and brilliant panorama.

It is the first high class residence district west of High Park.

It is only a good half hour from the centre of Toronto's business district.

Transportation facilities are excellent and include a good Sunday service.

Applications are being made for all improvements, including water, sewers, etc.

Cement walks and shade trees will be put in in the near future free of charge.

Restrictions are such that will warrant a good class of homes, giving a guarantee of an excellent neighborhood and the best class of people.

Restrictions north of the Shore Road are for houses ranging from \$1,500 to \$4,000, and south of the road—considerably higher.

The lots north of the Lake Shore Road are in 35 to 50 foot frontages and run from 110 to 180 feet in depth.

The Lake Front lots are in 100 foot frontages and run from 250 to 600 feet in depth.

Tickets on the Radial are sold at the rate of 30 for \$1.10.

### Location and Topography

This Section of about 35 acres has been very much admired by Torontonians, but the previous owners could not be induced to part with their holdings. Now that it is open to the public—it is having a quick and ready sale.

**Topographically the Spot Could Not be Improved**

The lake front is a cliff sufficiently elevated to provide excellent drainage and dry, slightly and picturesque locations for luxurious dwellings. Receding from the lake the land rises gently, so that from every lot has a good view of the waters of Lake Ontario.

# Crescent Point

## The Lakeside Suburb

The brightest, prettiest and sightliest spot on the shore of Lake Ontario

## The Nearness of Crescent Point to the City is Most Surprising

Thirteen minutes is all the time consumed by the Radials from Stop 18 to Sunnyside, where close connections can always be made with either King or Queen street cars, reaching Yonge street in twenty minutes more—thus making the entire run from one of the most delightful of country seats to the centre of city strife in barely 33 minutes.

Descriptive circular and plans may be secured at our City Office, 58 Victoria street, and on the property at Stop 18.

We will arrange to motor you out at any time by making appointment either personally or by phone.



# White & Co. Real Estate

58 Victoria St. Toronto

Branch Office at Stop 18, Lakeshore Road

Phone 1361 Main





Record of the market fluctuations of Canadian stocks for the day, also the range for a weekly period, with high and low a year ago. \* Inactive Securities

Par Value	Outstanding Common Stock	Outstanding Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	Last Dividend Date	Per cent.	STOCK	Range for year 1908		Range for twelve months, 1909				Closing year ago Aug. 10		Wednesday, Aug. 10		Range for week ending Aug. 10 in market of activity			
								High	Low	High	Date	Low	Date	Ask	Bid	Ask	Bid	High	Low	Last	Sales
100	150,000,000	181,626,798	34,998,633	3,244,539	1st April	s. 3+1	TRANSPORTATION	180	142	189	Oct.	106	Mar.	187	180	190	189	190	184	190	1776
100	12,500,000	24,903,000	24,903,000	3,244,539	1st April	s. 3+1	Canadian Pacific Railway	155	31	71	Aug.	55	Jan.	68	67	50	50	52	45	50	1883
100	12,000,000	10,000,000	20,000,000	3,244,539	1st April	s. 3+1	Duluth, com.	155	9	14	Oct.	100	Jan.	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	10
100	3,500,000	1,500,000	2,500,000	601,994	1st July	q. 1	Duluth Su. Electric Traction Co., com.	107	95	124	Dec.	100	Jan.	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	326
100	1,400,000	600,000	437,802	437,802	1st July	q. 1	Halifax Electric	39	20	103	Dec.	39	Jan.	62	62	100	100	100	100	100	10
100	7,463,703	5,000,000	8,627,731	1,024,465	15th May	q. 1	Havana Electric	86	68	99	Dec.	83	Feb.	86	86	100	100	100	100	100	412
100	7,463,703	5,000,000	8,627,731	1,024,465	15th May	q. 1	Havana Electric, preferred	95	79	98	July	90	Oct.	90	90	90	90	90	90	90	412
100	7,594,500	4,552,600	24,956,813	3,073,400	1st July	q. 1	Illinois Traction, preferred	139	88	140	May	122	Dec.	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	30
100	13,000,000	15,087,500	410,344	410,344	1st Aug.	q. 1	Mexico North Western Railway	135	80	148	Jan.	134	Nov.	144	143	130	129	117	117	117	3319
100	16,800,000	8,400,000	56,895,000	2,769,864	1st Aug.	q. 1	Minn. St. P. & Sault Ste. Marie	204	170	223	Dec.	203	Jan.	215	214	236	235	230	230	235	725
100	1,000,000	4,426,034	1,691,186	58,642	20th Jan.	a. 8	Montreal Street	105	83	123	Dec.	97	Jan.	111	110	105	105	106	106	106	25
100	9,000,000	12,534,000	947,166	142,380	15th June	q. 1	Northern Navigation	21	15	30	Dec.	24	Feb.	42	41	48	48	48	47	48	97
100	3,000,000	2,941,500	2,941,500	142,380	15th Sept.	s. 1	Porto Rico Railway Co., com.	39	39	69	Dec.	38	Jan.	42	41	48	48	48	47	48	4136
100	9,500,000	2,500,000	378,700	378,700	1st June	q. 1	Quebec Railway L. & P. Co., com.	78	62	94	Dec.	77	Jan.	82	82	88	88	88	88	88	35
100	3,132,000	1,183,573	1,707,935	1,707,935	1st Aug.	q. 1	Richelieu and Ontario	81	20	103	May	79	Jan.	88	88	88	88	88	88	88	2224
100	31,250,000	40,336,326	133,007	133,007	1st Jan.	a. 8	Rio de Janeiro	126	109	128	Nov.	105	Jan.	121	121	138	137	138	138	138	138
100	860,000	6,000,000	2,597,507	2,597,507	1st July	q. 2	St. Law. & Chi. Steam Nav. Co.	150	133	150	Jan.	142	May	147	147	138	137	138	138	138	138
100	10,000,000	13,257,000	1,691,186	1,691,186	1st July	q. 1	Sao Paulo Tramway L. & P. Co.	109	94	130	Dec.	107	Jan.	104	103	106	106	108	108	108	1008
100	13,875,000	13,257,000	3,998,327	2,968,500	1st July	q. 1	Teledo Railway	85	69	93	Oct.	84	Jan.	95	95	112	111	111	111	111	249
100	8,000,000	2,826,200	304,456	304,456	1st July	q. 1	Toronto Railway	97	78	116	Dec.	96	Jan.	104	103	106	106	108	108	108	108
100	9,000,000	3,000,000	19,503,000	814,903	1st July	q. 1	Tri-City, preferred	171	124	190	June	156	Jan.	130	125	112	111	111	111	111	55
100	20,100,000	3,000,000	19,503,000	814,903	1st July	q. 1	Twin City, Common	143	119	150	April	138	Jan.	147	146	132	142	143	143	143	21
100	6,000,000	7,000,000	861,430	861,430	1st July	q. 2	Winnipeg Electric	200	182	207	April	195	Jan.	204	204	200	200	200	200	200	54
100	12,500,000	3,649,000	2,275,000	2,275,000	15th July	q. 2	TELEGRAPH, LIGHT AND POWER	77	52	95	Nov.	69	Jan.	94	83	86	86	86	86	86	695
100	3,500,000	50,000,000	903,766	903,766	1st July	q. 1	Bell Telephone	71	59	77	Sept.	69	Jan.	74	73	72	72	72	72	72	15
100	41,380,400	50,000,000	903,766	903,766	1st July	q. 1	Consumers Gas	70	45	89	Jan.	103	April	72	69	75	75	75	75	75	15
100	41,380,400	50,000,000	903,766	903,766	1st July	q. 1	Mackay, common	113	85	136	Dec.	109	Mar.	125	124	129	129	129	129	129	1366
100	13,585,000	2,400,000	18,889,188	683,854	1st May	s. 3	Mackay, preferred	113	85	136	Dec.	109	Mar.	125	124	129	129	129	129	129	1366
100	13,585,000	2,400,000	18,889,188	683,854	1st May	s. 3	Mexican Light and Power Co., com.	113	85	136	Dec.	109	Mar.	125	124	129	129	129	129	129	1366
100	17,000,000	10,107,000	2,042,561	2,042,561	15th May	q. 1	Montreal Power	113	85	136	Dec.	109	Mar.	125	124	129	129	129	129	129	1366
100	1,520,300	7,000,000	171,176	171,176	20th July	q. 1	Ottawa Light, Heat & Power Co.	81	55	103	Dec.	85	Jan.	95	95	97	97	97	97	97	108
100	7,000,000	7,000,000	171,176	171,176	20th July	q. 1	Shawinigan Water and Power Co.	135	110	135	Jan.	114	May	130	125	112	111	111	111	111	55
100	4,000,000	1,000,000	1,036,788	1,036,788	1st July	q. 2	Toronto Electric Light	135	110	135	Jan.	114	May	130	125	112	111	111	111	111	55

Par Value	Capital Stock Outstanding	Reserve Fund	Profit and Loss	Last Dividend Date	Per cent.	STOCK	Range for year 1908		Range for twelve months, 1909				Closing year ago Aug. 10		Wednesday, Aug. 10		Range for week ending Aug. 10 in market of activity			
							High	Low	High	Date	Low	Date	Ask	Bid	Ask	Bid	High	Low	Last	Sales
243	4,866,666	2,530,666	294,653	8th April	3+1	BANKS	147	141	155	Mar.	148	Feb.	155	155	204	203	203	203	203	39
50	10,000,000	6,000,000	722,139	1st June	q. 2	British North America	171	155	201	Dec.	171	Jan.	204	203	204	203	203	203	203	88
50	4,000,000	5,000,000	295,766	1st July	q. 3	Commerce	246	216	248	Jan.	236	April	240	235	240	235	240	235	240	73
100	3,000,000	2,100,000	148,841	1st June	q. 2	Dominion	150	148	165	Dec.	155	Jan.	165	161	161	161	161	161	161	73
100	2,620,355	2,620,355	403,665	1st June	q. 2	Eastern Townships	205	185	208	Dec.	199	Jan.	205	198	205	198	205	198	205	31
100	2,500,000	2,300,000	23,812	1st May	q. 2	Hamilton	150	133	150	Sept.	140	Jan.	145	143	145	143	145	143	145	7
100	5,384,283	5,384,283	696,135	1st June	q. 2	Hochelaga	234	209	234	Jan.	225	Nov.	228	227	228	227	228	227	228	228
100	6,000,000	4,500,000	102,157	1st July	q. 2	Imperial	166	151	170	Dec.	160	Jan.	170	167	190	187	187	187	187	7
100	1,000,000	1,000,000	307,809	1st July	q. 2	Merchants	207	188	211	Jan.	199	Sept.	203	204	204	204	205	204	204	225
100	3,500,000	3,850,000	257,769	1st July	q. 2	Metropolitan	250	238	254	Aug.	245	Jan.	24	246	245	246	245	245	245	74
100	14,400,000	12,000,000	681,501	1st May	q. 2	Molson's	120	120	120	Jan.	120	Jan.	120	120	120	120	120	120	120	74
100	2,000,000	1,200,000	26,014	1st June	q. 1	Montreal	286	274	285	Jan.	276	Oct.	284	274	275	270	280	270	280	7
100	773,700	1,378,975	26,266	1st July	q. 3	Nationale	208	200	213	Feb.	205	Mar.	212	210	212	210	212	210	212	7
100	3,000,000	5,500,000	44,865	1st July	q. 3	New Brunswick	208	200	213	Feb.	205	Mar.	212	210	212	210	212	210	212	7
100	3,419,420	3,419,420	455,919	1st June	q. 2	Ottawa	235	211	235	June	229	Feb.	229	222	239	239	241	240	240	47
100	2,500,000	1,250,000	39,671	1st July	q. 1	Quebec	232	201	232	Jan.	224	April	220	219	225	224	224	224	224	35
100	5,000,000	5,700,000	228,393	1st May	q. 2	Royal	232	201	232	Jan.	224	April	220	219	225	224	224	224	224	35
50	2,000,000	2,400,000	54,074	1st May	q. 2	Standard	232	201	232	Jan.	224	April	220	219	225	224	224	224	224	35
100	4,000,000	4,750,000	68,871	1st July	q. 2	Toronto	137	122	148	Dec.	136	Jan.	139	135	143	143	143	143	143	14
100	4,354,500	2,200,000	102,443	1st July	q. 2	Traders	134	121	140	Dec.	130	July	135	135	143	142	142	142	142	5
100	3,444,500	1,000,000	28,676	1st June	q. 1	Union	134	121	140	Dec.	130	July	135	135	143	142	142	142	142	5

Par Value	Outstanding Common	Outstanding Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	Last Dividend Date	Per cent.	STOCK	Range for year 1908		Range for twelve months 1909				Closing year ago Aug. 10		Wednesday, Aug. 10		Range for week ending Aug. 10 in market of activity.			
								High	Low	High	Date	Low	Date	Ask	Bid	Ask	Bid	High	Low	Last	Sales
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000				INDUSTRIALS AND MISCELLANEOUS														
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000		1st July	q. 1½	Amal. Asbestos Corp., com.			33	Oct.	27½	Dec.			14		16	15½	16	180
100	3,000,000	510,000					" pref.			91½	Oct.	89	Dec.			78	75	80	79	80	35
100	3,000,000	1,000,000	810,000				Black Lake Cons. Asbestos, com.			23½	Dec.	21	Dec.			25	24½	24½	24	24½	24½
100	750,000	750,000	49,000	63,588	1st July	q. 1	" pref.			67½	Dec.	62½	Dec.			59	58	58	58	58	12
100	750,000	750,000	49,000	63,588	1st "	q. 1½	F. N. Burt Company, com.			59½	Dec.	53	Oct.			71	70				
100	3,500,000	5,000,000	3,500,000	756,940			" pref.			93½	Dec.	91½	Oct.			102		100	100	100	15
100	3,500,000	5,000,000	3,500,000	756,940	20th July	q. 1½	Canadian Car & Foundry, com.									100					
100	13,500,000	10,500,000	5,000,000	75,296			" pref.									18½	18	19	18	18½	143
100	13,500,000	10,500,000	5,000,000	75,296	16th Aug.	q. 1½	Canada Cement, com.									80½	80½	81	79½	80½	859
10	6,00,000		13,713,927	3,306,001	1st July	q. 2	" pref.									170		165	165	165	50
100	2,796,695	1,959,455	2,541,300	76,700	1st "	q. 1	Canada Permanent	145½	111½	163½	April	140	Jan.	160	170	80½	80½	81	79½	80½	859
100	2,796,695	1,959,455	2,541,300	76,700	1st "	q. 1½	Can. Consolidated Rubber, com.	23	20	106	Sept.	27	Jan.	96	95	96	93				50
100	4,700,000	2,807,568	1,829,000	1,829,000	1st "	q. 1½	" pref.	85	85	125	July	83	Jan.	122½	122	110	107				50
100	4,700,000	2,000,000	267,568	1,829,000	1st "	q. 3½	Canadian General Electric, com.	108	83	123	July	101	Jan.					101	100	101	20
100	565,000	408,910	54,396	71,971	1st April	s. 1	" pref.	108½	104	112	July	110	Jan.								
100	565,000	408,910	54,396	71,971	1st "	q. 1½	City Dairy, common	20	15	35	May	15	Jan.			28					
1	1,768,814			549,275	15th "	b + 9	" preferred	87	80	103	Oct.	85	Jan.			40½	40	40½	36½	40½	360
100	15,000,000	3,000,000	6,492,648	496,234	1st July	q. 1	Crown Reserve	2,90	1,98½	6,00	Oct.	2,60	Jan.	3,94	3,93	95	98½	99	99		4
100	15,000,000	3,000,000	6,492,648	496,234	1st Aug.	s. 3½	Dominion Coal	60	37½	93½	Nov.	43	Feb.	76½	76½	2,76	2,77	2,68	2,76		6454
100	35,000,000						" preferred	103	85	120	Nov.	96	Feb.			107	105	106	105	106	30
100	20,000,000	5,000,000	13,271,500	2,414,129	1st July	q. 1½	Dominion Steel and Coal Corp.									59½	59	60	57	59	4672
100	5,000,000	1,859,030	6,451,058	565,780	1st "	q. 1½	Dominion Steel, preferred	75	44	138	Nov.	69½	Jan.	129½	129½	103½	103	103½	102	103½	340
100	5,000,000	1,859,030	6,451,058	565,780	15th "	q. 1½	Dominion Textile, common	67	40	79½	Sept.	57½	Mar.	76	75½	64½	63½	64	63½	63½	180
100	40,000,000		12,000,178	522,788			" preferred	107	78½	110	June	95	Feb.	108½	107	101	100				
100	2,100,000	1,500,000	1,000,000	1,290,395	31st June	q. 1½	Lake Superior Corporation			33½	May	14½	Jan.	27	26½						
100	2,100,000	1,500,000	1,000,000	1,290,395	1st "	q. 1	Lake of Woods Milling	98½	71	145	Oct.	97½	Jan.	130½	130			130	132	131	407
5	7,488,145			421,482	20th July	q. 2	" preferred	119	103	128	Sept.	118	Jan.	126½	126	125		4,00	4,00	3,40	4,00
100	1,600,000			527,783	1st "	q. 1½	La Rose Cons. Mines Co.	7,12½	6,25	8,47	Aug.	4,20	Nov.	130	8,40	149	139½	140	140	140	1135
100		1,200,000	978,960		1st "	q. 1½	Laurentide, common	112½	130	130	Sept.	112	Jan.	130		139½	139½	139	139	140	225
100	2,500,000	2,500,000			1st "	q. 1½	" preferred	116	101½	131½	Dec.	112½	Jan.			139½	139½	139	139	140	4
100	2,500,000	2,500,000					Maple Leaf Milling, common									51	47½	48	44½	45	17
105	700,000	800,000		393,596	8th "	s. 3	" preferred									95	93	92½	91½	92½	39
100	700,000	800,000		393,596	8th July	q. 1	Montreal Steel	83½	57	105	Dec.	68	April	89½	83½	105	104	106½	106½	106½	10
5	6,000,000			935,167	20th "	q. 1½ + 2½	" preferred	105	92	117	Dec.	104	April								
100	6,000,000	4,500,000	336,807	356,807	15th July	q. 1	aNipissing Mines Co.	12½	6½	12,91	Sept.	9,25	Feb.	10,55	10,50			10,60	10,45	10,60	1070
100	6,000,000	1,030,000	4,500,000	356,807	15th "	q. 2	Nova Scotia Steel, common	112	41½	87½	Nov.	54½	Mar.	69	67½	85	84½	85	83½	85	853
100	2,000,000	2,000,000	1,750,000	723,317	1st "	q. 2	" preferred	60	108½	122	Dec.	114	Jan.	121	119	123	120				
100	2,500,000	2,000,000	1,750,000	723,317	1st June	q. 1	Ogilvie Flour	116	101	144½	Dec.	112	Mar.	129	128½			128½	127	126	126
100	2,150,600	1,075,000	2,000,000	602,005	15th Aug.	q. 1	Penmans, Limited, common	130	114	128	Sept.	130	Feb.	126	125	126	125	125	125	125	25
100	2,150,600	1,075,000	2,000,000	602,005	1st Aug.	q. 1½	" preferred	50	66½	74½	July	54	Oct.	54	52	54	54	54	54		
100	937,500	900,000		685,690	1st July	q. 2½	William A. Rogers, Ltd., common	85	72½	93½	May	84	Oct.	90	88½	82		80	81	81	920
100	937,500	900,000		685,690	1st "	q. 1½	" preferred			152	Dec.	101	Mar.	133	130	166	170	170	170	170	12
100	8,750,000	1,250,000		656,950	1st "	q. 1	Shredded Wheat, common	32	30	43½	Dec.	29	April	40½	39½			43½	43	43½	31
100	8,750,000	1,250,000		656,950	1st "	q. 1½	" preferred	99	94	97½	Jan.	97½	Jan.			110	107	108			
100	1,000,000			91,303	15th Dec.	15	Tretheway Cobalt Mine	180	47	104	Feb.	109	June	133	130	129		127	120	127	67½



## THE THIN BLACK LINE

The Narrow Ledge Above the Speaker's Chair, and Something About the Men Who Sit on It.

THERE are galleries all about the big Chamber where sits and moves and has its debates the great House of Commons. And occasionally in these galleries you will see a few listless loungers who sprawl and nod sleepily and take only the most perfunctory interest in what is going on on the floor of the House—except, of course, on those few great occasions when all Ottawa and his wife make up their minds to go out and watch the legislative gladiators cut one another up to make a political holiday.

But there is one small gallery, a mere long desk crowded close up against the wall of the Chamber just above the Speaker's chair, where there is no let-up of activity so long as the House sits. There you will see a constant succession of keen-eyed young men—not all so deuced young either—who slip in quietly at one another's back, slide noiselessly into chairs, whisper a question or two, and immediately become intent on what is going on just below them. Then pencils or fountain-pens race merrily over sheets of paper, a button is pressed, and a page-boy or telegraph-messenger comes breathlessly in, grabs a folded paper, and tears out again without a moment's delay.

In that small gallery there is nothing but serious devotion to business. Of course, this doesn't preclude a passing jest, and now and again the smile goes round as some one of the aforesaid keen-eyed young men looks up to make a caustic remark on the ineptitudes of a mere member of Parliament engaged in making a speech. But the general attitude is one of close attention, and there is something a little terrifying in that line of observant faces. In fact, there are probably few members of Parliament who have not at one time or other had a very keen and unpleasant realization of that fact. For that line of faces represents the great public on guard over its legislators. That narrow ledge stands for the straight and narrow path of public opinion, where it behoves members of Parliament to walk circumspectly. In a word, the long cramped desk is the Press Gallery, through which the legislators below address, not only a few hundred members like themselves, but the whole public of Canada.

It is a great institution this same Press Gallery, and successive Governments have shown their appreciation of the fact by the privileges which they have conferred on its members. To be a member of the Press Gallery is to enjoy almost every privilege of a member of Parliament—with two exceptions. A member of the Gallery may go everywhere, he has access to all documents, he may eat and drink in the restaurant of the House of Commons. He may do all that the ordinary member of Parliament may do, except that he may not enter the Chamber: until the prayer has been said, nor may he remain for such discussions concerning petty matters of administration as it is not desired to make public. For instance, if some member wishes to complain about the quality of food in the restaurant of the House, and does not care to be represented in the Press of the Dominion as a Heliogabalus whose principal pleasure in life is ministering to his gastronomical sensibilities, he may ask that the doors of the House should not be opened for "strangers" until he has said his say. And until he has spoken, and the matter has been settled, the members of the Press Gallery remain outside with all other "strangers."

Concerning the word "strangers," as used by a member of the House of Commons, the same rule holds in Canada as obtains in the British House. If a member were to get up and call the attention of the Speaker to the fact that there were "strangers in the gallery," the galleries would be cleared, and the Press Gallery would be emptied with the others. As a matter of fact the thing has never been done within the memory of "Bob" McLeod, or any other oldest living inhabitant of the Press Gallery. But it could be just the same. The Lord only knows what would happen if they did enforce it, but the rule exists nevertheless.

It is just like that other old custom of the Speaker naming a member. To call a member of Parliament by his name is a terribly serious thing, much more serious than calling any other mortal out of his name. If the Speaker were to do so, and the member in question refused to leave the Chamber, he would probably be helped out by the sergeant-at-arms. As a matter of fact this has never been done within the recollections of old-timers, though it was once threatened to a French member, who in the heat of debate ventured to oppose the ruling of the Speaker. But even he saw reason before he was shown the door.

While the Press Gallery gets its name from the narrow ledge where it hangs precariously over the Speaker's chair—Liberal papers to the right, Conservative papers to the left—this is only a very small part of its domain. On the first floor of the building, in the new annex built a couple of years ago, are the big and airy rooms where gentlemen of the Press who are also members of the Gallery take their ease while hammering out on many typewriters the news of the day.

And while talking of these same two big rooms, there is an interesting story to be told of the clever work of the Press Gallery executive which won for them the big room in the new wing. This room, which adjoins their old room, is a particularly handsome and commodious apartment, with a fine outlook on the Ottawa river and the distant Chaudiere. In fact, it is so handsome that Conservative members did covet it for their headquarters. But when they came along to get it—lo, it was already in the possession of the Gallery, and was filled with their handsome new desks and no less handsome persons. The result was the discomfiture and disgust of the said Conservative members and a series of long and resolute

"kicks" on their part. But the complaints and recriminations were alike unavailing, and the Gallery was left in envied possession. The Conservative members were given the rooms across the corridor, with a fine prospect and vista of ornamental stone wall, enlivened with occasional windows. This made them somewhat unhappy in the intervals of business, and they used to come and scowl in at the members of the Gallery, who sat and gazed reflectively on the gliding Ottawa. As a result, the two doors through which they were in the habit of scowling were sealed up. And now the happy pressmen gaze reflectively and happily, without the unpleasant intrusion of their neighbor's discomfort.

The long room—the rift in the Conservative lute—is filled full with desks and type-writers and generally

air for days, but so far no announcement had been made. Correspondents had hung about the offices of the various Ministers and of Sir John himself without result. It turned out afterwards that the word had been given to the Cabinet that no word was to be announced.

"We can't do an awful lot for our own papers," Sir John had said, "and so now that we have a chance to give them a real scoop let us do it."

So one afternoon, after Sir John had stated that there was nothing to be said to a deputation of correspondents, Fred Cook was given the word to be down at Earncliffe at nine o'clock that night. He was there—as might be imagined—on the dot.

"Well, we've decided on dissolution," were Sir John's first words.

And then came the dates for nom-

getting news. Of course, so far as routine work is concerned, there is a free and easy spirit of co-operation among the men, especially those who work for papers of similar political principles and who therefore sit on the same side of the Gallery. In fact, there is so much to be covered that this is the only way it is possible for the Pressmen to get over the ground properly.

But with all this there is a very keen rivalry for news, and when it comes to a question of a "scoop" they will cut one another's throats with genial frankness. It is all part of the day's work, all in the game. At the same time there is a delightful spirit of comradeship and mutual helpfulness among the members, and if one of them is taken ill or is prevented in any way from doing his work, the others will jump in and do it for him with perfect readiness. In fact it is not uncommon for a man who is helping a friend out of a difficulty to be writing articles from both Tory and Grit points of view.

A striking instance of this spirit of co-operation was given at the time Sir John Macdonald died. A picture of the group of members of the Press Gallery who took turns at watching for bulletins accompanies this article. Fred Williams was the man who got the final news. He is at present the representative of the Ottawa Free Press and a whole string of outside papers, and is one of the old-timers in the Gallery. He was walking up and down in front of Earncliffe, Sir John's residence, when Joseph Pope, the present Secretary for External Affairs, came out of the house and posted up the notice on the gate-post.

"Sir John Macdonald died to-night at 10.15" it read. Williams rushed across to the telegraph station in a tent in a vacant lot nearby, and immediately sent a wire to the London Times.

By this time the signal of Sir John's death had been given, and the other newspaper men began to gather. It was quite a deputation of them that waited on Mr. Pope for the doctor's statement.

"There is no hurry about it," he said. "To-morrow is Sunday. Come around and see me at my office on Monday morning."

But they finally managed to make him understand the urgency of the matter. As a matter of fact, Sunday papers were got out in several cities to give the waiting thousands the final news of Sir John's death. On that day Bob McLeod got out a Sunday edition of the Citizen, the first and only Sunday paper ever published in Ottawa.

As an evidence of how quickly the news travelled, it is said that when the newspaper men came up to the Press-rooms in the Parliament buildings that night about two hours later on, there was posted on the wall a message from Queen Victoria expressing her regret and her sympathy.

This was a stirring session for the Press Gallery—that of 1891—when there was the famous McGreevy scandal to occupy attention, in addition to the illness and death of Sir John. This was a time when the members of the Gallery worked almost continuously with committees sitting all day and Parliament in session all night.

It was during this same period that Fred Cook, the unique and original Fred—the Dick Whittington of Canadian journalism, twice Lord Mayor of Ottawa—did a clever bit of work in getting from the Hon. Edward Blake his letter resigning the leadership of the Liberal party. This letter had been addressed to the big Liberal convention at West Durham about two weeks before the elections of 1891. But it had been suppressed there, on the ground that to make such an announcement would mean the absolute ruin of the party's chances.

Cook, knowing of the existence of the letter, made up his mind that he would get it for Reuter's Agency, whose representative then he was. He went down to Toronto, and instead of going to Blake's office, where he would never have been allowed to see him, waited till lunch-time and went up to Blake's house. In fact, he overtook Blake and trailed him home.

Cook had previously cabled to his agency to send him a wire, stating that great interest was aroused in England and that the public there were anxious to know Mr. Blake's decision. Therefore when he was ushered into Mr. Blake's presence he handed over the message. Never did a man thaw out so quickly and so completely in such a short interval.

"Aw, aw, ahem," said Mr. Blake, "it is really very gratifying to think that the public of England is so much interested in Canadian affairs. But in the interest of my party, I cannot give you this letter just yet. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll mail a copy of it to a friend of mine in London, and your people can get it from him on the day after the election."

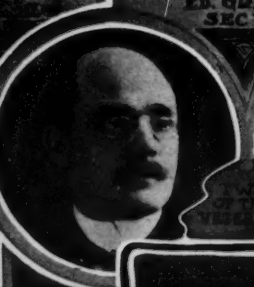
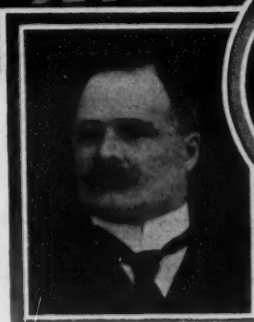
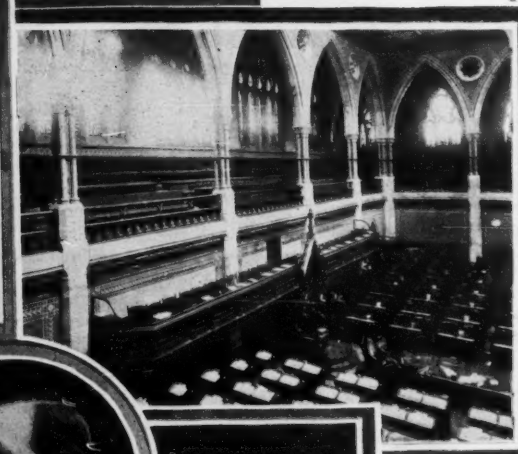
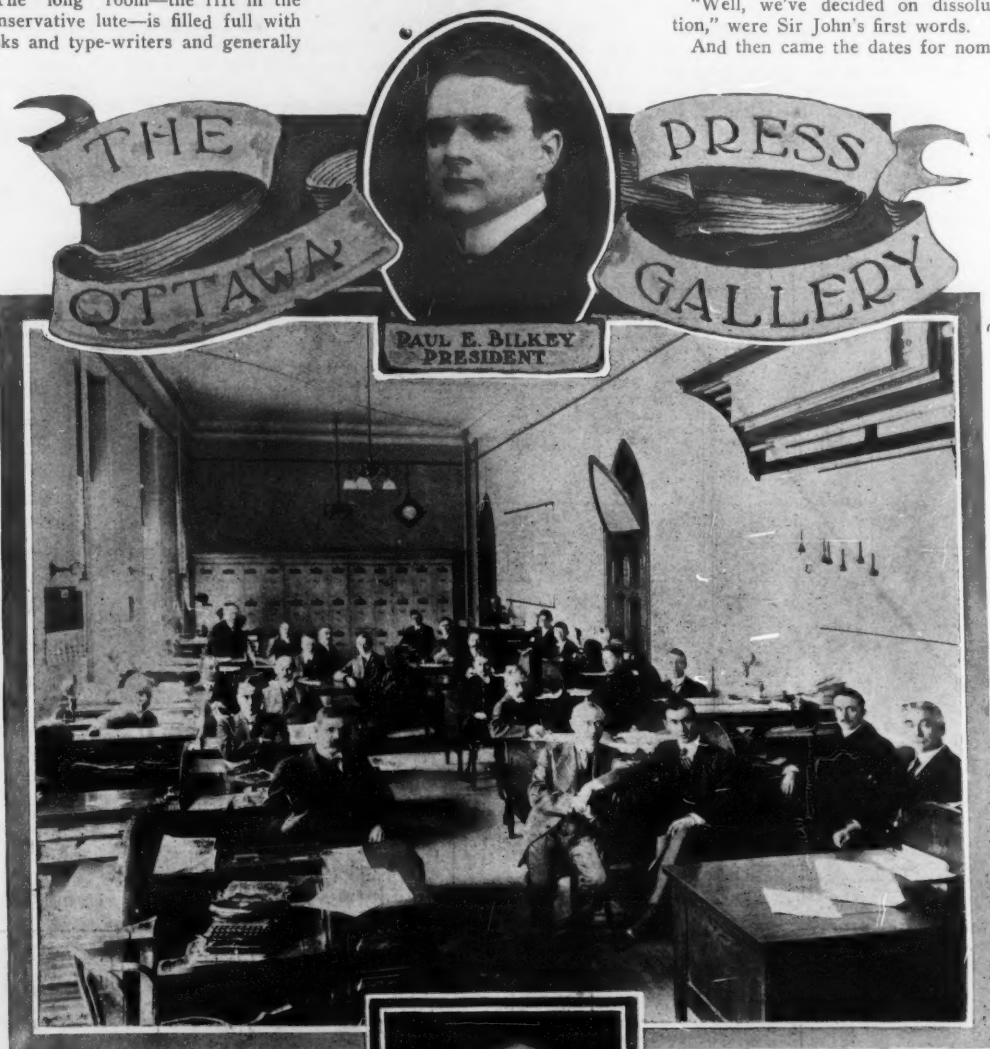
And this is what was actually done. In this way the London Times came out with three or four columns of the letter at the same time that it was published in Canada, and thus saved hundreds of dollars in cable-tolls.

But it would be easy to fill a volume with the stories that are told of cleverness and resource among the members of the Gallery, in the earlier and later days of its history. There is no end to the interesting incidents of various kinds in which its members have borne part. And concerning these members, many of them have gone far since the days when they gazed on public life from the narrow ledge over the Speaker's chair.

At the time of the opening of Parliament last fall, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General, an old newspaper man turned to T. P. Owens, a well-known member of the Press Gallery in the old days, and now one of the Hansard staff, and said, as the members of the House of Commons advanced into the Senate to hear the address of the Governor-General:—

"Well, Tom, here are four old newspaper men who worked together—Charlie Marcell is Speaker of the Commons; Ernie Chambers, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, is master of ceremonies; you are taking the official report of the proceedings; and I am a member of the Government."

Among the famous old members of the Gallery in the (Concluded on page 30.)



with conversation and smoke. Here the same keen-eyed young men who figured so prominently up above the Speaker's chair, may be seen with their sleeves rolled up doing unto type-writers as no sane person would wish to be done by. It is a very inspiring sight to regard these moulders of public opinion working at the moulds. And they go at it in forthright fashion. Quickly the "stuff" is reeled off and rushed to the telegraph offices in the building, or to the Parliamentary post-office if there is time for the mail. And then comes the pleasant time of relaxation, when they light large pipes with pasts which obviously do not bear investigation, and lean back to utter frank and cynical comment on the doings of the day, or to reminisce genially of "le bon vieux temps." Then it is that Fred Cook or Bob McLeod, or such other survivor of the days when there were giants, spin the yarns of the "scoops" that were scooped back in the great days of the good Sir John.

For instance, there is that ancient and classic legend of the way the news of the dissolution of Sir John Macdonald's last Parliament was brought—not from Aix to Ghent—but from the Toronto "Empire" to every other Tory paper in the country. Fred Cook was the correspondent of the "Empire" back in that year of grace 1891. Rumors and premonitions of dissolution had been in the

inations, polling, and returns. "And now, what's the pretext for dissolution?" asked the newspaper man.

Sir John picked up a telegram, looked hard at it, and looked hard at Fred Cook. Then he laid it down on Fred's side of the desk in a very casual manner and turned away to examine a book or piece of bric-a-brac while Fred quickly copied it off.

It was from James C. Blaine, the American statesman, and was to the effect that he would be glad to meet the gentlemen from Canada with regard to closer trade relations. This was interpreted as showing an inclination for reciprocity, and Sir John took this attitude in his appeal to the country. As a matter of fact, Blaine was very angry when he realized the use that had been made of his message.

This story is particularly interesting now, in view of the renewed effort for closer trade relations.

With regard to the news of dissolution being confined to Tory papers, Fred Cook took good care that the advantage of their position should not be lost, and next day all the Tory papers had the news, and not a single Liberal sheet in the country.

This brings up the point of the attitude of the members of the Press Gallery towards one another with regard to



## How I Earned Money For My College Education

The remarkable story of Miss Mary Livingston, of Smith's Falls, as told by Miss Edith Carew

I am a farmer's daughter. My father owns a small farm from which he is able to support a good home and lay aside a little for a rainy day. He sent me through the high school, but he could not, in justice to himself, do more for me. I was not satisfied to stop where the money did. I had a burning desire for learning, and determined to go where I could have greater opportunities for earning the wherewithal to pursue my education further.

With the fifty dollars which my father gave me in my pocket and my few belongings packed into a couple of suit cases, I set out for the city of Chicago.

My mother watched us from the porch of the old farm house with tearful eyes as we drove off down the road in the "spring wagon." Many were the admonitions she had given me to "be careful," and I knew that her heart was sad within her. But I determined, deep down in my heart, to show her that I could succeed.

With some good homely advice from my old father he kissed me good-bye and waved his hat in a cherry farewell as the train pulled out of the station. I had to gulp very hard two or three times to keep back the tell-tale tears. He had said, "Mary if ye can't get a job, jest write to your old dad and he'll send ye a ticket to come home."

I went to the home of the mother of an old school-mate who had died while we were in school, until I could get settled. She was a good motherly soul and gave me many valuable suggestions. I secured a position as clerk in one of the large departmental stores at first. The wages were low and I was just barely able to live on them. The work was very hard for me, but those with whom I associated were content, it seemed, to plod on in the same old rut with no ambition or purpose before them except a raise of salary or perhaps a husband to relieve them from their bondage.

I often became very much discouraged and homesick, but I would not let my old father and mother know it. I struggled on for some months in this way, and at the end of that time my bank account was only fifty dollars. I had never been "stage struck," nor was I now, but I longed to find something with which I could earn better pay and at the same time get away from the dull monotonous life of a clerk.

A friend took me to a moving-picture show one night, and I suddenly thought of a scheme. I had always had some dramatic and elocutionary abilities. A lady gave her film-talks that evening, and I thought I would try and see what I could do in that line. At any rate I was not going to be a clerk any longer. The next day was Saturday. I resigned my place that night when my pay check was given me.

I then began to look around to find the names of the various moving picture show managers. At last I found one who was looking for someone to read some poems for him. "Would he give me a trial?" "Yes," I was to come at two o'clock on that afternoon and show what I could do. I was all eagerness. I hastened home and pulled down the books of poetry until I found the one required. I read and re-read and committed to memory. I paced the floor up and down my room preparing for the "try out." I wished, however, that he had said the next day, as that would have afforded time for my nerves to quiet down a little after the unexpected shock of success.

At two o'clock I was promptly on hand. I was all eagerness to begin at once, but the manager seemed to have forgotten me entirely. He was reviewing the scenes at his various shows, and I followed him about from one to the other, just missing him each time by about five minutes. Finally after two or three hours' chase I found him. He told me where to go, and I waited with wildly beating heart for the time when I should be ordered on the stage.

The ordeal was the first of its kind I had ever gone through. The house was crowded. I knew the proprietor was there criticizing every word and gesture. I was so frightened that my knees threatened to give way and let me fall. I held on to the side-scenery of the stage. My voice broke and my words trembled from my lips. I was rushing on at break-neck speed with little expression and less meaning. The audience tolerated me for a time, but as my words continued to jumble together an audible whisper began to go through the audience. Finally some

occasional applause was heard, and at last, when they were about to clap me off of the stage, I came to my senses. I halted a little in my speed and read more slowly and comprehensively until the close. I did not have the courage to go and see that man. I had failed and I knew it. There was no need of being told so. But I was undaunted nevertheless.

I went to another man. I had more courage now. I was determined to succeed. This time I was more successful. After much, as I thought, unnecessary delay, I was assigned a place as reader of a poem and for two moving-picture scenes. I was to receive thirty dollars a week and travelling expenses. Oh, how happy I was! My territory was to be in the surrounding country, within a circle of a hundred miles or so of the city.

Here was my longed for ambition to travel to be gratified. A salary of one hundred and twenty dollars a month and transportation expenses was rather gratifying to a high-school girl graduate of nineteen.

I soon came to feel quite at ease with the work and enjoyed it. I had much spare time of my own in the towns where there were no afternoon matinees. With the whole day to do as I liked, I wandered at will here and there, saw all the sights in the towns I went to, and often took long strolls out into the country. I was a farmer girl in spirit yet, and I hungered for the quiet peace of pastoral scenes. It was a desire which had seldom been gratified during those long hard months in the city store.

Where there were public libraries I read and studied

of travelling all alone, with no companion of my own tastes. There were often girls and sometimes young men who sang and danced at these shows, but they were usually not of the type I cared to associate with. It was only rarely that I found one who, like myself, was using this as a stepping-stone to better things.

They had reached the goal of their ambition and I could not come down to their dead level of flippancy and stage slang. I preferred the companionship of my book to theirs, and as a result was sometimes dubbed "book-worm" and "select" and other similar terms. I never allowed these to trouble me much, however, for they were of little consequence to me.

I was now launching out for myself, and my first business venture lay with much dignity and no little concern upon my shoulders. I took out with me five hundred books on the three subjects which I was to present. I had arrangements to have others shipped to the various towns, and to wire at any time I saw my supply running low.

My assistant and I canvassed assiduously during the day. I had "flyers" or handbills printed, which we left at every house, and always carried a supply of tickets with us which we tried to sell if possible. As a result, we had a crowded house every night. When my three or four nights at one place had expired, as the case might be, I immediately went to the other house and began canvassing for the book which corresponded to that subject. I tried to improve the moral tone of these cheap shows to something better and more instructive than mere vaudeville. I therefore got the goodwill of the best class of people, and I always had something amusing and entertaining for the other classes.

I kept daily ads. running in all the papers. My profits were from ten to twenty dollars a night on the average from my entertainments, and I was clearing about five dollars a day from my books. This was making money to an extent that I had never dreamed of on the old farm.



MRS. ARTHUR MARKHAM.  
The wife of Mr. Arthur Basil Markham, M.P., Mrs. Markham is a daughter of Captain A. B. Cunningham.

I set out to get an education, and I intend to do it. I am going abroad this summer to see the Passion Play, and upon my return shall enter Chicago University with the hope of a finishing-course at Radcliffe.

I shall not drop my work entirely, however. I shall give some film-talks in the city during the winter, and shall continue to write moving-picture plays, which I began to do when I needed them for my own use, but will now compose them for others as well. I hope to come out of college with my bank account little decreased. That will be a nice sum for a rainy day, and after that I can enjoy life on what I make.

I have enjoyed my work—loved it. It has brought out the best there is in me, and made of me another person. I now have self-confidence and ease, and I know the essentials of a business career. The training which I have gained out of this experience is such as no business school or commercial college could give in years.

What I lack and what I shall now seek to obtain is the higher culture and broader vision to be gained from a university education. I do not need it to earn a livelihood, but for the better enjoyment of what I can make.

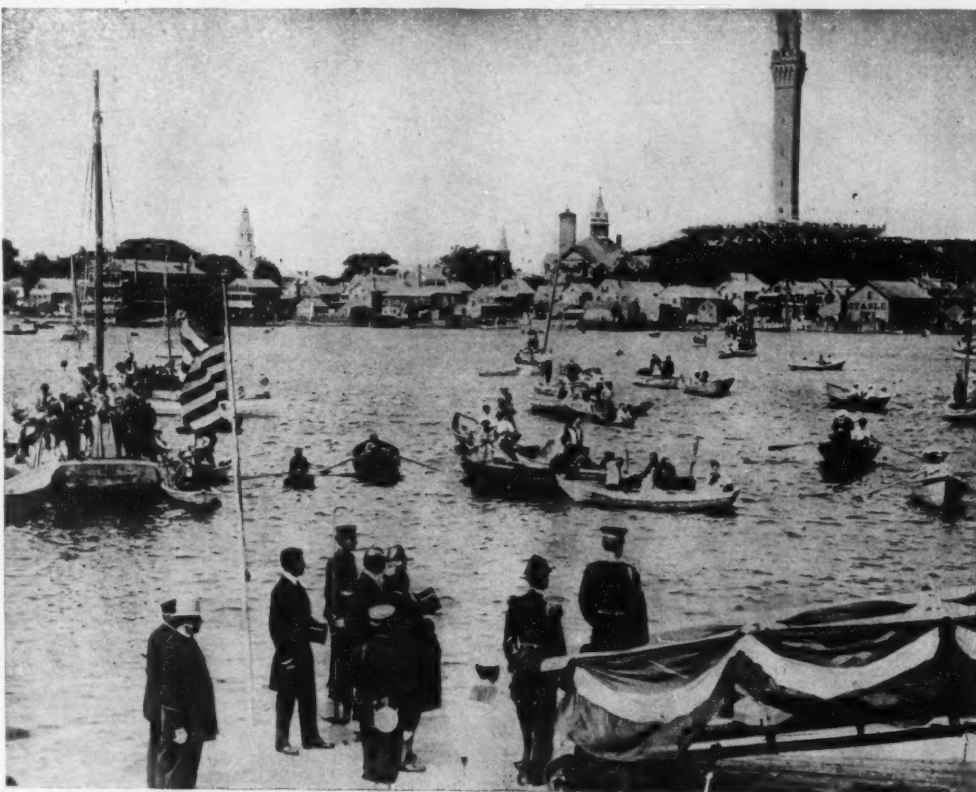
I believe that the opportunity for a girl to earn money for an education is greater to-day than ever before, but the fault with the average girl is that she lacks courage and has not the confidence in her ability essential to her success. Too many are ready and willing to remain mere clerks and amanuenses, and have not spunk enough to get out and hustle for themselves.

I attribute my success to the ability to see and grasp an opportunity. Any girl can do it if she will try. It is no secret power or gift, just a little common sense and good judgment and a willingness to work.

### A Daughter of "Macallum More."

THE Duke of Argyll's sister, Lady Victoria Campbell, who died recently, took very little interest in the excitements of London Society, and her visits to town were exceedingly rare for a woman in her position. She was, indeed, something of a recluse—a warm-hearted spinster, whose whole career was given over to good works; performed, for the most part, in a distant corner of the country, "far from the madding crowd."

Lady Victoria lived nearly all her life on the island



DEDICATION OF THE MAYFLOW MONUMENT.  
View of Provincetown, Mass., showing the monument on the hill, and the scene on the waterfront when President Taft arrived for the dedication of this memorial to the passengers of the Mayflower.

much, but many towns were poorly equipped with these, and then I always had a book handy to pass the time between "acts." But I found this rather tiresome when kept up all day long.

Finally, I determined to spend this time to my own financial gain. I purchased a jobber's lot of books on subjects dealing with my line of readings and film-talks. I sold these at a profit of one hundred per cent. in the towns where I was. I always called the attention of each person to the fact that the same subject was being explained at the theatre. I soon saw that this was bringing out more people. The managers were reaping more profits, and I was adding about five dollars a week more to my savings.

As time passed I became more proficient as a book-cannasser, and I increased this to eight and ten dollars a week. I could see that I was winning a better place with the managers for they wanted me back again. The crowds had asked for me, and I was thus establishing myself in my trade. I now asked the managers to give me a per centage of all tickets sold, and I always took a roll with me when I was out canvassing. I was now making half as much on the side as I was with my regular salary.

The next time I was back in Chicago I called upon all the jobbers and took an inventory of their stock. I then did the same with the various slide-makers and moving-picture dealers. I worked up two or three good features, upon which I felt that I could give an entertaining talk.

I was again sent out upon my route, this time with a raise of salary because of my proficiency and the demand for my services back again in places where I had once been. This time I made a definite arrangement with the managers of the moving-picture shows, whereby I was to provide the entire entertainment for the evening, stand half of the advertising, and receive fifty per cent. of the proceeds. I engaged with two or three men in the same town for the various subjects upon which I was prepared to give entertainments.

When I returned to Chicago again, I had three months' engagements made in advance. I immediately resigned my position from my employer's service much to his disgust and chagrin, and went at once in search of a girl also in need of money for an education, who would assist me both as book-cannasser and ticket-seller or collector at the door. Such girls were not hard to find, but those who were willing to get down to hard work and stay with it were scarce. They were all looking for snaps, none objected to taking the tickets or the money when the crowds came, but the canvassing and the hustling for these crowds was too much like hard work, and they shirked that. I finally found one who seemed promising, but she was older than myself. I hesitated to dictate to her for that reason. After a better acquaintance, I found her quite ready to be dictated to, and a very agreeable companion she was. This obviated the very thing which had been troubling me throughout the work, the necessity



DEDICATION OF THE MAYFLOW MONUMENT.  
Some of the distinguished guests on the platform at the dedication by President Taft of the monument to the passengers of the Mayflower at Provincetown, Mass. From left to right those in the front row are: Hon. G. Von L. Meyer, Secretary of the Navy; Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard; Governor Draper, of Massachusetts; Mr. Sears; President Taft; Mrs. Taft; and Senator Lodge.

In the meantime, I was making engagements for my next route.

The next time I went out I had three girls instead of one. My entertainments were something entirely new, and in one or two instances, when I could find nothing desirable for my needs, I wrote a short play to suit my purpose. In two instances I wrote my own book for the purpose, and had it printed at my own expense. These cost me about five cents each on the three thousand, and I sold them for twenty-five, thus making about five hundred dollars on the deal.

I sent my old father and mother at home fifteen hundred dollars to pay for the education they had given me in the country and high school, and the remainder I put in the bank. To-day my bank account is measured by four figures, and the first figure is neither one nor two.

My three years' experience with the work convinces me that I could make a fortune by continuing with it, but

of Tiree, a remote islet off the West Coast of Scotland. The inhabitants of Tiree, numbering about 2,000, almost worshipped her. Nearly all her time was sacrificed to the pleasure and profit of the islanders. Until recently, her labor of love was hampered by a defective knowledge of the islanders' language, so she secured the services of a school-master and thoroughly mastered "the Gaelic," a by-no-means easy accomplishment. Lady Victoria, being greatly interested in nursing, wished to provide competent nurses for the sick islanders. She therefore addressed a letter to them on the subject, written entirely in the Gaelic tongue, and signed, "Victoria, daughter of Macallum More."

The Episcopal women in Nebraska will be allowed to vote in church affairs if the amendment of the constitution adopted at the recent annual diocesan meeting is approved at the next year's meeting.



MRS. DIGTON PROBYN.  
The wife of Captain Dighton Probyn is a daughter of the late General Sir Francis Seymour, and a well-known figure in London society.



## Old Friends and New



### Evolution.

I am the past and the present  
And the future fused in one,  
The full of the moon and its crescent,  
The dusk and the dawn of the sun,  
The shimmer of seas at floodtide,  
The shifting of sands ashore,  
The waving of inland forests—  
I am all these and more.

I stand at the hearted centre  
Of the undivided all,  
Hearing the hum of the ages  
And the transient sparrow's call.  
The eerie anthems chanted  
By the spirit voices vast  
To me are a native language  
Merged in the moan of the blast.

Sing, O bird of the azure!  
Sigh, O breeze of the deep!  
Ye are my voices given  
To the kindly spirits' keep.  
I rule the wind on the mountain,  
I sway the star and the sea;  
The mist of the dew and the fountain  
Are the visible breath of me.

I strike the livid lightnings  
Out of the vaporous gloom;  
I make the sunshine quicken  
And gardens burst abloom;  
I am life and dissolution—  
I kill and I recreate;  
I play with passion's arrows;  
I fling the shafts of fate.

I am the one sure purpose  
Where to all change is bound,  
All fact, all force, all being  
In the universal round.  
I bear my myriad legions,  
Made one by sovereign's will,  
To space's utmost regions  
And find me master still.

No atom shall escape me:  
All things that be I mould  
To my sole single fashion,  
Still new yet ever old.  
I fare undeviating  
From simple truth sublime.  
I sweep on unassisted.  
My meaneast slave is Time.

—Robertus Love.

### The Sea Ritual.

Prayer unsaid, and mass unsung,  
Dead man's dirge must still be rung:  
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells sound!  
Mermen chant his dirge around!

Wash him bloodless, smooth him fair,  
Stretch his limbs, and sleek his hair:  
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells go!  
Mermen swing them to and fro!

In the wormless sand shall he  
Feast for no foul gluten be:  
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells chime,  
Mermen keep the tone and time!

We must with a tombstone brave  
Shut the shark from out the grave:  
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells toll!  
Mermen dirges ring his knoll!

Such a slab will we lay o'er him,  
All the dead shall rise before him!  
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells boom!  
Mermen lay him in his tomb!

—George Darley.



SARAH BERNHARDT.

A recent portrait of the great French actress, who is now devoting a great deal of her attention to sculpture.

### Odd Wedding Places.

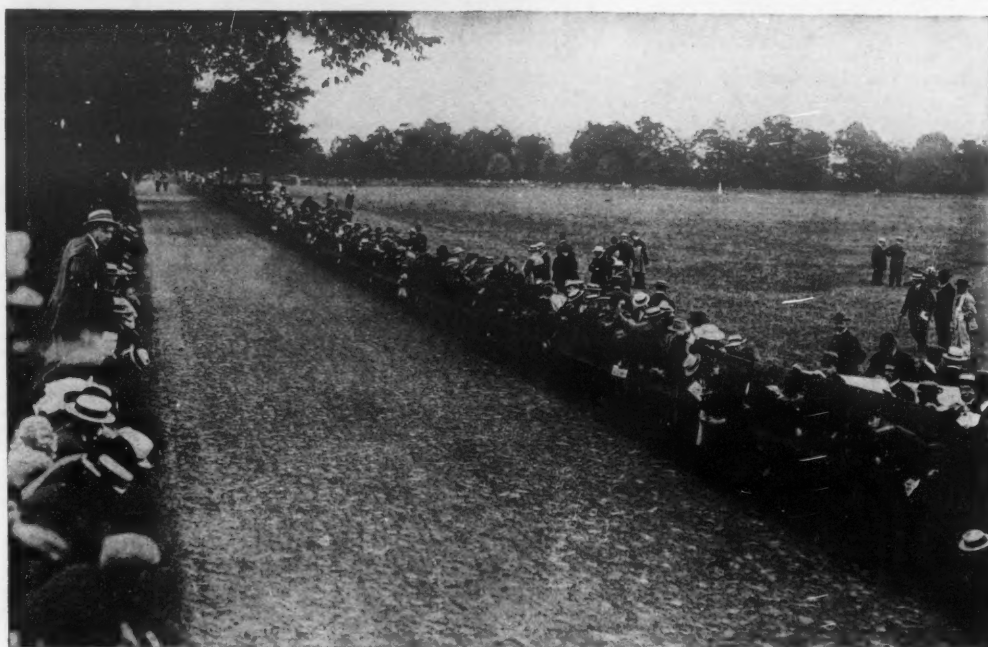
ALTHOUGH the vast majority of brides and bridegrooms are quite content to have the nuptial knot tied in church, there are a few who prefer it fastened in an odd environment. To be "spliced" on a swinging trapeze would not be every one's choice, yet that was the scene selected on one occasion by two couples of circus performers. The contracting parties, gorgeously arrayed, climbed on to two aerial perches, one on each side of the ring, while the officiating magistrate stood on a pyramid in the centre and conducted the service. In 1897 a wedding occurred in a still more curious and dangerous place—in a lion's cage at the Boston Zoo. Something like four thousand people witnessed the event, a Methodist clergyman conducting it. The reverend gentleman, however, stood outside the cage, and at the proper moment the bride and bridegroom followed the keeper into the cage, which contained two large lions, and the steel-barred door was closed behind them. The whole thing was over in five minutes, but it must have seemed years to the couple, considering that the lions walked round the cage staring at the unusual sight, and then laid down, roaring and yawning alternately. On another occasion the couple had the romantic idea of being married inside the head of the colossal figure of the Goddess of Liberty which stands in New York Harbor. The head being a hollow chamber, the feat was made feasible and

### The Doom of the Swallow.

THAT is bad news and sad which comes from rural France about the rapid diminution in the number of swallows which make their summer home in that country. The Temps is devoting several of its long articles in its delightful "Vie de la Campagne" series to it. Year after year more empty nests vainly await the return of the migrant birds, and this year those who did return were later in coming than in any former year in the memory of living man owing to the severe weather in April and May.

There is well grounded fear that the entire race of swallows will disappear and M. Cunisset-Carnot in these articles examines into the causes of the present state of things, with the view, perchance, of arresting the decrease of one of the most beautiful and interesting of all the birds who help to make up the charm of the summer in European countries.

The cause for the rapid decrease in the number of swallows, it is pointed out, is either natural or preventable. The chief natural causes threatening the birds are the dangers they encounter on their long annual journeys from east to west and back again and atmospheric conditions to which they are subject and the epidemics which no living thing can escape. But, argues the writer, these causes have always existed—long before the present rapid decrease in the number of the birds was noticed. Hence



RACING AT THORNCLIFFE PARK.

View of the crowd and stretch during the Whippet race at Thorncliffe Park, the beautiful stock farm of Mr. Robert Davies, on Saturday last. This race, which was for 200 yards, was won by Flying Scud, owned by G. G. Mitchell.

was duly carried out, after the bridal party had mounted the three thousand feet of narrow stairs to reach their destination.

Marriages have now and again taken place on horseback, one such being between an eloping couple some years back. While a service was in progress in a village church the noise of clattering hoofs was heard. An official going to the entrance found a man and woman mounted on palpitating animals. After some persuasion, as the pair were armed with the necessary authority, the clergyman promptly married them, the lovers not dismounting during the process. As soon as it was ended they put spurs to their horses and galloped away into the darkness. Another instance was afforded by a country gentleman who was so enamored of hunting that he resolved not to kneel at the ceremony but to go through the marriage performance while seated on the back of his favorite horse. The bride being also a keen rider to hounds at once agreed, and she and all the rest of the wedding party appeared similarly mounted. The gentlemen wore red coats and top boots and the ladies riding habits; when the knot had been tied a regular hunt breakfast was partaken of.

Carriages, too, have sometimes been brought into requisition as marriage places. An American couple whose honeymoon was to be passed in Europe conceived the notion of being made one just before the boat sailed. Hiring a carriage and pair and accompanied by a magistrate they started for the wharf a few minutes before the ship's departure. As the horses were tearing along at a rapid rate the magistrate went through the marriage ceremony and the couple left the vehicle husband and wife. They had scarcely time to scramble on board the liner ere it started on its voyage across the Atlantic. A Melbourne merchant was also married in a carriage, his nuptials being celebrated in an atmosphere of romance. At the time he was more or less hors de combat in a private hospital, but even there Cupid made his presence known. So much so that the merchant and one of the nurses fell in love with one another and determined to marry. The nurse managed to smuggle her patient into a carriage in which they drove to a neighboring village, where the minister came out to the carriage and in it they were married. But a more odd conveyance in which to get spliced was a perambulator. The bridegroom had been crippled and deformed since birth, and to meet the difficulty the registrar married him in his pram, in which he was afterward wheeled home by the bride.

So far, it would seem, marriages have not been performed in motor cars or flying machines, although one may rest assured that they will soon be utilized for such purposes. Before now the clouds have witnessed wedding ceremonies. Some years ago a balloon was turned into a church and a happy though nervous couple made husband and wife therein. During the Chicago World's Fair some years ago the Ferris Wheel, of which the Big Wheel at Earl's Court was a near relative, was one of the chief attractions, and an enterprising couple elected to be married in it. Accordingly they were united two hundred and fifty feet above the heads of the gaping and interested crowd. And, as there is no accounting for tastes, it is not surprising to learn that even the bowels of the earth have been chosen for a wedding. Such an event in a coal mine would be a matter-of-fact affair in comparison with a marriage in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, whose wonders and creepiness have been pictured by many pens until the reader has been made almost nervous by the descriptions. Nevertheless this eerie cave was the scene of a knot tying. It was performed by the light of torches, which made the darkness of the cave if anything more intense, the spot selected being something like nine miles from the entrance to the cave and only reached by crossing Styxlike waters and crawling on hands and knees.



AN OLD FASHION.

An interesting picture of a pair of ancient pattens which were used in the good old days before the advent of rubbers.

that the right eye is the indicator for the right part of the body, and the left eye the indicator for the left half.

The new system of diagnosis is said to have been discovered by Prof. Peozely, of Poland, who in his boyhood caught an owl that had broken its right leg. The boy noticed a black stripe in the right eye. He kept the bird and found that when the fracture was quite well the black line disappeared.

Ophthalmic surgeons in London do not agree with it. That certain forms of disease, both of the brain and of the body, have their manifestation in the eye, they readily, of course, admit, but beyond this definitely ascertained fact they are not prepared to go, except to point out that there is also this relation between the ophthalmic surgeon's work and general medicine, that patients who come to consult the former have frequently to be sent, not to the eye hospital, but to the general physician. The appearance of the eye, therefore, has only, it is allowed, a general place in medicine, and certainly nothing like so definite as the Norwegian doctor suggests.

Dr. F. W. Forbes Ross, the well-known surgeon, said: "The eye is particularly fond of registering kidney diseases, but I never knew," he said, "that the right eye governed the right kidney in this respect, or the left eye the left kidney. Nor have I ever heard that a broken arm will be shown in the eye. One thanks Providence that it does not so manifest itself, because it would be exceedingly unfortunate if a broken arm caused a change to take place in the eye."

"A change in the eye cannot rapidly take place without some disturbance of the organ itself, and, if this theory of response were carried sufficiently far, a man who met with a bad accident to two limbs might run the risk of blindness in addition."

"I will not say, however," Dr. Forbes Ross added, "that Dr. Andersson and Dr. Peozely have not discovered something, because discoveries in medicine and medical life are so various and so wonderful that one must not be surprised at anything, even though these discoveries may subsequently turn out to be all fustian. He,



RACING AT THORNCLIFFE PARK.

Mr. R. R. Shiebe winning the Galloway Steeplechase on Viking at Mr. Robert Davies' stock-farm on Saturday last.

there must be some other cause. Where are we to look for it?

As yet science has no answer to this question, but there is some idea that a cholera-like epidemic to which other birds are prone attacks the swallows and causes them to die in large numbers. But a much more likely cause of the gradual disappearance of the birds is the barbarity by which unnumbered swallows are wilfully destroyed, either because they are supposed to do harm to crops or from sheer lust of killing or because their nests under the eaves offend the housewife's sense of cleanliness. "The manner in which we treat the birds," it is pointed out, "is disconcerting for its stupidity and its wickedness."

The writer justifies the strong terms he uses by telling of a recent experience he had while walking past a charming country house in a corner of the Maritime Alps. Under the eaves were scores of uninhabited swallows' nests and on asking the reason of the owner of the house the latter replied:

"Yes, oh, yes, we had plenty of swallows even up to the last few years. I assure you it was amusing, they used to perch on the cornice and you could kill as many as you liked. And over there on the parapet on the bridge across the stream they used to sit some days in long rows talking together. You could kill eight or ten with one shot. It is curious, but there are hardly any now." "And what, pray, do you do with the birds when you have killed them?" the visitor asked. "Why, of course we eat them! They are not as good as nightingales or robins, but it's game, anyhow."

Meanwhile some of the large newspapers in the south of France are taking up the cause of the swallows, and M. Cunisset-Carnot, in the Temps, ranges himself on their side with his eloquent articles, which he ends with the following appeal to authority: "Together with all farmers, all bird lovers and all who are attracted by the charm and grace, the joy and beauty, which the swallow adds to our country. I ask myself whether it is not time for the wise legislator to interfere seriously in order to put an end to this regrettable survival of barbarism."

### Tell-Tale Eyes.

THAT the eye tells its tales we all know, but it is a new theory that we read to-day that "all diseases and injuries are registered on the iris, either by color, spots or lines, each organ of the body being connected with the iris and having its representative place there."

This theory was mentioned at the International Electro-Homoeopathy Congress, now being held in London, by Dr. W. Andersson, of Norway, who further stated

indeed, would be a rash medico who would deny that something wonderful can be discovered by a colleague with a vivid imagination."

For many years Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who is now well past middle life, has devoted herself chiefly to the practice of law and has won a wide reputation as a lawyer. She is a familiar figure before the Supreme Court of the United States, and her sex has apparently been no handicap in her practice. She recently paid a visit to Tennessee for the purpose of settling claims in connection with the distribution of funds granted Cherokee Indians and their descendants in exchange for their lands.



MARRIED TO A PEER'S SON.

Miss Ethel Lewis recently left the stage to be married to Mr. Francis Godfrey Pearson, the eighteen-year-old son of Sir Westman Pearson, who figured among the new peers in the recent birthday honors. The marriage took place very quietly. The bridegroom is the youngest of three sons, and his sister is Lady Denman.



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# TORONTO SOCIETY

AT THE residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McDonald, Listowel, at high noon, Wednesday, August the third, the marriage of their daughter, Margaret, to Dr. Ralph Lederman, of Milverton, was solemnized by the Rev. D. W. S. Urquhart, pastor of Knox Church. The bridal party entered the drawing-room to the strains of Wagner's wedding march from "Lohengrin," played by Miss Bess Doherty, of Clinton, and took their places under an arch of roses and ferns. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very charming, in a gown of white crepe de chene, trimmed with point de venise lace and a long tulle veil arranged with orange blossoms. A bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley was carried. Her sister, Lillian, as maid of honor, was gowned in bisque Liberty satin and carried a shower bouquet of pink roses and maiden-hair fern. Little Mary Stoddart, a niece of the bride, was a dainty little flower girl with her basket of pink sweet peas. The groom was attended by his brother, Dr. Sangster Lederman, of Berlin. During the signing of the register, Miss Kate Scott, of Clinton, sang "Love's Coronation."

The ceremony was followed by a reception by the bride's mother, the bride and bridegroom leaving later for Muskoka. The bride travelled in a shantung costume with tuscany hat to match.

Among the out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Stoddart and family, Elora; Mr. John H. McDonald, Jr., Winnipeg, Man.; Mr. Julian V. McDonald, Fergus; Mrs. Chas. Lederman, Miss Agnes Lederman, Miss Gertha Lederman, Dr. Sangster Lederman, Berlin; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nichol and Miss Margaret Nichol, Ottawa; Mrs. Stanley Riggs and Miss Marjorie Riggs, Stettin, Alta.; Miss Kate Scott, Miss Bess Doherty, Clinton; Miss Marion Coates, Goderich, and Miss Cora Messer, Bluevale.

C. W. Scott and family, of 13 Admiral Road, are spending the summer at the seaside, being in Cape May, New Jersey.

The engagement is announced between Miss Mame Kenning, eldest daughter of A. Kenning, Esq., of Galt, and Mr. Sydney B. Roberts, second son of the late Dr. Wm. Roberts, of N. Wales, England.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Peacock, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Fraser, have returned to their homes in Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, after having spent an enjoyable time visiting at the home of Mrs. Peacock's mother, Mrs. Robert C. Wilson, 254 Rusholme Road.

The engagement is announced of Miss Sarah May Davey, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Davey, of Toronto, to Boulton Ramsay Kean, of Orillia. The marriage will take place the latter part of August.

"Hot Air Camp," at Point Donnelly-on-the-Lake, the pretty summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Donnelly, of St. Catharines, known for its genuine hospitality far and near, with its pretty lawns, golf links, and tennis court, was the scene of a gay house party over the holiday. A few noticed among the many visitors were: Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Chaplin, St. Catharines; Mrs. H. Ford, Winnipeg; Miss Marion Lewis, Philadelphia; Miss Viola Chaplin, Miss Alma Chaplin, Miss Elliott, Miss Lancaster, and Miss Christie, all of St. Catharines; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Brittain, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. B. Applegate, Toronto; Mr. Wm. Quackenbush, Port Dalhousie; Mr. H. B. Lancaster, M.P., St. Catharines; Major Burleigh, Capt. Stevens, Lieuts. Weller and Lancaster, R. M. C., Mr. George Tinlan, Mr. Jos. Ridle, and Mr. Norman C. McEachern, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cruso, and Mr. E. C. Rutherford, with Miss A. Rutherford, are at the Royal, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Macfarland and family, Miss Culver, Miss Helen Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Mather, with their family, are at Delphi Inn, Fields, Ont.

Miss Lillian Mason, of Winnipeg, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Lorne Fear, of Spadina Ave., who, with her small son, has returned to town after spending a few weeks at St. Catharines.

The marriage of Miss Margaret A. Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Campbell, of 240 Jarvis street, and Mr. A. E. V. Harbun, was celebrated in Bond street Congregational Church on Wednesday, 3rd August, at 11 a.m. Rev. J. A. Miller, Riverdale Presbyterian Church, officiating. The bride, who looked very handsome, wore her travelling costume of blue cloth and a tan toque, moorish shape, trimmed with blue, she carried a lovely bouquet of lilies of the valley and white roses and wore the groom's gift, a necklet set with pearls and amethysts. The ceremony was very quiet and non-choral. There were no attendants, and the guests were limited to relatives.



THE QUEEN'S SISTER-IN-LAW.  
Princess Alexander of Teck, whose husband is Queen Mary's brother, was, prior to her marriage, Princess Alice of Albany. She is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria.



THE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.  
Miss Lillian Joanna Vera Boyle, daughter of Major Charles John Boyle, was married last year to Lord Macclesfield, who is a lieutenant in the Territorial forces. Lord Macclesfield is only twenty-one.

tives. There were many handsome gifts from relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Harbun left on the 12.5 train for Muskoka, where the honeymoon will be spent, on their return they will reside at their new home, 118 Emerson Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Grant, of Perth, announce the marriage of their second daughter, Annie Conseulo, to Charles C. H. Siddoris Gray, son of the late Lieut.-Col. Frost-Wood Gray, of Quebec, at Perth, on Saturday, August the sixth.

The Misses Edna and Bertha McKee, Walmer Road, and Miss Dora Horne, Charles Street, accompanied by Miss Minelley, left this week for an extended trip to the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Morse Fillers, Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hood, Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Campbell and Mr. A. Finlayson are at "Skerryvore," Point au Baril.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wardrope, of Belleville, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Miss Ethel M. Wardrope, to Major J. A. Little, of Port Arthur. The marriage to take place in the autumn.

Mr. Eugene Coste, Mr. George Tate Blackstock, Mr. W. H. Brouse and Miss Marjorie Brouse, Mr. Geo. W. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Jarvis, Mr. John B. Kilgour, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gooderham, and Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. John Northway, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Sellers, Mr. J. J. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Mackenzie, Mr. Robert Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parker, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cox, Mr. L. Plummer, Mr. Geo. D. Scott, Mr. A. H. Blight and Mr. G. P. Grant are some town people who have been staying at the "Cliffs" during the week.

Mrs. W. H. Shoenberger is at her summer home on Spook Island, Gore's Landing. Her daughters, Mrs. Tate and the Misses Shoenberger, after a six-months' tour of Europe, have returned and joined their mother.

Miss Rutherford is staying with Mrs. J. C. Grace at the Baley, Sturgeon Point.

Dr. and Mrs. Percy Goldsmith, are guests of Mrs. A. L. Davis, at her summer home, Stony Lake.

Rev. Canon O'Meara, of Wycliffe College, with his family, are at "Bona Vista," on the Lake of Bays.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bliss, of New York, were at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club on Sunday afternoon in their famous yacht, "The Emerald," en route for the Thousand Islands. They came via Hudson River, Erie Canal, Buffalo and the Welland Canal. Since their visit of last summer to Toronto, the Emerald has been lengthened fifteen feet, and now measures nearly sixty feet. It is beautifully fitted up for a long cruise.

Mrs. Weldon and Miss Ida Weldon, who are spending a few months abroad, are at present visiting Lucerne, Switzerland.

Miss Daisy Graham Pearson, of Winnipeg, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Miller, of Springhurst Ave.

The next Royal Canadian Yacht Club dance will take place on Tuesday evening, August 16th.

Mrs. and Miss Cooke, of Franby Avenue, have gone to Roche's Point, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cooke, Cedar Grove, Villa, for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon K. Cowan, who have recently come to town to live, and have been staying at the Alexandra Palace, have taken a large apartment there. They have gone to Lake Champlain for a few weeks, and later intend going to Lake Temagami.

Mrs. D. D. Mann invited, through Canon Dixon and his co-workers, about sixty mothers and their children to Fallingbrook on Tuesday. The party were taken by special cars from the corner of Trinity and King streets, by way of Kingston road, to the beautiful grounds. After a glorious afternoon of enjoyment and pleasure, a grand feast was arranged on the lawn, beneath the trees, by Mrs. Syer and her assistants. After full justice had been done to the good things, a vote of thanks for the royal time was enthusiastically applauded. Mrs. Mann, by her kindness and hospitality, gave an afternoon of unmixed joy to many tired and hard-worked souls.



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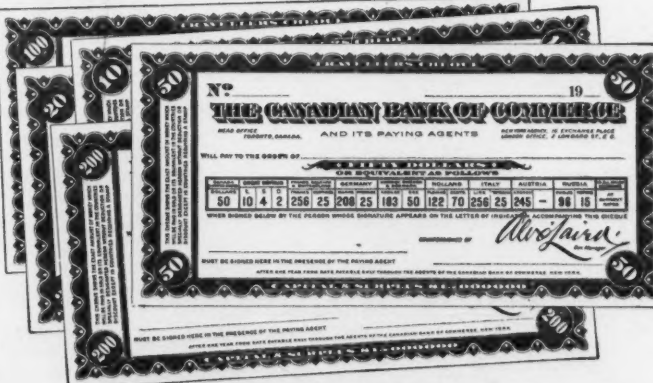
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## THE THIN BLACK LINE

(Continued from page 25.)

past was J. Israel Tarte, who never ceased to regard himself as a member, and who even in his later days used to go up every now and then and occupy his old seat in the Gallery. Nicholas Flood Davin was also one of the "boys" for years before he became a member of Parliament, and became one again the year before he died. Hon. Thomas White was one of the earlier presidents of the Gallery, and held that position for ten years. Robert White, the collector of Customs for the port of Montreal, was also a member. Hon. E. G. Penny was another old-timer and occupied the presidency. But the list could be extended almost at will, including as it does even such national celebrities as Billy McLean, of the Toronto World, and George Ham, of the C. P. R. and Canada.

But one must make an end somewhere, even with the temptation to tell of the merry quips and pranks at Gallery dinners—the best function of the kind at each session—and to give some of the reminiscences of those ancient times when old Sir John Macdonald used to drop in to chat with the "boys," like the shrewd politician he was; and when Sir Richard Cartwright, then a powerful athlete, used to put on the gloves with such of the scribes as would venture to oppose his prowess. In fact, there was one big man, R. L. Richardson, of The Winnipeg Tribune, whom Sir Richard put down and out with one mighty wallop in one of these improvised mills.

Also one would like to tell something about the men who are making the Press Gallery a great influence in Canadian public life to-day. But there only remains space to say that they are the best lot of newspapermen in Canada, and jolly good fellows, to boot. Which last statement is not to be regarded as containing anything of unduly convivial implication. P.O.D.

## George Meredith's Pride.

IN Harper's Magazine for April, Ford Madox Hueffer, continuing his articles on the Pre-Raphaelites, gives what he says is the real reason Meredith left Tudor House and its Bohemian tenants. Only a few days ago or so, I quoted a very different reason from Meredith's own lips, as reported by Mr. Edward Clodd. "Pray kill, as you have the chance," he had said, "the fiction that Rossetti and I lived together. I did agree to join him but the ménage was too disorderly for my work and my taste, so I paid a quarter's rent and the arrangement ended." Here is Mr. Hueffer's account of it.

"The Pre-Raphaelite painters and writers were attracted earlier than any other men by the merits and charms of Mr. Meredith's poems. From this connection sprang an acquaintanceship between Rossetti and Meredith, and the acquaintanceship led to the suggestion by Rossetti that Meredith should make a fourth in the household. This suggestion Meredith accepted. The arrangement was that each of the four men should contribute his share of the rent and household bills, but Mr. Meredith was at that time, in circumstances of an extreme poverty, and, while paying his rent, he was unable or unwilling to join in the household expenses. Thus he never appeared at table. This may have been because he disliked the food, but the Pre-Raphaelites imagined that he was starving himself for the sake of his pride. They attempted, therefore, by sending up small breakfast dishes to his room and by similar attentions, to provide him with some measure of comfort. It is possible that these dishes disgusted him, but it is still more possible that they disturbed his pride, which was considerable. According to Madox Brown, the end came one day when the benevolent poets substituted for the cracked boots which he put outside his door to be cleaned, a new pair of exactly the same size and make. He put on the boots, went out, and having forwarded a cheque for the quarter's rent, never returned again."

## A Canadian Pianist.

AN event of considerable interest to Canadian music-lovers took place recently, when Miss Jean Nesbitt, a gifted pupil of Tschetzky, and a native of Toronto, made her first London appearance in a pianoforte recital at Bechstein Hall. Miss Nesbitt, if she fulfils the promise displayed in her performance, will undoubtedly find herself in the illustrious company of great pianists, including Paderewski, Hambourg, Sabrilowitsch and Essi-



Miss Jean Nesbitt.

poiff, already launched from the school of the famous Vienna master. She is possessed of an adequate technique which has all the brilliance and polish which are the hall marks of pupils of Tschetzky, with little of the hardness which cultivation of these qualities is apt to produce; her tone is full and singing, and she has more than ordinary interpreting power. Her playing of Bach's Italian Concerto was marked by a keen sense of rhythm, neat execution and artistic phrasing, which aroused immediate attention and interest. Her Beethoven (Moonlight Sonata), was marked by a sense of beauty and appreciation of the spirit of the music, and entirely free from false sentiment. The contrasts in this typical work were well judged and well controlled and the grace of phrasing was notable. Especially delightful was the poetic outlook as expressed in the Adagio. Her rendering of



A HOPPNER WHICH HAS FETCHED A RECORD PRICE. One of the sensations of the sale of Mr. R. W. Hudson's collection at Christie's was the record price of 7,550 guineas obtained for J. Hoppner's portrait of Miss Matilda Felding as a hurdy-gurdy player. In 1896 it was sold at Christie's for £1,550. The bidding the other day began at 1,000 guineas. The picture eventually fell to Mr. Charles Davis.

Chopin's Berceuse and Nocturne in F sharp were full of finesse and romance, and the A flat Ballades showed her emotional and dramatic power. Te Tucciole, from an Italian suite by Tschetzky was played by her with beautiful finish and delicacy of tone. MacDowell's little idyll "To a Water Lily," received a dainty rendering, and the Rubenstein Staccato Etude was a veritable tour-de-force.

## The Weight of a Flying Fly.

DOES a fly, buzzing about in the interior of a pail, without touching it, add to the weight of the pail? One would say, "Of course not"; yet trial shows that it does, although precise explanation seems to be wanting. A German engineer named Boenninger recently described, in a lecture at Frankfurt, as reported in Cosmos (Paris, March 19), some astonishing experiments along this line. We read:

"If we suspend from the pan of a balance an empty cylinder having a cover at each end, and place a fly on the interior wall of the cylinder, the weight of the fly will be added to that of the rest.

"If the fly leaves the side of the cylinder and flies into the interior, the balance is not disturbed. The weight of the fly is still in evidence, although not exerted directly. If now the upper lid be removed the fly's weight will still be recorded. If this lid be replaced and the lower one removed, the same is true, though the insect continues to fly about in the interior.

"But if both the lids be opened the equilibrium of the balance is disturbed and only the weight of the cylinder, without the fly, is recorded, although the insect is still within.

"We can not suppose that a descending current of air acts at a distance relatively so great, and this current could not transform its stored kinetic energy into pressure without loss.

"The most curious thing is that the fly still exerts its weight when the insect is just beneath the upper lid, the lower being open. It is precisely as if the fly were suspended from the lid.

"I find that this experiment supports the theory that we should consider the air, in a case like this, as a stretched spring that is made to vibrate; for the energy that disappears when the spring is stretched appears again when it is released. I believe that small models might be constructed to illustrate these phenomena."

## Catching a Giraffe.

A GIRAFFE is an ungainly creature even at home, and when he is wrested from his native soil and put up in the narrow confines of captivity his extraordinary length of limb and neck is very much in the way. It is said that there is one order that animal collectors never like to fill—that for a live giraffe.

Lions, tigers, and pythons are easy to capture compared with the giraffe. That long-legged, long-necked beast can see and hear a hunter miles away. Pitfalls are worse than useless, for a giraffe would be certain to break its legs or neck if it tumbled into one. A trap strong enough to hold the powerful creature would crush its delicate legs like pipestems.

There is but one way to take a giraffe alive, and that way is hard and tedious. Giraffes must be surrounded by drivers and chased until they bring up, weary and helpless, in a bamboo enclosure. It means a drive of many

miles lasting many days, for if they were driven into the pen in their first rush of terror they would dash in head-long and kill themselves.

When the giraffe is penned the work is only begun. The next great difficulty to overcome is the five hundred miles or more of wilderness to the nearest seaport. Men have tried to transport the great brutes by driving them, but the risk of accident is too great. The best method is to pen the giraffe in a bamboo cage open at the top, so that the head and shoulders can stick out. Then the cage is lashed to great bamboo poles from twenty to thirty feet long, and as many natives as are necessary lift the ends to their shoulders and give the queer beast a free ride to the ocean.

The problem of transportation, says Harper's Weekly, does not cease with the journey to the seaport. The shipping of the giraffe and the voyage are fraught with peril. The giraffe's legs break very easily; if he slips the fragile underpinnings double under him and snap. In transferring the animal from shore to ship his long, helpless neck may become tangled in the tackle or strike a spar, mast, or shroud, in which case good-bye to the giraffe.

The legs are not the only fragile portions of the giraffe anatomy. Catching a giraffe, therefore, is not an easy process, but the reward is great. If a collector succeeds in bringing home alive a good specimen, he may obtain almost any price in reason, inasmuch as this is the most costly wild animal of the menagerie.

## Women Police.

FROM numerous places comes the demand for women on the police force, but it is from the women themselves. It may be doubted that women would cover their sex with glory in the capacity of guardians of the peace. We might even say that it is doubtful if the experiment at Quincy will reflect credit upon those who are responsible for it. Unquestionably the right kind of woman would be of great moral benefit in her character of guardian of the morals of young girls. Dozens of girls in their teens are seen in every city at late hours of the night in places where girls should not be. If a woman whose business it would be to look after such children had the proper sense of discrimination she could do a vast amount of good by corralling them and taking them home to their mothers. But to give a stupid or a merely officious woman that power and privilege would entail endless scandal, and not a little trouble. Once in a while the police come along with an order to "move on" to some one who has a perfectly legitimate right to do otherwise. A woman too zealous in her efforts to preserve morals would make many mistakes, and in this way do more harm than good. Rather than have women police we should prefer that every mother constitute herself the guardian of her offspring. She should know at all times where her girl is and what she is doing. Many mothers insist that they are unable to control their daughters. That is the result of a system of "spoiling" from infancy. They never have enforced authority and discipline, and when their girls grow up they are wayward for the reason that they have always been so. The mother is to blame, for there are few girls who have been properly looked after at home who become wayward before they are out of short dresses.



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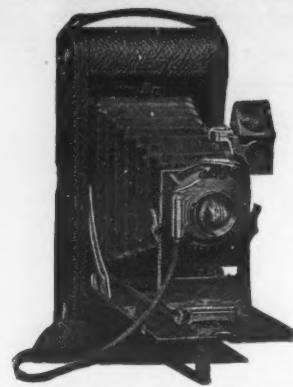
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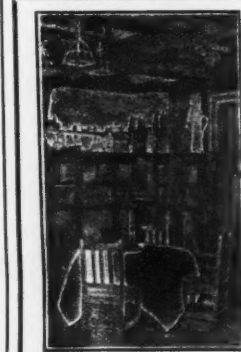
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Mrs. Charles Netcher of Chicago is acting manager and owner with her children of one of the largest department stores in the world. The store covers fifteen acres of floor space, represents an investment of more than \$15,000,000, and employs upward of 3,000 persons. Six years ago, when her husband died, the store occupied an old building. Mrs. Netcher has replaced it with a fire-proof structure more than five times as large as the old one. Besides managing her store, Mrs. Netcher is bringing up three sons and a daughter.



**Pullan's**  
"FOR STYLE"



**Pullan's  
Advance  
Display  
of Fall  
Suits, Coats  
Dresses**

This illustration sketched shows one of Pullan's smart autumn styles, following fashionable lines.

All are cordially invited to see the new Fall Models in stylish ladies' wear.

**M. Pullan & Sons**  
209 YONGE

**Longer Wear—  
Better Looks**

Nothing wears out clothes like carelessness on the part of the wearer. A little care will make your clothes last much longer and keep them looking nice—just an occasional cleaning.

With over thirty years' experience behind us we know we can please you with our work. It gives real satisfaction.

**R. PARKER & CO.**  
CLEANERS AND DYERS  
201 and 791 Yonge St.  
59 King St. W.  
471 and 1324 Queen St. W.  
277 Queen St. E.  
Toronto - Canada

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."



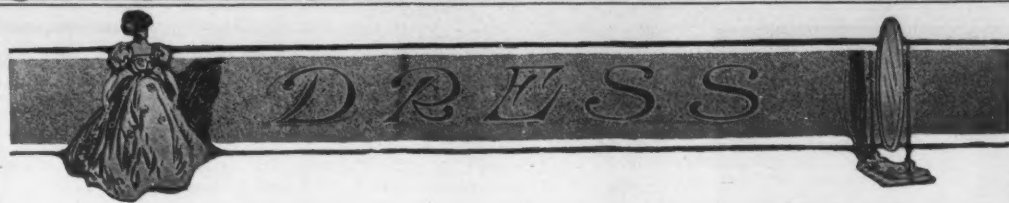
**BREDIN'S  
"HIGH BAKERS"  
LOAF**

This is a most delicious "toasting" loaf—the "texture" of it allows it to take on that rich, crisp and relishable golden brown without burning out any of the nutritious qualities of the bread.

It is a superior toasting loaf, and you will use no other for this universal breakfast dish when once you have tried the "high bakers."

Hail the "driver" for a sample loaf.

'Phone College 761 and Parkdale 1585.



### Comfort the Note.

COMFORT is the chief charm of this summer's fashions. Low-cut necks and ultra short sleeves of blouses, the scanty amount of material used in skirts, the craze for washable fabrics, the airiness of the headgear—all are cool as dress can be. None questions the consistency of the neckless, sleeveless garments, out of place on the streets, or the folly of the strictly tailored suit, worn with a blouse whose décolletage suggests the ballroom. In fact, it all seems quite the sensible thing when the mercury hovers about the 90 mark.

The banded skirt continues the feature of most interest. Every woman who now concerns herself about dress is wondering whether it will hold through the summer, and, if so, what will become of it in the autumn. The banded skirt, we are assured, will continue its course until fall, when it will give way to a new flounce even now being tried out in Paris, and a new drapery of American origin. In each a relationship to the banded skirt is directly traceable.

This new flounce will be narrow, seldom measuring more than nine inches in depth, and circular and plain, or straight and gathered. In either case, it will be applied to the skirt at some point below the knees, the most modish being two inches above a hem two and a half inches wide. The skirt itself is fitted about the hips, but cut with a good deal of fullness below. This fullness is gathered, or, in newer method, incorporated in fine plaits, the flounce being applied with a piping or other form of heading.

### Tendency to Low Drapery.

THE new drapery is as low as it is possible to have it, and is susceptible of interesting variations. In the original model this drapery consisted of a full width of silk, festooned over the hem, and caught at either side of the front with a smashing rosette that looked like a conventionalized sunflower. The ends were carried around, crossed one over the other in the back, and caught there loosely to the skirt.

This same tendency to low drapery is shown in another skirt that has, at the same time, the swishing effect of indoor frocks built of soft materials. This model, of mauve crepe de soie, embroidered in gold cord and silk of the same shade, was very long all around, and slashed up the front for the insertion of a narrow panel of a deeper shade of the mauve. Two or three inches below the knees the two edges of the skirt were drawn together across the panel and caught twice, with cartwheels of shirred silk. Otherwise, the skirt was plain, and, needless to say, clung closely to the figure.

The old-fashioned tie-back has come in again, to produce the desired drawn-in effect in gowns of supple materials. They are introduced in much the same old way, except that they are placed almost at ankle depth. Thus we shall have the "glide" walk instead of the "hobble" of the present, for it is impossible to walk naturally in either skirt, especially if it is the least exaggerated. Sometimes the tie-back is reinforced by a tape hung from the waistband to it at either side. By this means, the

skirt, or the tunic, is lifted a bit in drapery effect. It then presents a still more drawn-in appearance in front, but is, on the whole, more graceful.

### Dress Accessories.

THE fancy for wearing stockings the color of the belt, cap and coat trimmings with sporting getups originated at Biarritz this season, and America has been quick to adopt the pretty style. Girls who golf are wearing serge skirts with sailor blouses or Russian jackets, and the cap, belt and stockings are brighteners of otherwise sedate gear. A trig suit worn by a young matron at a golf club near this city the other day consisted of a white serge skirt, a white linen sailor blouse and a tie, cap, patent leather belt and stockings of royal blue.

Cretonne makes the collars, belts and trimmings of a good many smart little wool and linen getups seen in the country. And when the parasol is covered with the cretonne the effect is perfect, according to lovers of the style. That some of the color effects of the cretonne are lovely must be admitted. Not every woman knows that the upholstery department now carries materials for gown trimmings and that real old toile de Jouy patterns and colors are to be had in them. Hand-blocked cretonnes are plentiful and some of them done with blocks 100 years or more old are better for dress garnishments than for house furnishings. Among them are Paisley designs in the soft, rich old colors that cut into bands admirably.

The little belted coat is one of the smart things of the summer. The suit is of old rose linen with collar, cuffs and pocket lids of black satin. The skirt is perfectly plain and only wide enough to admit of an ordinary step. The plainness and simplicity of such suits is their only cachet, but the lines must be faultless in any severe costume or it becomes a thing to be deplored. Many a woman has heard "men folks" decry their wives' and daughters' use of elaborations where richer women went in for severe plainness, and know the difficulty of showing the masculine mind that the plain thing is the one that needs the highest-priced tailor or dressmaker. Any little "around the corner" dressmaker can turn out a garment that has trimmings to cover its defects.

There is a tendency just now to put trimmings on patches in out-of-the-way places, rather than in regular outlines. This is especially true in tailormades. Corners of coats, corners of skirt panels and even skirt hems are treated to bits of embroidery or braiding that give just the note of color or emphasis that may be needed. Sometimes, it must be admitted, such insets are used with no reason whatever for being, and then they might as well be dispensed with. The artist in clothes recognizes the need of elaboration or the line that is most attractive unimproved, but the majority of makers and wearers use trimmings as a sign of richness.

The most popular gloves for evening wear in London just now are either palest grey or white suede, while lemon-colored saxe gloves accompany all afternoon or visiting dresses, and reddish brown or grey pique kid gloves go with tailor-made costumes.



THE NEWEST COATS.

The first model which is intended for motor wear is of natural colored Shantung with trimming of striped blue and silk. The second which was designed for a race coat is in cream cloth combined with black satin.

**W.A. Murray & Co. Limited**  
(MURRAY-KAY, Limited)

57 Years' Growth in Merchandizing

During July and August this Store Opens at 8.30 a.m.  
Closes at 5 p.m. Saturday at 1 p.m.

## Sale of Handsome Imported Linen Costumes

A visit to our Mantle Department is well worth while. We have marked the balance of our stock, Suits, Coats and Dresses, at remarkably low prices, as we do not intend carrying over a single garment from our present stock of Summer attire.

Handsome New York and Paris Two-piece Models, developed in fine quality Irish and French Linen. Former prices up to \$85.00. Special August Sale price, \$47.50.

New York Models developed in fine quality Irish Linen, former prices up to \$65.00. Special August Sale price, \$37.50.

Stunning Two-piece Linen Suits, braided and trimmed to match. We consider these Suits the season's smartest models. Former prices up to \$35.00. Sale price, \$11.75.

Smart Repp Suits, made of fine quality English Repp, tailor-made styles finished by our best workmen. Former price, \$12.50. Special Sale price, \$5.00.

Would you enjoy the utmost in a house garment?  
Would you revel in daintiness?  
Have **SOFTNESS** and luxury  
any delight for you?

Then you'll surely appreciate

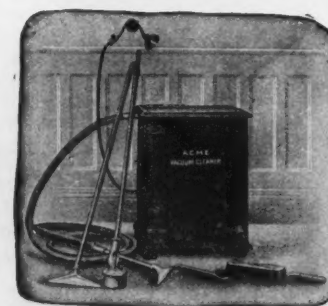
**Galtfleece**  
EIDERDOWN  
GARMENTS FOR WOMEN

If you buy but one Galtfleece garment, and wear it once, you will never be satisfied with anything less dainty and comfortable.  
See them at your dealer's. Write for our booklet showing you some of the styles—we'll send it free, along with a sample of "GALTFLEECE" material.

**The Galt Knitting Co., Ltd.**  
GALT, ONT.



## "Acme" Vacuum Cleaner



MODEL C—Price \$85.00.

**ACME VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, Limited**  
20 and 20A St. Peter Street - - - MONTREAL  
Agents wanted in every city and town where electricity is used.

Operated from an ordinary 16 h.p. Electric Lamp Socket at a minimum cost for Electric Current.

Our Cleaner is not a toy, but is the only thoroughly practical Vacuum Cleaner on the market.

Our Cleaners are in use in all the principal Hotels of the Canadian Pacific Railway System, and also in the Leading Banks, Railway Offices, Churches, Apartment Houses and Principal Residences throughout the Dominion.

Write for particulars to Head Office.

Our modern facilities, our years of experience show for themselves in the way we clean, press and repair women's clothing.

When a garment is sent to us for cleaning, pressing, or repairing, we give it every possible care, and return it to you with every particle of dirt removed, every seam pressed and any tear neatly repaired.

Our charges are very moderate considering the kind of work we do.

**"My Valet"**

FOUNTAIN THE CLEANER.

Only Address 30 Adelaide St. W.



### Pay a Fair Price And Get the Best

The grocer who gives the greatest number of pounds of granulated sugar for a dollar, naturally won't give "the best Montreal granulated."

The only way you can be sure of getting the best, is to insist on having

**St. Lawrence  
Sugar**



Put up by the Refinery  
in 20 pound Cotton Bags

The analysis of Prof. Hervey, Government Analyst, shows that "St. Lawrence Granulated" contains 99-99/100 to 100 per cent. of pure cane sugar with no impurities whatever.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Company Limited, Montreal.

## READY MONEY AT EVERY POINT OF THE JOURNEY



THE difficulty of identification in connection with the cashing of drafts or cheques is one of the annoyances of foreign travel.

Foreign landlords and merchants have a way of being very particular in regard to such matters.

If you provide yourself in advance with

**Travellers' Cheques  
Issued by the TRADERS  
BANK OF CANADA**

you will avoid much annoyance, inconvenience and delay. These cheques pass current in every civilized country. They carry with them the identification that ensures their being immediately cashed. They are equivalent to ready money at every point of your journey.

They are issued in assorted denominations of ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred dollars. Provide yourself with a book of these cheques before going abroad.

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

## SHREDDED

Vacation pleasures.

Shredded Wheat and good health

Ready cooked and ready to serve, no tiresome preparing of meals. Makes a delicious, nourishing meal in combination with fresh fruits. Order a box.

Sold by all grocers, 1 lb. a carton, two for 25c.

2230

## WHEAT



## Buy Your Ice Cream in Brick Form

You get a variety and a blend of flavors. And when company comes brick ice cream is very appetizing to serve. And it's economical—the possibility of waste through melting is reduced to a minimum.

To be sure of pure ice cream, be sure to get Neilson's. Neilson's Ice Cream Bricks are made of absolutely pure cream and stand the highest government tests. They contain more butter fat than any other brand in Canada.

Try Neilson's brick ice cream once, and you will never go back to the other kind again.

Watch your druggist's and confectioner's windows for our specials.

Over 500 Toronto Druggists and Confectioners Supplied Daily

**Neilson's  
Ice Cream Bricks**

WM. NEILSON, Ltd., Toronto

Tel. Park 294



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, New York.  
A NOVEL CYCLE FOR THE BLIND.

This is the cycle used by the Students at the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind at Upper Norwood, England.

Lord Lamington is the third figure from the front. The professors and blind students make trips almost daily on this cycle. Lord Lamington is the well known authority on athletics and is doing all he can to help the blind students mentally and physically.

### The Way to Rest.

ANY one with a will to do can learn to work, but very few learn how to really rest.

Sleeping is not always resting; neither is doing nothing a good form of rest. There are certain forms of indolence that are more fatiguing than hard work. Real rest presupposes sufficient sleep and enough of the loafing spirit to get off tension, but it means more than that.

One of the surest rests is in relaxing; change of occupation is resting; so, also, is change of scene and viewpoint.

If you live in the city, especially if you are a worker, get into the country once a week. You can exercise or loaf, but you will come home stimulated. The country girl needs the excitement of a day in the city.

Many a woman has found going to the theatre the greatest rest she knows. This is particularly so for brain workers or for women given to worrying about their household duties.

Some girls make it a practice to keep a little knitting and a good book within reach. When they feel themselves getting nervously tired they knit a few rows or read a page.

The girl who cultivates the "cat-nap" habit has discovered one of the secrets of keeping rested, says a recent writer. An afternoon of sleep makes for sluggishness; totally different is five minutes' oblivion snatched when sitting upright in a rocking chair or stretched flat on your back.

Most restful of all is the power to let things go. One rarely hears of a woman getting nervous prostration who has the blessed faculty of sitting down in the midst of confusion to finish a good book, or of snatching a day for pure pleasure though duties press.

Such a girl will probably be called irresponsible, but she has learned how not to live at tension, which is the crying evil of our race.

Summer is the legitimate resting time. See that you make that rest count. Let it be real rest. Don't just take a vacation.

### EXAMPLES

Comet flash across of sky,  
Dunno where it's bound;  
Pays a visit on de fly,  
Jes a-foolin' 'round.  
Blossoms smilin' up so sweet  
In de woods is found—  
Den dey vanishes complete,  
Jes a-foolin' 'round.  
It's encouragin' to see  
In de sky or ground,  
Everything de same as me,  
Jes a-foolin' 'round.

—Washington Star.

### A Strange Marriage Ceremony.

THE first marriage according to Zoroastrian rites has been performed in Leipzig, Germany, in a temple owned by a Zarathustrian

community which bears the name of Mazdaznan (the master thought). On the altar, which was adorned with spring flowers, stood a candelabrum and a round mirror flanked by an imitation apple made of silk thread, an imitation nut and a gold ring on a silver salver. Two chairs were decorated with colored ribbons; for the bridegroom, blue and yellow, signifying intellect guided by wisdom; and for the bride, red and white, emblematic of love and purity.

A couple of children united these ribbons into a figure of eight by means of the silken thread taken from the apple, the symbol of beauty, and from the nut, the symbol of strength. Then the celebrant, known as the messenger, took a burning candle from the altar and touched the silken knot seven times; if the flame wavers neither to the right nor to the left a harmonious wedded life is predicted.

Next came the exchange of rings and the Zoroastrian benediction according to the prescriptions of the Zend Avesta. The bridegroom thereupon lifted the bride's veil and the messenger held the mirror before the faces of the couple, speaking as follows:

"In this mirror ye behold the face of your Creator. Remember that it lies in the power of each of ye to make of your lives what ye will. What ye see in this mirror is the outcome of your thoughts, words and deeds. Your God dwells within your own hearts."

This closed the ceremony.

### GREAT OPPORTUNITIES.

The expansion of business in all lines of trade and manufacture throughout the Dominion is providing splendid opportunities for bright, well educated young men and women. The ever-increasing demand for them is very well reflected in the record of the Employment Department of the Central Business College of Toronto, which cannot begin to supply the many calls it receives for well trained help for business offices. The salaries now paid even to beginners is very much better than in former years and no field of employment offers better inducements or brighter prospects for a successful future than the commercial interests of our country. A bookkeeper, stenographer, or telegraph operator can make a choice of the many appointments offered and can earn a good salary from the day he enters upon this line of work. Proper preparation paves the way and the influence of a reputable training school opens the door.

THE ONLY DIRECT LINE TO  
TEMAGAMI, COBALT AND THE  
NORTH COUNTRY.

Cobalt Special leaves Toronto daily at 8.30 p.m. arriving Temagami 8.23 a.m.; Cobalt, 9.43 a.m.; New Liskeard 10.17 a.m.; also second train at 2.05 a.m. (sleepers open 10.30 p.m.) for all above points.

Tickets, berth reservations, etc., at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone, Main 4209.



First Critic: You remember 'fore she married she lived with 'er mother at that sweet-shop at corner; 'e 'ad a bit o' splash, of course.  
Second Critic: There, now, what d'yer think o' that! An' now she goes about exposin' as much of 'er person as if she was a real lady, the 'ussy.  
—The Sketch.

A poor digestion and flagging appetite can be much improved by using

# Seal Brand Coffee

a natural Coffee of the highest grade, unadulterated, undoctored.

Sold in 1 and 2 lb. Cans only.

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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.



## NEAVE'S FOOD for INFANTS

—will make your baby a  
merry, laughing youngster  
—a plump little man with

strong sturdy limbs—full of life and promise.

Neave's has been building such babies for more than 80 years in England and in fact all over the World. It is recommended and ordered by the best Physicians.

Sold in 1 lb. air-tight tins by all druggists in Canada

### A FREE TRIAL OF NEAVES

We want Canadian mothers to just make a trial of Neave's and if you send your address to our Agent, mentioning that you saw the offer in SATURDAY NIGHT, he will mail free to you a sample tin of this world-famous Food, together with a valuable little book, "Hints About Baby."

Write now to Canadian Agent Neave's Food

EDWIN UTLEY - - - 14 Front St. East  
TORONTO

## ROBINSON & CLEAVER L. IRISH LINEN

WORLD RENOWNED FOR QUALITY & VALUE

Established in 1870 at Belfast, the centre of the Irish linen trade, we have developed our business on the lines of supplying genuine Linen goods direct to the public at the lowest net prices. For manufacturing purposes we have a large fully-equipped power-loom linen factory at Banbridge, Co. Down, hand looms in many cottages for the finest work, and extensive making-up factories at Belfast.

### SOME OF OUR LEADING SPECIALITIES:

#### Household Linen.

Dinner Napkins, 12 x 18 yd. \$1.42 doz. Table-cloths, 24 x 36 yd., \$1.42 ea. Linen Sheets, \$3.24 pair. Linen Pillow Cases, filled, .35c each. Linen Huckaback Towels, \$1.18 doz. Class Cloths, \$1.18 doz. Kitchen Towels, \$1.32 doz.

#### Embroidered Linen.

Afternoon Teacloths, from .90 ea. Sideboard Cloths from .90 ea. Cushion Covers from .45 ea. Bedspread for double beds, from \$1.30 ea. Linen Robes, unmade, from \$3.00 each.

#### Dress Linen.

White Dress Linen, 44 in. wide, soft finish, .45c yard. Coloured Linen, 44 in. wide, 50 shades, .45c yard. Heavy Canvas Linen, in colours, 46 in. wide, .42c yard.

#### Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 12 x 15 in. hem, .50c doz. Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched with draw thread border, \$1.08 doz. Gent's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 14 in. hem, \$1.56 doz.

#### Underclothing & Laces.

Ladies' Nightdresses from .90 ea. Chemises trimmed embroidery, .50c ea. Combinations, \$1.08 each. Bridal Trousseaux, \$12.00. Lingerie, \$1.00. Irish Lace goods direct from workers at very moderate prices.

#### Collars & Shirts.

Gentlemen's Collars, made from our own linen, from \$1.18 doz. Dress Shirts, "Matchless" quality, \$1.42 each. Zenith, Oxford, and Flannel Shirts, with soft or stiff collars and soft fronts, at manufacturers' prices.

SYSTEM OF BUSINESS.—Samples and price lists post free anywhere.—Goods packed securely by experts for shipment abroad.—Merchandise forwarded against bills of lading or bank draft.—Carriage paid on orders of \$1 and upwards to port of shipment.—Foreign orders receive special care and attention.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LIMITED  
40Z DUNGALL BELFAST IRELAND  
PLACE LONDON & LIVERPOOL



Cowan's Perfection Cocoa is perfection itself. Its matchless purity, smoothness and natural chocolate flavor, has placed COWAN'S in a class by itself.

Your grocer will supply it.

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THE COWAN CO., LIMITED, - - - TORONTO.

J. Simon

59 St. Martin  
PARIS, FRANCE

Brightness and Freshness  
of youth  
are preserved to the complexion  
by **CRÈME SIMON**  
POUDRE  
SAVON

From all  
Chemists and  
Perfumers





## THE HOME FURNISHING HEADQUARTERS

Vacation over, the return to the city is attended with the problem of Fall Home Furnishings—a question that becomes of foremost importance especially to those who, extending to their friends the hospitality of their home, make it the centre of a round of social activity during the festive season.

Most opportune, then, are such important events as the AUGUST FURNITURE SALE and the AUGUST SALE OF RUGS, involving as they do merchandise of the most elegant qualities at prices that materially lessen expense of Home Furnishing.

Herewith are quoted a few items that should be of utmost interest to Home Furnishers.

### ELEGANCE IN WALL PAPERS

High Class French Drawing Room Papers, in Colonial and Empire designs, in pressed gold relief, on white, old ivory and gray backgrounds; exclusive designs for high art decorations. Per single roll ..... \$4.00

English Leather Papers, in heavy pressed relief, specially suited for halls, dining-rooms, libraries and dens; good selection in all latest colorings. Per single roll ..... \$3.50 to \$6.00

French Hand-made Crown Papers, exclusive designs and colorings; only enough of each pattern for rooms up to 15 feet square; suitable for sitting-rooms, libraries, dens, and living-rooms. Special price for room lot complete ..... \$20.00

Handsome Electric Fixtures, finished in wrought iron, with four lanterns hanging from four square arms which extend out from a massive square body. Each

light is equipped with chain pull sockets, making it possible to use all lights or one. Price ..... \$20.00

### BEAUTIFUL DRAPERIES

Handsome new designs in Moires and Sicilians. Sicilian is a new fabric, with bright plain satin finish ground; designs of moire effect; makes a very attractive drapery and also most appropriate for drawing-room wall coverings. In the new shades. Price, per yard ..... \$2.00

Plain Silk Repps, fine invisible cords to larger cords with heavy finish. 50 inches wide. \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50

50-inch Panné Velour, shades of brown, green, rose, blue, crimson, and champagnes; these goods will not crease or mark in any way, and are therefore desirable for upholstering purposes with hangings to match. Per yard ..... \$3.50

50-inch Goat's Hair and All-wool Damasks; shades of rose, light blue, cream, with the darker shades of blue, brown, greens and crimson; these are for dining-room, library, and hall furnishings. Price, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.25

### FROM THE RUG SALE

Exquisite Kermanshah Rugs, personally selected by us—the Sale means a saving of over a third of usual price. 8 ft. 8 in. x 13 ft. 6 in., for ..... \$245.00

This is a beautiful medallion in shades of dark blue, old gold, Persian pink, light blue, and cream.

### EXAMPLES FROM THE AUGUST FURNITURE SALE

#### HIGH CLASS PIECES.

#### Dining-Room Section—

1 Mahogany Buffet. Sale price ..... \$97.50  
 1 Mahogany China Cabinet. Sale price ..... 75.00  
 1 Mahogany China Cabinet. Sale price ..... 48.50  
 1 Mahogany Set Dinners. Sale price ..... 85.00  
 1 Mahogany Dinner Wagon. Sale price ..... 25.00

1 Early English China Cabinet. Sale price ..... 25.00  
 1 Fumed Oak China Cabinet. Sale price ..... 34.90  
 1 Fumed Oak China Cabinet. Sale price ..... 50.00  
 1 Fumed Oak Buffet, English make. Sale price ..... 100.00  
 1 Golden Oak Buffet. Sale price ..... 90.00  
 1 Golden Oak Buffet. Sale price ..... 26.00  
 1 Mahogany Davenport. Sale price ..... 50.00

#### Bedroom Furniture—

1 Cheval Mirror. Sale price ..... \$33.00  
 1 Mahogany Toilet Table. Sale price ..... 27.00  
 1 Mahogany Toilet Table. Sale price ..... 46.50  
 1 Mahogany Cheffonier. Sale price ..... 75.00  
 1 Mahogany 3-piece Suite. Sale price ..... 500.00  
 1 Mahogany Bedstead. Sale price ..... 58.00  
 1 Mahogany Cheffonier. Sale price ..... 70.00  
 1 Mahogany Toilet Table. Sale price ..... 38.00  
 1 Mahogany Cheffonier. Sale price ..... 74.00  
 1 Mahogany Cheval. Sale price ..... 50.00  
 1 Quarter-cut Oak Dresser. Sale price ..... 62.00  
 1 Quarter-cut Oak Cheffonier. Sale price ..... 15.00

# EATON'S